

The
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Song Book

Edition of 1887 revised and enlarged in 1918
by James Edmund Jones, B.A.



"Foras et haec alim meminisse iuvat."

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TORONTO
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PREFACE

THE accompanying work, compiled and edited by a Committee of Graduates and Undergraduates of the University of Toronto, is offered to the University public and to the musical world as a comprehensive, and, in many respects, a unique collection of College Songs.

Its design is two-fold,—to meet the requirements of the University College Glee Club and the undergraduate body, and to be a suitable collection for use in the drawing-room and around the camp-fire.

All the music in the book has been carefully edited by Mr. Theodore Martens, of whose thorough and painstaking services the Committee desire to make special mention. Wherever necessary or desirable, songs have been re-harmonized, transposed or arranged for male voices, and,—a special feature of the work—nearly all choruses have been arranged with parts suitable for college and general use. Great economy in the disposal of space, and the almost entire use of the short score, have made it possible to include an unusually large number of songs. Among them will of course be found many, original, or peculiar to the University of Toronto, that have never before appeared in any permanent or accessible form. Numerous songs, for which translations have been specially written, will be particularly serviceable and acceptable. To give added interest to the collection and greater permanence to its value, a large amount of standard music has been included, while many valuable copyright songs have been purchased, or are used by special permission.

The Committee desire to express their cordial thanks to the President and Faculty, to the Graduates and Undergraduates, and to many others less intimately connected with the College, for the assistance generously afforded them in the prosecution of their work.

For permission to reprint certain copyright songs, the Committee and the Publishers acknowledge their obligations to John Farmer, Esq., Balliol College, Oxford; to Messrs. Chappell & Co., Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., Mr. Edwin Ashdown, Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., and Mr. John Blockley, of London, England; and to Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, of Toronto.

The Compilation Committee and the Publishers, Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons, have made every endeavour to discover the authors and owners of all songs in the work. Should any cases have eluded their vigilance, the Publishers ask the kind indulgence of those whose permission would gladly have been sought.



ALMOST thirty years ago a group of young fellows, undergraduate students of University College, Toronto, took it into their heads to publish a book of college songs. There was a University Glee Club in those days, flourishing intermittently. There was a comparatively small body of students. For the boys concerned, the venture was somewhat daring. Music publishing was in its very callow infancy in Canada. There were only two music typesetters in Toronto; their maximum output was a page a day. Canadian publications, of whatever kind, found it hard to get recognition. However, a publisher was discovered who professed his faith in the idea—a flickering faith, qualified by a demand for a guarantee of at least one thousand subscriptions in advance. The project took form, enthusiasm developed, the one thousand subscribers—and more—were gathered in, a contract was signed by those of the group who were of years enough to sign it, and the work was fairly under way.

The months that followed are a pleasant memory. The group of editors met in almost daily session, sifting over an immense quantity of song material, drawn from all available sources. The work to be done in such a case is very great—incredible by those who have had no experience of it. The nugget emerging seems a small return from the mass that goes into the melting pot. But the task was carried out with care and conscience, and the result seemed to show that choice was made with a true instinct for the right things in words and music. The book sprang into instant favour among the students, and became very popular throughout the Dominion. Over forty thousand copies were sold—a “record” for those days. It was altogether a labour of love on the part of the compilers. None of them received, or expected, any money reward. The royalties, such as they were, were devoted to the purposes of the University College Glee Club while it lived, and, in more recent days, to the free distribution of a Soldiers’ Song Book to men of the Canadian Overseas Forces.

It was fitting that the book should be dedicated to the venerable President, Sir Daniel Wilson, who took a deep interest in this undertaking of his students; and fitting also were the words from Cowley in which the dedication was made:

“Nor can the snow that age can shed
Upon thy reverend head
Quench or allay the noble fire within;
But all that youth can be, thou art.”

Nearly all of the songs then chosen are still popular, and successive generations of students sing them yet. The old book forms the nucleus of the present collection. But there is much added material. Mr. J. E. Jones (who was the first to plan and the most eager to execute the original undertaking in 1887, and who has kept a keen interest in boys and young men, their songs and doings, ever since), has edited it with the same care as was given to the first collection, calling to his aid the youth and enthusiasm of a committee of present day students, Messrs. Roland B. Ferris, Herbert Turney and Grenville B. Frost. Some of the old songs have been omitted as having lost their savour.

Though it is not yet "Forty Years On," the days are upon us (suddenly, as it seems),

"When we look back and forgetfully wonder
What we were like in our work and our play."

The original committee has been disbanded. It no longer controls the publication. One of its members died some years ago. Another, Major-General M. S. Mercer, C.B., who has been much in our minds and hearts during these troublous years of the Great War, has fallen in his country's cause in Flanders, after chivalrous, heroic and effective service. Others—in law, in the church, in journalism, in business life—find little leisure for song or even for reminiscence. But for old times' sake, and in remembrance of the launching of that early venture, the surviving members may be allowed to bespeak a friendly reception for this new work, built upon their undertaking of years ago.

J. D. S.

Toronto, January, 1914

COMMITTEE OF 1887

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TORONTO UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

National and Patriotic.

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gra - cious King Long live our no - ble King

God save the King Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and

glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King

2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On him our hopes we fix;
God save us all.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

AMERICA.

(MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.)

(MIXED VOICES.)

Masato.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

2. My na - tive coun - try thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy

3. Let man - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet Freedom's song; Let mor - tal

4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

AMERICA

fa - thers died, Land of the Pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring,
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a - bove,
tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long,
land be bright, With free-dom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

MAY GOD PRESERVE THEE, CANADA.

Moderato.

R. B. AMBROSS.

1. May God pre-serve thee, Ca - na - da, Tho' child a - mong the
2. Though we may ne - ver read the page, That tells thy deeds of
3. In spring - tide flush, thro' sum - mer's glow When au - tumn winds are

Na - tions, 'Mid proud - est lands, strong hearts and hands Shall claim for thee a
glo - ry, When na tions now in prime of age, Have with the years grown
sing - ing, In win - ter's snow, through weal and woe, This song shall still be

CHORUS.

sta - tion } Land of the for - est and the lake, Land of the rush - ing
hor - y. }
ring - ing.

Our prayers shall rise for thy deat cake, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

GOD PRESERVE OUR NATIVE LAND.

Words and Music by J. DAVENPORT KERRISON.

1. God pre-serve our na - tive land, Fair Can - a - da the free, May
 2. Should for - reign foes our land s'er threat With de - so - la - tion fell, God
 3. Be pre - sent with our ru - lers, Lord, And all their coun - cils guide; From

His right hand pro - tect our land, And guard her lib - er - ty,
 guard the right and land us might, Th' in - va - der to re - pel,
 knav - ish tricks of pol - i - tics, Turn Thou their hearts a - side.

Then shall each val - ley, each moun - tain and plain,

E - cho in cho - rus The glad re - - frain—

Can - a - da, fair Can - a - da, God's bless - ing rest on thee; May

His right hand pro - tect our land And guard her lib - er - ty.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER

ALEXANDER MUIR.

1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less
 2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lon-dy's Lune, Our brave fa-thers,
 3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to
 4. On mer-ry Eng-land's far-famed land May kind Hes-ven

he-ro came, And plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Can-a-da's fair do-
 side by side. For free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly
 Noot-ki Sonni! May peace for e-ver be our lot, And plen-teous store a-
 sweet-ly smile; God bless Old Scot-land e-ver more, And Ire-land's Em-er-aud

main. If-ro may it wave, our boast, our prid, And joined in love to-
 died! And those dear rights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them
 bound: And may those ties of love be ours Which dis-cord can-not
 Iale! Then swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for-est

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER.

geth-er, The Thistle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 never! Our watch-told ev-er-more shall be, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 sa-ver, And flour-ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 qui-ver, God save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

CHORUS.

1st & 2nd Tenors.

1. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
 2. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
 3. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! And
 4. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God

BASS

PIANO.

save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 flour-ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

O CANADA

Chant National.

Words by HON. JUSTICE ROUTHIER.
Translation by B. MORTON JONES.

C. LAVALLEE,
arr. by T. MARTIN.

Maestoso e risoluto

f

1. O Ca-na-dal Ter-re de nos ai-eux, Ton front est
1. O Ca-na-dal The land our fathers found, How bright the
2. Sous l'œil de Dieu, près du fleu-ve gé-ant, Le Ca-na
2. Neath Hea-ven's eye, be-side a migh-ty stream, Great grow thy

mf

ceint de fleu-rons glo-ri-eux! Carton bras sait por-ter l'é
gar-lands on thy fore-head bound! For the sword thine arm hath in
dien gran-dit en es-pé-rant. Il est né d'u-ne ra-ce
sons, as they of great-ness dream. For the race they spring from is

pé-e, Il-sait por-ter la croix! Ton his-toire est une é-po-
bat-tle borne, And hath raised the Cross on high; And the po-er's pen finds its
fiè-re, Be-ni fut son ber-ceau. Le ciel a mar-qué sa car-
full of pride, And a bleis-ing hails their birth, And the powers on high have pre-

f

pé-e Des plus bril-lants ex-ploits. Et ta va-leur,
high-est theme Thy sim-ple his-to-ry. And thy bold hearts,
riè-re Dans 'ce mon-de nou-veau. Tou-jours gui-dé
par'd their place with the great ones of the earth. And the high faith

O Canada

de foi trem - pé - e, Pro - té - ge - ra nos foy-ers et nos
 filled with de - vo - ted faith, Will guard our homes and our lib - er -
 par sa lu - miè - re, Il gar - de - ra l'hon - neur de son dra -
 that doth in - spire there hearts Counts their flag's hon - or as life's great - est

droits. Pro - té - ge - ra nos foy-ers et nos droits.
 ty. Will guard our homes and our lib - er - ty.
 peau. Il gar - de - ra l'hon - neur de son dra - peau.
 worth. Counts their flag's hon - or as life's great - est worth.

SCOTS WHA HAE.

Words by BURNS.

Arranged for Male Voices by T. M.

1. Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots wham Bruce has af - ten led. Wel - come to your
 2. Wha will be a trait - or knave? Wha will fill a cow - ard's grave? Wha see base as
 3. By op - pres - sions, woes and pains, By our sons in ser - vile chains, We will drain our

ger - y bed, Or to vic - to - ry Now's the day and now's the hour.
 be a slave? Let him turn and flee. Wha for Scotland's King and law,
 dear - est veins, But they shall be free. Lay the proud u - sur - per low.

See the front of bat - tle lour, See ap - proach proud Edward's power, Chain and sla - vo - ry.
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw, Free - man stand, or free - man fa', Let him fol - low na.
 Ty - rants fall in ev - ry foe, Lib - er - ty's in ev - ry blow, Let us do or die

RULE BRITANNIA.

Maestoso.

ARR. BY THEODORE MARTENS.

Piano.

1. When Brit - ain first, at Heav'n's com - mend, A -
 2. The Na - tions not so blest as thee Must
 3. Still more ma - jes - tic shalt thou rise, More
 4. Thee haugh - ty ty - rants ne'er shall tame; All

rose..... from out the a - zure main, Arose, arose from out the
 in..... their turns to ty - rants fall; Must in, must in their turns to
 dread - - ful from each for - eign stroke; More dreadful, dreadful from each
 their..... attempts to bend thee down All their, all their at-tempts to

a - zure main - This was the Char - ter, the Char - ter of the land, And
 ty - rants fall; While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free, The
 for - eign stroke: As the loud.. blast... loud blast that tears the skies, Serves
 bend thee down, Will but a - rouse... a - rouse thy gen'rous flame, To

RULE BRITANNIA.

guard - ian An - gels sung this strain. Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri -
dread and en - ry of them all
but to root thy na - tive Oak.
work their woe and thy re - nova.

tan-nia rules the waves For Brit - ons nev - er shall be slaves.

CHORUS.

1st and 2nd Soprano.

Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri-tan-nia rule the waves, for Bri - tons nev - er shall be slaves.

4. To thee belong the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine
All thine shall be the subject main.
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

6. The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair;
Blest Isles with matchless Beauty crown'd
And many hearts to guard the Fair.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Chorus may be sung in two voices by omitting the second Soprano.

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

Words by WILLIAM DUTHIE.*

Harmonis-A for Male Voices by T. M.

Tempo marziale.

1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rushing bil-low, Wave on wave that
Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spearmen, Saxon bowmen,—Be they knights or
2. Rock-y slopes and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of arrow Who would think of
Hurl the reel-ing horseman ov-er! Let the earth dead foemen cover! Fate of friend, of

surg-ing fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer
binds or yeomen, They shall bite the ground! death or sorrow? Death is glo-ry now!
wife, or lov-er, Trem-bles on a blow! Strands of life are riv-en; Blow for blow is

un-der! The pla-cid sky, now bright on high, Shall launch its bolts in
giv-en In dead-ly look or bat-tle shock, And mer-cy shrieks to

thun-der. On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us. He is brav-est, he who leads us!
hea-ven! Men of Har-lech! young or hoar-y, Would you win a name in sto-ry?

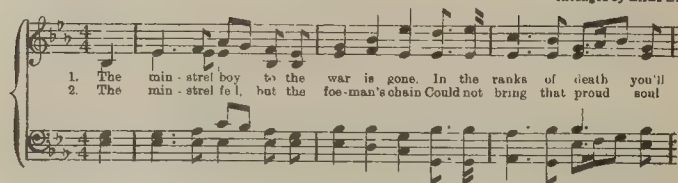
Hon-our's self now proud-ly heads us! Cam-bria, God, and Right!
Strike for home, for life, for glor-y! Cam-bria, God, and Right!

* By permission of Messrs. NOVELLO EWER & Co., London.

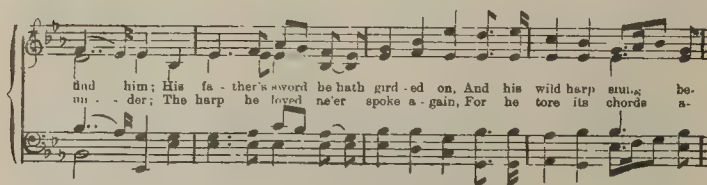
THE MINSTREL BOY.

Words by MOORE.

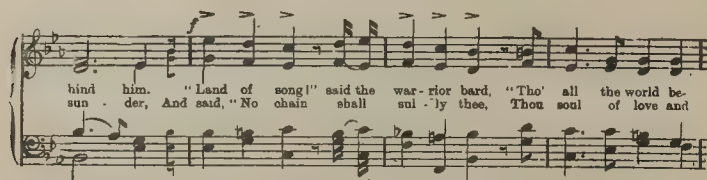
Arranged by BALFE.



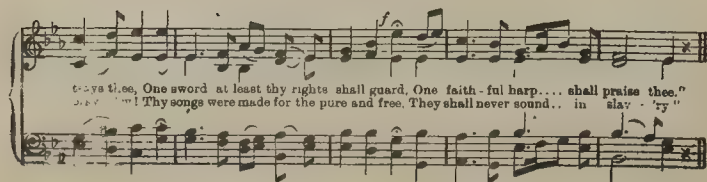
1. The min-strel boy to the war is gone. In the ranks of death you'll
 2. The min-strel fel, but the foe-man's chain Could not bring that proud soul



and him; His fa-ther's sword he hath gird-ed on, And his wild harp sing-ing be-
 an-der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a-gain, For he tore its chords a-



hind him. "Land of song!" said the war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be-
 sun-der, And said, "No chain shall sul-ly thee, Thou soul of love and



days time, One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp... shall praise thee."
 "Thy songs were made for the pure and free. They shall never sound... in slav-ry"

RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

Maestoso.

God save our na - tive land! God - keep us safe in -

free - dom's realm, in love and peace to dwell,

Late born of li - ber - ty, .. E - ver stal - wart, strong and free,

Rus - sia, may Ho - ly Rus - sia stand.

LA MARSEILLAISE

Tempo di Marcia.

1. Allons, en-fants de la pa-tri-e, le jour de
 1. Ye sons of - France, a - wake to glo-ry! Hark, hark! what

gloire est ar-ri-vét con-tre nous de la ty-ran-
 myriads bid you rise! Your children wives, and grand-sires

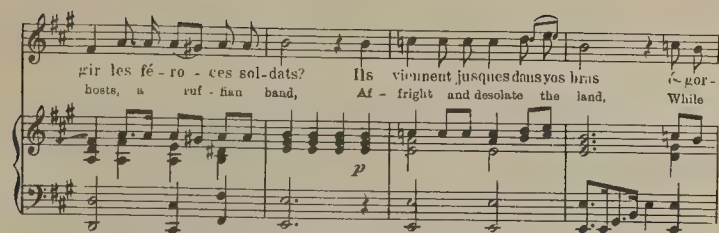
ni-e l'é-ten-dard sanglant est le-vé, l'é-ten-
 hear-v: Behold their tears, and hear their cries, Behold their

dard sanglant est le-vé. En-tendez-vous dans les cam-pa-gnes mu-
 tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty-rants mis-chief breeding, With hurling

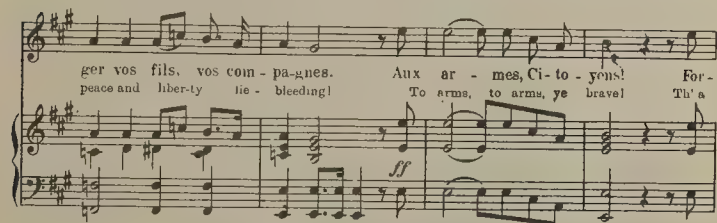
LA MARSEILLAISE.

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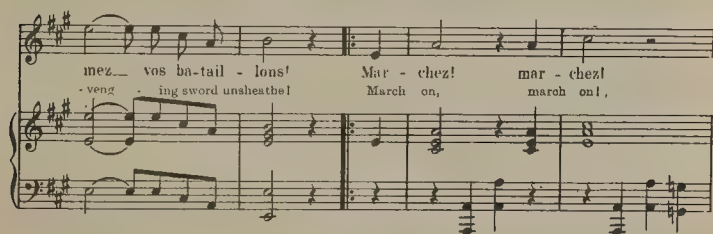
gîr les fé-ro - ces sol-dats? Ils vien-nent jusques dans vos bras (gor-
hosts, a ruf-fian band, Af-fright and desolate the land, While



ger vos fils, vos com-pa-gnes. Aux ar-mes, Ci-to-yens! For-
peace and liber-ty lie-bleeding! To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a



mez- vos ba-tail-lons! Mar-chez! mar-chez!
-veng-ing sword unsheath! March on, march on!



qu'un sang im-pur a-breuve vos sill-lons!
all hearts re-solved On vic-ry or death.



2. Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
de traitres, de rois conjurés?
Pour qui, ces ignobles entraves,
ces fers dès longtemps préparés?
Français, pour nous! Ah! quel outrage!
quel transports il doit exciter!
C'est vous qu'on ose méditer
de rendre à l'antique esclavage!
Aux armes etc.

2. With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbanded,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us—
Like gods would bid their slaves adore—
But man is man - and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, etc

ITALIAN NATIONAL HYMN

Marziale

f

f All on-ward, All on-ward! The toms are all o - pen, come forth our de -
 Our home-land so fam - ous for poe - try and
mf Si sco - pron le tom - be, si le - va - noi
 La ter - ra dei fio - ri, dei suc - ni, dei

f

part - ed, Our sol - diers a - rise and our hearts be u - nit - ed, With swords in
 sing - ing, Re - turn to the days when the sa - bres were ring - ing, Our hands that are
 mor - ti, I mar - ti - ri no - stri son tut - ti ri - sor - ti, Le spa - de nel
 car - mi, Ri - tor - ni quel e - ra la ter - ra deil' ar - mi; Di cen - to ca -

mf

hand, and our face towards the foe, The fame and the name of I - tal - ia will glow. All
 bound with fet - ters so sore, When loos - ened will brand - ish our swords once more No
 pug - no, gli al - lo - ri al - le chio - me, La fiam - ma ed il no - me d' I - ta - lia sul cor. Cor -
 te - ne ci vin - ser la ma - no, Ma an - cor di Leg - na - no sai fer - ri bran - dir. Bas -

mf

on-ward yes on-ward, ad-vance gal-lant war-riors, un-furl to the winds ban-fet-ters nor thongs will I-tal-y en-dure from the stran-gers who wan-ton-ly
 ria-mo, cor-ria-mo, su o gio-van-chie-re! Su al ven-to per tut-to le
 to-ne te des-co l'i-ta-lia non do-ma, Non cres-co no al gio-co le

ners so glor-i-ous, A-rise with your sa-bres, down with our en-e-mies, A-came to our shore No lon-ger will I-tal-y be bound by the ty-rants who for
 no-atre ban-die-re! Su tut-ti col fe-ro! su tut-ti col fuo-co! Su
 stir-pe di Ro-ma; Più I-ta-lia non vuo-le stra-nie-ri e ti-ran-ni Già

rise in your glo-ry, I-tal-ians a rise De-part from our bor-ders, de-ma-ny long years have they kept us their slaves De-part from our bor-ders, de-tut-ti col fuo-co d'i-ta-lia nel cor. Va fuo-ri d'i-ta-lia, va trop-po son gli an-ni che du-ra il ser-vir. Va fuo-ri d'i-ta-lia, va

part from our shore De-part all ye stran-gers, re-turn nev-er more
 part from our shore De-part all ye stran-gers, re-turn nev-er more
 fuo-ri ch'e l'o-ra, Va fuo-ri d'i-ta-lia, va fuo-ri o stra-nier!
 fuo-ri ch'e l'o-ra, Va fuo-ri d'i-ta-lia, va fuo-ri o stra-nier!

National Song of Belgium

LA BRABANÇONNE

f

A-près des siècles des - cla - va - ge Le
The years of slav - e - ry are o - ver, The

ff *f*

Bel - ge sor - tant du tom - beau A re - conquis par son cou - ra - ge Son
Bel - gian is freed from his chains By his valour he has re - con - quered his good

mp

nom, ses droits et son dra - peau. Et ta main sou - ver - aine et fiè - re,
name his rights and glo - rious flags. With their powerful dar - ing right hands

mp

Peu - ple dé - sor - mais in - domp - té Gra - va - sur ta vieil - le ban -
Here - after his people bold - ly Engrave - on the - plen - did old

f *3*

niè - - re, Le Roi, la loi, la lib - er - té. Gra-va-
ban - - ners for King, for law, for lib - er - ty. En-grave

sur ta vieil-le ban-niè - re, Le Roi, la loi, la lib - er - té. Le
on the splen-did old ban - ners, for King, for law, for lib - er - ty. For

Roi, la loi, la lib - er - té. Le Roi, la loi, la lib - er - té.
King, for law, for lib - er - ty. For King, for law, for lib - er - ty.

O' Belgique, Ô mère chérie,

A toi nos coeurs à toi nos bras,

A toi notre sang Ô Patrie,

Nous le jurons tous, tu vivras!

Tu vivras toujours grand et belle

Et ton invincible unité

Aura pour devise immortelle:

Le Roi, la loi, la liberté!

O' Belgium, Oh' our loved home!

To thee our hearts to thee our arms,

To thee our lives oh motherland,

Shall we give that thou mayest live,

Thou shalt live grand and beautiful

And thy unconquered unity

Shall forever live in immortality,

For King, for law, for liberty.

Servian National Song

USTAJ, USTAJ SRBINE

Tempo di marcia

U - staj, u - staj, Sr - bi - ne, U - staj na o - ruž - je,
A - rise, A - rise, O Ser - vians! Rai - se your ban - ners high

The first system of the musical score is in 2/4 time. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, with some chords.

cresc.
Dan te će - ka noc' već - be - ga, u - staj - ne - o - kle - vaj.
Your coun - try — call - eth eve - ry man to loosen up her chains,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a crescendo marking. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system, providing a rhythmic foundation for the vocal melody.

f più marcato *cresc.*
Na no - ge, — Sr - bi bra - to, Slo — ho - da - zo — ve.
Up! O Ser - vians, in your might, Fight for lib - er - ty and right —

The third system begins with a forte (*f*) and 'più marcato' marking. The vocal melody is more assertive, with a crescendo. The piano accompaniment also features a crescendo and a more pronounced rhythmic pattern, including some chords and a steady eighth-note flow.

Do - sta be - se ne - vo - lje, Do - sta bi i tu — ge
 As the riv - ers on - ward flow, Let us too un - tram - meled go

cresc.
 Sad se dr - zi duš - ma - ni - ne Kad te Sr - bin skru — ši
 Through the mount - ains through the fields — Fight we on till the en - emy yields

piu marcato
 Kad te Sr - bin skru — ši, Na no - ge, — Sr - bi
 Strick - en to the ground; — Up O Ser - vians in your

cresc.
 bra - čo, Slo — bo — da — zo — ve.
 might — Fight for lib - er - ty and right. —

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Words by JUDGE HOPKINSON, 1798.

PROF. PHYLO, 1799.

With Energy.

1. Hail Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band, Who fought and bled in
 2. Immortal patriots, rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore! Let no rude foe, with
 3. Behold the chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands The rock on which the

freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-
 im-pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im-pious hand, In-vade the shrine where sacred lies Of
 storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat, But armed in vir-tue, firm and true, His

joy'd the peace your val-or won. Let in-de-pen-dence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful
 toil and blood, the well-earn'd prize. While off'ring peace, sincere and just, In Heav'n we place a
 hopes are fixed on Heav'n and you. When hope was sinking in dismay, When glooms ob-scur'd Co-

what it cost; Ev-er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al-tar reach the skies,
 man-ly trust, That truth and jus-tice will pre-vail, And ev'-ry scheme of bond-age fail.
 lum-bia's day, His stead-y mind, from changes free, Re-solved on death or lib-er-ty.

CHORUS.

Firm, u-ni-ted, let us be,... Ral-ly-ing round our lib-er-ty,....

As a band of broth-ers join'd, Peace and safe-ty we shall find.

Japanese National Hymn

KIMI GA YO

mf

Ki - mi - ga — yo — wa, Chi - yo ni —
May our Em - peror reign for ever, As the sun for

f

ya - chi - yo ni sa - za - re, I - shi no, I wa o to
thou - sands of years shall shine; Hail our King! may our Em - peror

p

f

na - ri - te, Ko - Ke no, Mu — su — ma — de.
reign for ever, Strong and firm Strong and firm as stone and rock.

The Harp that Once thro' Tara's Halls.

Slowly.
1st & 2nd Tenor.

Arranged by THEODORE MARTENS.

Harp that once thro' Tara's halls, The soul of music shed, of music shed,
1st Bass. *Air*
The harp that once thro' Tara's halls, The soul of music shed, Now

that soul were So
hangs as mute on Tara's soul were fled were fled So
hangs as mute on Tara's walls, As if that soul were fled, were fled So

sleeps the pride of days the thrill is o'er and hearts that
Air sleeps the pride of days hearts.... that
Air
sleeps the pride of former days, So glory's thrill is o'er... And
days.

rit. diarg, assai
once once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
hearts once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more. that pulse no more.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

Air More to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Tara swells, of Tara swells:
No more to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Tara swells:.....The

of ru-in tells
chord a-lone that breaks ru-in tells, it tells. Thus
chord a-lone, that breaks at night, its tale of ru-in tells, it tells. Thus

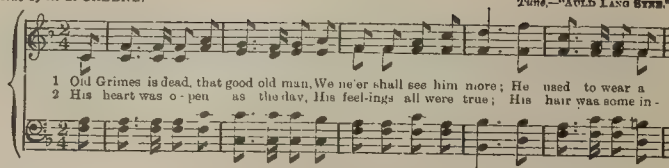
the thro' she gives is when some
Air free-dom now so sel-don When..... some
free-dom now so sel-don wakes, The on-ly thro' she gives..... Is

heart..... *rit.* *allarg. assai*
heart..... in-dig-nant breaks, To show that still it lives.....
when some heart in-dig-nant breaks, To show that still it lives.....
lives that still it lives.

OLD GRIMES.

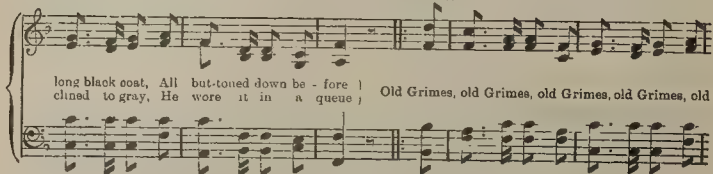
Words by A. G. GREENE.

Tune,—"AULD LANG SYNE."

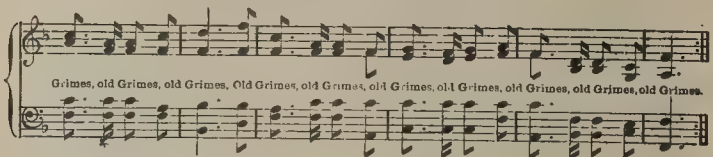


1 Old Grimes is dead, that good old man, We ne'er shall see him more; He used to wear a
2 His heart was o - pen as the day, His feel - ings all were true; His hair was some in -

CHORUS.



long black coat, All but-toned down be - fore; Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old
clined to gray, He wore it in a queue;



Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes.

3. When'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large round head upon his cane,
From ivory was turned.

4. Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

5. He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

6. Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er.
And never wore a pair of boots,
For thirty years or more.

7. But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

8. He modest merit sought to find,
And gave it its desert,
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

9. His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay,
He wore nor lefts nor rights for shoes,
And changed them every day.

10. His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view.
He made a noise town-meeting days
As many people do.

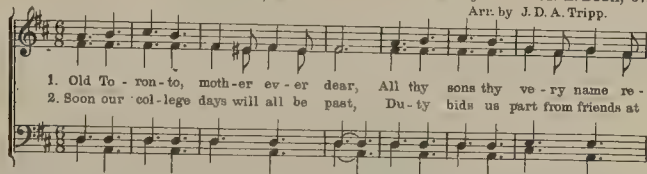
11. Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

THE BLUE AND WHITE.

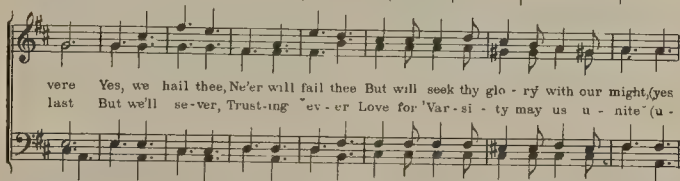
Words by Rev. CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX, '08.

Music by CLAYTON E. BUSH, '07.

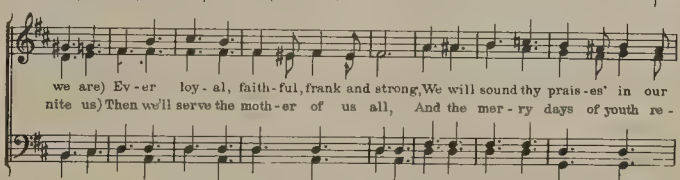
Arr. by J. D. A. Tripp.



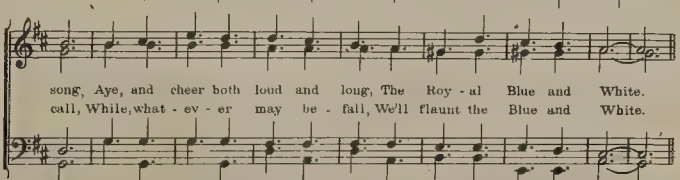
1. Old To - ron-to, moth-er ev - er dear, All thy sons thy ve - ry name re -
2. Soon our 'col - lege days will all be past, Du - ty bids us part from friends at



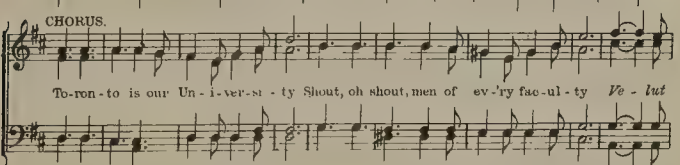
vere Yes, we hail thee, Ne'er will fail thee But will seek thy glo - ry with our might, yes
last But we'll se-ver, Trust-ing 'ev - er Love for 'Var - si - ty may us u - nite' (u -



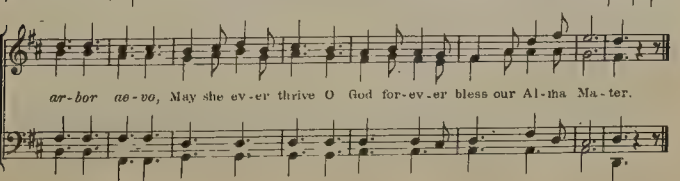
we are) Ev - er loy - al, faith-ful, frank and strong, We will sound thy prais-es' in our
nite us) Then we'll serve the moth-er of us all, And the mar - ry days of youth re -



song, Aye, and cheer both loud and long, The Roy - al Blue and White.
call, While, what - ev - er may be - fall, We'll flaunt the Blue and White.



CHORUS.
To - ron - to is our Un - i - ver - si - ty Shout, oh shout, men of ev - ry fac - ul - ty Ve - lut



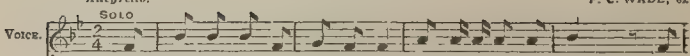
ar - bor ae - vo, May she ev - er thrive O God for - ev - er bless our Al - tha Ma - ter.

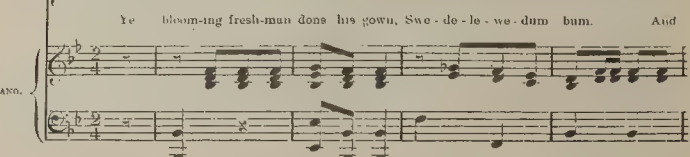
LITORIA.

(TORONTO VERSION.)

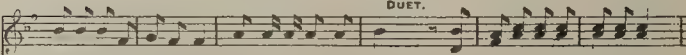
F. C. WADE, '82.

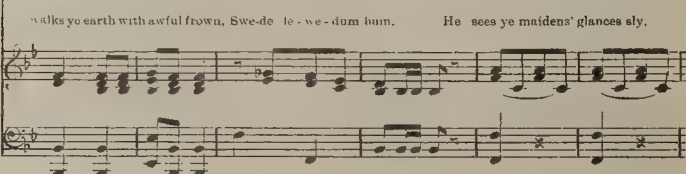
Allegretto.
SOLO

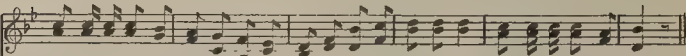
VOICE. 
Ye bloom-ing fresh-man dons his gown, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum. And

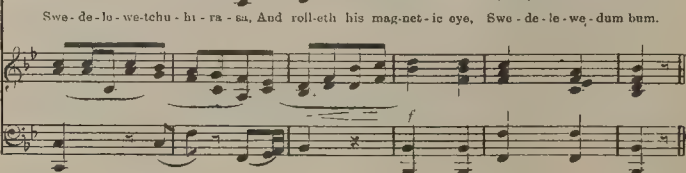
PIANO. 

DUET.

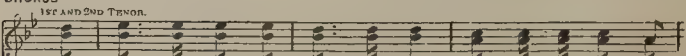

walks ye earth with awful frown, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum. He sees ye maidens' glances sly.

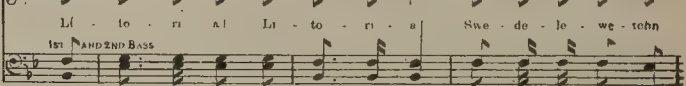



Swe-de-le-we-tchu-hi-ra-ga, And roll-eth his mag-net-ic eye, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.

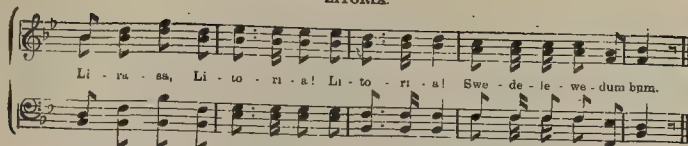


CHORUS
1ST AND 2ND TENOR.


Li-to-ri-a! Li-to-ri-a! Swe-de-le-we-tohn

1ST AND 2ND BASS


LITORIA.



1. Ye blooming freshman dons his gown,
And walks ye earth with awful frown.
He sees ye maidens' glances shy,
And rolleth his magnetic eye.

2. He's brought before ye Mufti's throne,
'Mid sulphurous smoke and muffled groan,
'Mid red-hot brands and boiling tar,
He scenteth danger from afar.

3. Ye spikes cut deep, ye race is run,
He rides ye chariot of ye sun.
Ye brake is put on Ixion's wheel,
L'Inferno's inmost caverns reel.

4. Ye ritual he chanteth now,
Dread Lucifers attend his vow;
Ye sounds die 'way, ye ordeals cease,
"Ad initiandos tirones."

5. As tiniest voice from tiniest star,
Or monkish monotone afar,
Ye freshman's shattered accents rise,
Ye mask is lifted from his eyes.

6. To 'Varsity men this tale I speak,
For making men and killing cheek,
Stick up for your formalities,
"Ad iniciandos tirones."

THE FRESHMAN'S VERSION.

N. H. RUSSELL, '87.

1. Ye 'Varsity man has doffed his gown,
He wields a stick, but wears no frown.
He sings about ye freshman's cheek,
But on him vengeance we will wreak.

2. L'Inferno's caverns are his hall,
L'Inferno's lord is at his call,
He sits upon l'Inferno's throne,
And thinks he hears ye freshman groan.

3. Ye 'Varsity men assemble 'round,
With silence awful and profound,
And judgment gave in words like these—
"Ad initiandos tirones."

4. Ye minions scour earth's utmost zone,
And seize ye freshman when alone,
He's brought unto ye 'Varsity cells,
'Mid to turing jeers and miscreant yells.

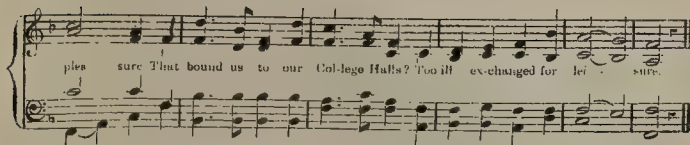
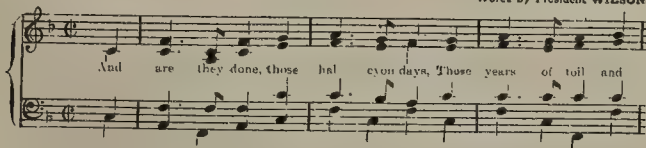
5. Ye freshmen rise with one accord,
And break ye ranks of that vile horde,
They burst ye 'Varsity's flimsy chain,
And bear ye prisoner back again.

6. To freshmen all "this tale I speak,"
For quelling those who'd bill our cheek,
Down with all informalities,
"Ad conservandos tirones."

COMMENCEMENT.

Tune—"Deutsches Weibchen."

Words by President WILSON.



1. Familiar scenes of rainbow hope
And cordial emulation;
Of matches on the College lawn,
And speeches on the nation!

2. Of Locke and Hegel, Comte and Kant,
Of Jelf upon the Aristotle;
Or for a treat, a prud as Tait's
Dynamics of a Particle!

4. The genial converse, social cheer
Of friendship, true as tender;
With rivals in the generous strife
For Fame, and no surrender.

5. Farewell, ye dear old College joys!
'Tis in some novel sense meant
This ending of life's jolliest days,
And calling it Commencement!

O TEMPORA, O MORES.

Translation by W. H. ELLIS '67

Allegretto. SOLO

VOICE CHORUS.

There was a jol-ly fid-dler took a walk a-long the Nile,
 crept out of the wa- - - - - ser a great big oro-co-dile, O

PIANO

SOLO.

tem-po-ra, O mo- - - - res. There
 tem-po-ra, O mo- - - - res. He thought to make a

tem-po-ra O mo- - - - res.
 tem-po-ra, O ho- - - - res

CHORUS

meal of him. O was n't that a go? O was - n't that a jol-ly lark, O
 O was - n't that a go? O was - n't that a jol-ly lark, O

tem-po-ra, O - ho!... O mu-sic charms the sav-age beast, as we all know.
 tem-po-ra, O - ho!... O mu-sic charms the sav-age beast, as we all know.

O TEMPORA, O MORES.

2. The fiddler drew his fiddle out, I tell you pretty quick,
O tempora, O mores;
And straight across his fiddle strings he drew his fiddle-stick.
O tempora, O mores;
Allegro, dolce, presto, now wasn't that a go?
Oh wasn't that a jolly lark, O tempora, Oho;
Oh music charms the savage beast, as we all know.
3. He had'n't played a dozen bars, before the crocodile,
O tempora, O mores;
Began to dance a Highland fling beside the ancient Nile,
O tempora, O mores;
Then polkas, galops, waltzes, oh wasn't that a go? &c.
4. Then round and round upon the sand they danced like one o'clock,
O tempora, O mores;
Until against a pyramid his tail he chanced to knock,
O tempora, O mores;
It fell and knocked six others down, oh wasn't that a go? &c.
5. Now when this awkward brute had knocked the pyramids to smash,
O tempora, O mores;
The fiddler sought the nearest pub. to try and get some hash,
O tempora, O mores;
He called for Bass's Bitter Bear, oh wasn't that a go? &c.
6. A fiddler's throat is like a hole, uncommon hard to fill,
O tempora, O mores;
And if he hasn't finished yet, no doubt he's drinking still,
O tempora, O mores;
Then let us all drink with him, O won't that be a go? &c.

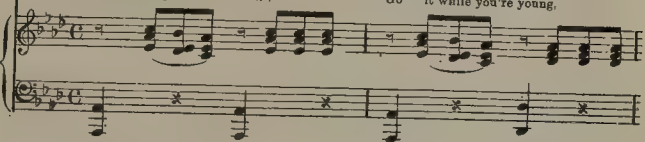
JINGLE, BELLS.

Allegro, mf.

VOICE.



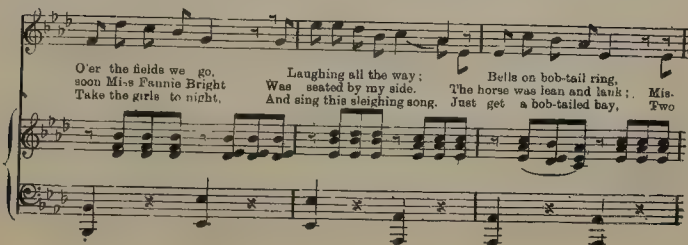
PIANO.



O'er the fields we go,
soon Miss Fannie Bright
Take the girls to night.

Laughing all the way;
Was seated by my side.
And sing this sleighing song.

Bells on bob-tail ring,
The horse was lean and lank;
Just get a bob-tailed bay, Two



Making spir - its bright; What fun it is to ride and sing A sleighing song to-night!
 fortune seemed his lot; He got in to a drifted bank, And we, we got up - set.
 for - ty for his speed; Then hitch him to an open sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

CHORUS

TENORS *f*
 Jingle, bells! jingle, bells! jingle all the way... jingle, jingle, jingle

BASSES
 Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, all the way...

PIANO

Oht what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh, Jingle, bells, jingle, bells,
 one-horse open sleigh Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle.

JINGLE, BELLS

jingle all the way,..... Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

jingle, jingle, jingle,

jingle all the way, Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

THE BOOTS.

Moderato, mf

VOIC.

1. The festal day has come, And brightly beams the morning;
 2. Come, join in mirth and song, With young hearts loudly beating.

PIANO.

sun peeps forth a-fresh, Our festal day adorning Hurrah! Hurrah! The
 plea-sure while we may, For earth-ly joys are fleet-ing.

CHORUS. In unison.

festal day has come! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! The festal day has come

THE BOOTS.

Allegro vivace. f

Up - see, up-see, tra la la la, Up-see, up-see, tra la la la, Up-see, up-see, tra la la la, The

fes - tal day has come, I hear the boots, the boots, the boots the b - b - b - b - boots, Fra Di-

a - vo-lo, the Rob-ber! Fra Di - a - vo - lo, the Rob - ber! I hear the boots, the boots, the boots, the

b - b - b - b - boots, Fra Di - a - vo - lo the Rob - ber, Coming down the stairs.

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE.

Allegro. SOLO.

VOICE.

CHORUS

1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal; Sing "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doodle" all the
 2. Oh, my Sal she am a..... maid-en fair: Sing "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doodle" all the

PIANO.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

day! My Sal-ly am a spunk-y gal, Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the
 day! With laugh-ing eyes and cur-ly hair, Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the

PIANO.

CHORUS.

day! Fare-well!..... Fare-well!..... Fare-well, my fair-y fay! On, I'm
 day! Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well!

PIANO.

off to Louisi-an-a, for to see my Su-sy An-na, Singing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day!

PIANO.

3. Oh! I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across,
 Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.
 An' I jumped upon a nigger, for I thought he was
 a boss,
 Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

4. Oh! a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,
 Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.
 A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack,
 Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

5. Behind de barn, down on my knees,
 Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day
 I thought I heard a chicken sneeze,
 Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

6. He sneezed so hard wid de boopin'-ough,
 Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
 He sneezed his head an' his tail right off,
 Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Words by . MOORE.

J. D. KERRISON.

f *pathetically*.

1. Those even - ing bells, those even - ing bells. How man - y a tale their
 2. Those joy - ous hours are passed a - way, And man - y a heart that
 3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tone - ful peal will

rus - ic tells Of youth and home and that sweet time When last I heard their
 then was gay, With - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those
 still ring on, While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet

soothing chime. Of youth and home a d that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime.
 even - ing bells, With - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells.
 even - ing bells. While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THE CRUISE OF "THE BUGABOO."

Moderato

Adapted by H. H., '88 '83.

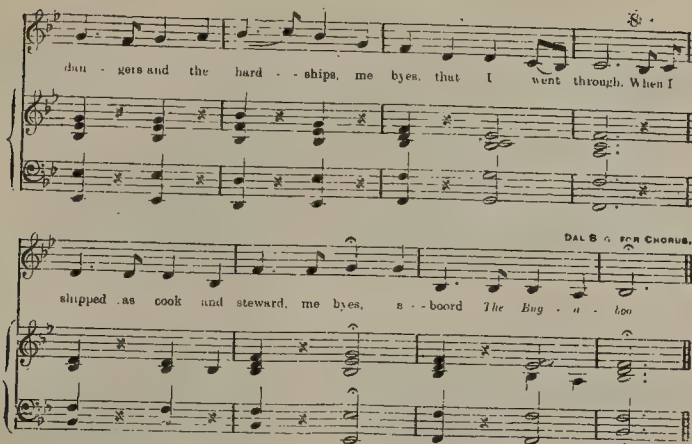
VOICE

1. Come all ye ten - der heart - ed men, Wher - ev - er ye may be, And I'll

PIANO

tell ye of the dan - gers that are on the deep, blue sea. The

THE CRUISE OF "THE BUGABOO."



2. I shipped as cook and steward, me byes.

Fur devil a cint I had;
I said good-bye to Mary Ann.
And was feelin' purty bad
As I said good-bye to Mary Ann,
And set me face to the west
I heard the engineer remark
That the horse was doin' his best.

3. The first time that I seen the ship,
She lay in Toraulay street canal;
She was tall, an' larce, an' beautiful,
Forgit her shape I niver shall.
Oh, the captain he wore a large straw hat,
Knee-breeches, and a body-coat blue;
Arrah, bedad! the byes all said, he'd make a fine
figger-head
Fur to ornament *The Bugaboo*.

4. Oh, the engineer he went asleep
As he sat aboard the mule;
And the second mate called out to him
"Arrah, turn the crank you fool!"
The second mate hollered and swore me byes,
Till he split the back of his vest;
And the engineer woke up, and replied
That the horse was doin' his best.

5. We soon weighed anchor, an' set sail
Fur to plough the ragin' surf;
We wuz bound fur the bog of Allaghen
Fur to get a load of turf.
We sailed all night until we reached
The back of Richmond Barracks so true;
And the gallant Mighty-Sixth fired a royal
salute of byes
At the captain of *The Bugaboo*.

6. Then the captain pined all hands on deck,
Fur to answer the salute;
And he grabbed ahold of a murlin spike
And the second mate's left-hand boot.
He throwed the boot so straight, me byes,
That he hit the mule on the chest.
And the engineer re-mon-strated
That the horse was doin' his best.

7. Nine years we sailed, when a storm arose,
The canal rose mountain high;
Oh, the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled,
An' 't the dark blue sky
The second mate he gev orders
Fur to lower the sail an' clew;
An' the captain down below, lyin' smokin' in his
berth,
Set fire to *The Bugaboo*.

8. Then the mule took fright an' run away,
An' left the crew afloat;
The mate he shouted to the engineer
Fur to come and save the boat.
But the mule was gittin' along, me byes,
An' his tail was headin' for the west;
And the engineer called out quite loud
That the horse was doin' his best.

9. When the captain seen what he had done,
He loud for help did shout;
An' he hollered up tron' the chimney hole
Fur the helmsman fur to come and put it out.
But the helmsman he was fast asleep,
An' to his post untrue;
An' the fire burned so hard in the middle of the
terf,
Bedad, we couldn't save *The Bugaboo*.

10. Oh, the fire it burned so hard, me byes,
That it burned the towin'-rope;
And the mule he throwed the engineer,
Who tumbled down the slope.
The captain called to the engineer
Fur to give the mule a rest;
And the engineer replied from the bank
That the horse was doin' his best.

11. When forty thousand miles from land,
In latitude fifty four,
Oh, the fire it burned so hard, me byes,
That it couldn't burn any more.
The captain he then gev orders
Lower (ad lib) the boats an' save the crew!
Forty-seven Corkonians, fifty-four Far Duans,
Went down in *The Bugaboo*.

MUSH, MUSH.

Andante. mf

Voice

1. Oh, 'twas there I larned ra - din' an' wri - tin'..... At Billy
me we had mon - y a scriim mage..... An'
2. Oh, 'twas there that I larned all me court - in'..... O' the
Con - nor, she lved jiet for - ninst me..... An'

Piano

Brac-kett's where I wint to school..... And 'twas there I larned howl - in' an'
div - il a cop - y I wrote;..... There was ne'er a gos - soon in the
ha - sons I tuck in the art!..... Till Cu - pid, the blackguard, while
tin - der lines to her I wrote;..... If ye dare say wan hard word a -

1st

figh - tin' Wid me school-mas-ther Mis - ther O' Toole..... Him an'
vil - lage Dared.... thread on the - tail o' me-
sport - in, An..... ar - row, dhruv straight thro' me heart..... Miss Ju - dy O'
gin her, I'll..... thread on the tail o' yer

1st

CHORUS.

2nd

Mush, mush, mush, tu - ral - i - ad - dyl.. Sing, mush, mush, mush,
mush mush

MUSH, MUSH.

tu - ral - i - tal... There was ne'er a gos - soon in the
tu - ral - i - al If ye dare say wan hard word a-

vil - lage Dared thread on the tail o' me coat!.....
gin het, I'll thread on the tail o' yer coat!

3. But a blackguard, called Mickey Maloney,
Came an' shole her affections away;
Fur he'd money an' I hadn't ony,
So I sint him a challenge nixt day.
In the evenin' we met at the Woodbine,
The Don we crossed o'er in a boat;
An' I lathered him wid me shillaly,
Fur he throd on the tail o' me—*Cho.*

4. Oh, me fame wint abroad through the nation,
An' folks came a-flockin' to see;
An' they cried out, widout hesitation—
"You're a fightin' man, Billy McOss!"
Oh, I've claned out the Finnigan faction,
An' I've licked all the Murphys adfoot;
If you're in fur a row or a raction,
Jist ye thread on the tail o' me—*Cho.*

MICHAEL ROY.

Allegretto. mf

VOICE.

1. In Brook - lya - ci - ty there lived a maid, And she was known to
2. She fell in love with a char - coal man, Mc - Clos - key was his
3. Mc - Clos - key shout-ed and hol-ler'd in vain, For the donk - key would - n't

PIANO.

fame:.... Her moth - er's name was Ma - ri Ann, And hers was Ma - ri
name:.... His fight - ing weight was seven stone t n. And he loved sweet Ma - ri
stop:.... And he threw Mari Jane right ov - er his head, Right in - to a pol - i - ey

MICHAEL ROY.

Jane;..... And eve-ry Sat-ur-day morn- ing She used to go ov-er the
 Jane;..... He took her to ride in his char-coal cart On a fine Saint Pat-ric's
 shop;..... When Mc-Clos-key saw that ter-ri-ble sight, His heart it was moved with

riv-er, And went to market where she sold eggs, And sass-a-ges, like-wise liv-er.....
 day, But the donkey took fright at a Jer-sey man, And start-ed and ran a way.....
 pi-ty. So he stabbed the donkey with a bit of charcoal, And started for Salt Lake ci-ty.....

CHORUS. Accompaniment same as for last eight bars of Solo.

For oh!..... For oh!..... (1st Tenor.)
 For oh! he was my dar-ling boy..... For
 For oh! he was For oh!
 For oh! For oh!

Repeat Chorus pp

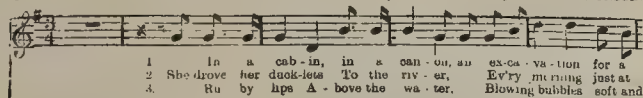
he was the lad with the au-burn hair, And his name was Mich-a-el Roy!.....

OH MY DARLING CLEMENTINE.

Tempo di mazurka

Words and Music by PEYCY MONTROSE.

Voice



Piano



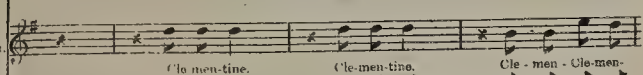
mine; Dwelt a min-er. A For-ty-min-er, And his daugh-ter Cle-men-tine.
mine; Stubbed her toe a- gainst a sliv-er, Fell in to the foam-ing brine.
fine; A-a- for me. I was no swimmer, So I lost my Cle-men-tine.

CHORUS. (accompaniment same as for Solo.)

Airs.



1st Tenor.



Bass.



time ... You are lost and gone for-ev-er, Drest-ful sor-ry, Cle-men-tine.
time Cle-men-tine, Cle-men-tine, Cle-men-tine. Clementine. Cle-men-tine.
time Cle-men-tine, Cle-men-tine, Oh Clementine, Oh Cle-men-tine.

FORTY YEARS ON.

Words by E. BOWEN.

JOHN FARMER

VOICE.

1 For-ty years on when a - far and a - sund-er Part-ed are those who are singing to-day.
2 Route and dis-com - fl - tures, rush - es and ral-lies, Bas - es at-tempt-ed, and rescued and won,

PIANO.

When you look back, and for - get - - ful - ly won-der What you were like in your work and your play,
Strife without an - ger and art without malice. — How will it seem to you for - ty years on?

Then, it may be, there will of - ten come o'er you, Glances of notes like the catch of a song —
Then, you will say, not a fe - ver - ish minute, Strained the weak heart and the way - er-ing knee,

SOLO

Via - ions of boyhood shall float them before you, Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along. Follow
Nev - er the bat - tle raged hot - test, but in it, Neither the last nor the faintest were we!

CHORUS. SOLO CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS *f* FULL CHORUS IN MARCHING TIME.

up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Till the held ring again and a-

gain, With the tramp of the twenty-two men. Fol - low up! Fol - low up!

2. O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on!
How we discomfited them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a plating at hate!
Follow up! &c.

4. Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you werestrong?
God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play on, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on
Follow up! &c.

tune—"THE MENAGERIE."

H, S O.

Words by Miss N. C. ENO, (Wellcally Coll.)

1. DIRECTIONS. You take a few pieces of sime, And put in your gau - er - a - ter, Add
2. OBSERVATIONS. The so - tion was not ver - y briek, When I put in H s S O s, So I
3. CONCLUSIONS. As I wiped up the a - oid and zinc, And swept up the glass from the floor, I con -

wa - ter, then plug in the cork, and pour in H s S O s. And
tried ni - tric a - oid to see If the thing wouldn't bub - ble up more, - If the
clud - ed I'd stick to directions, And try my own me - thods no more, And

CHORUS.

pour in H s S O s. And pour in H s S O s. Add
thing wouldn't bub - ble up more, If the thing wouldn't bub - ble up more, So I
try my own me - thods no more, And try my own me - thods no more, I con -

wa - ter then plug in the cork, And pour in H s S O s.
tried ni - tric a - oid to see If the thing wouldn't bub - ble up more.
clud - ed I'd stick to di - rec - tions, And try my own meth - ods no more.

THE TRAMP'S SONG

1. 'Way down in yon-dar val-ley, The mist is like a sea Though the
 2. We wan-der by the woodland, That hangs up-on the hill
 3. We gaze up-on the streamlet, As o'er the bridge we lean, We

PIANO

sun be scarce-ly risen, There is light enough for me. For be it ear-ly morning, Or
 Hark! the cock is tuning His morning clarion shrill And hurried by a-waking From his
 watch its hurriel ripples, We watch its golden green Oh, the men of the north are stalwart, And the

be it late at night, Cheerily ring our footsteps, Right, left, right! }
 nest a-mid the spray, Cheerily now the blackbird Whistling greets the day. } For
 woodland lassies fair, And cheerily breathes a-round us, The bracing woodland air. }

CHORUS.

f 1ST AND 2ND TENOR.
 be it ear-ly morning, or be it late at night, Cheerily ring our footsteps, right, left, right. Mid
f 1ST AND 2ND BASS.

THE TRAMP'S SONG.

ev'ning's dusky shadows, in morn'g's rosy light. Cheerily ring our footsteps, Right, left, right.

The musical score for 'THE TRAMP'S SONG' is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a recurring eighth-note pattern. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes that support the vocal line. The lyrics are: 'ev'ning's dusky shadows, in morn'g's rosy light. Cheerily ring our footsteps, Right, left, right.'

UBI BENE, IBI PATRIA.

Moderato. mf.

1. All the world a-round I'm stray-ing, Eve-ry sea and mountain o'er;
2. All my goods weigh not a fea-ther, And my blood is nev-er old;
3. In my heart are all my treas-ures— Joys no hand can take a way;

The musical score for 'UBI BENE, IBI PATRIA.' (Moderato. mf.) is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a recurring eighth-note pattern. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes that support the vocal line. The lyrics are: '1. All the world a-round I'm stray-ing, Eve-ry sea and mountain o'er; 2. All my goods weigh not a fea-ther, And my blood is nev-er old; 3. In my heart are all my treas-ures— Joys no hand can take a way;'

Liberty. ff

Free as air, I'm nev-er stay-ing On the North or Southern shore, Mei-ry here and mer-ry there,
Eve-ry-where I feast with princes, Eve-ry-where in halls of gold. Hungry here and hungry there,
Who would pine for Mammon's pleasures Death can darken in a day. Mer-ry here and mer-ry there,

The musical score for 'UBI BENE, IBI PATRIA.' (Liberty. ff.) is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a recurring eighth-note pattern. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes that support the vocal line. The lyrics are: 'Free as air, I'm nev-er stay-ing On the North or Southern shore, Mei-ry here and mer-ry there, Eve-ry-where I feast with princes, Eve-ry-where in halls of gold. Hungry here and hungry there, Who would pine for Mammon's pleasures Death can darken in a day. Mer-ry here and mer-ry there,'

rall.

U - bi Be - ne, i - bi Pa - tri - a, U - bi Be - ne, i bi, Pa - tri - a.

The musical score for 'UBI BENE, IBI PATRIA.' (rall.) is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a recurring eighth-note pattern. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes that support the vocal line. The lyrics are: 'U - bi Be - ne, i - bi Pa - tri - a, U - bi Be - ne, i bi, Pa - tri - a.'

4. While my pipe is yet beside me,
And my beer remains to foam,
With a hat and coat to hide me,
Everywhere I'll gaily roam.
Drinking here and smoking there (*Bis*).
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*Bis*).

5. In the bowl I'm ever brooding
Love's delicious, maddening glow;
Now in northland humbly pleading,
Now were southern breezes blow.
Kissing here and drinking there (*Bis*).
Ubi Bene ibi Patria (*Bis*).

6. So through life I'm smoothly gliding
On a calm and shining sea,
Sorrow's clouds in kisses hiding,
And in wine's sweet revelry.
Merry here and merry there (*Bis*).
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*Bis*).

7. By-and-by shall Death's grim shadows
On this useless clay be laid;
Then I'll clasp the cooling meadows
In the golden land of shade!
Merry here and merry there (*Bis*).
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*Bis*).

O'HOO LIHAN.

Marchoso.

VOICE.

1. Me name it is O' Hoo li-han, I'm a man of consid'able in-flu-ence, I

PIANO

mind my busi-ness, stay at home, Me wants be few and small; but one

day the byes a-round did come. All full o' whiskey, gin, and rum; And they

rall. e dim *a tempo*

rall. e dim *a tempo.*

Repeat last four bars (in unison), for Chorus.

tuk me out in the bi-hu'sun fur to play a game o' base-ball.

O'HOOIHAN.

They made me carry all the bats,
An' they nearly drove me crazy;
They put me out in the cintre-field,
But I paralyzed them all.
For I put out me fist fur to stop a "fly,"
Whin the murderin' thing hit me square in the
An' they hung me over a fence to dhry, [eye];
The day that I played baseball.

8. I took the bat fur to strike the ball,
An' I lunched it to San Francisco,
Around the bases I did ran
A dozen times or more,
Till all the byes began to howl
"O'Hoolihan ye made a foul,"
An' they rubbed me down wid a Turkish tow'l,
The day that I played baseball.

4. The editor he axed me name
Fur to give me a leather medal,
He axed me fur me fortygraft
To hang agin' the wall;
Fur he said it was me as had won the game,
Wid me head all broke, and me shoulder lame,
An' they took me home on a cattis train,
The day that I played baseball.

SEEING NELLIE HOME.

Andante.

VOICE

1. In the sky the bright stars glittered..... On the bank the pale moon
2. On my arm a soft hand rested..... Rest-ed light as o - cean

PIANO

p

shone; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party I was see - ing Nellie home.....
foam; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party I was see - ing Nellie home.....

CHORUS.

cresc.

I was see - ing Nel - lie home..... I was see - ing Nel - lie home; And 'twas
cresc.

f from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty I was see - ing Nel - lie home
repetit.

3. On my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

4. On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have lived and grown;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

THE SPANISH GUITAR.

Moderato. mf.

Adapted by W. I. H. and J. E. J.

VOICE.

1. When I was a stu - dent at Ca - diz,.....

PIANO.

mf.

played on the Span - ish gui - tar, ching, ching! I used to make love to the

la - dies,..... I think of them still from a far, ching, ching!

CHORUS.

Accompaniment same as for Solo.

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la; tra la la la, tra la la la.

Ring, ohing, ching! Ring, ohing, ching! Ring out yo bells, Oh ring out ye

THE SPANISH GUITAR

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la

bells, Oh ring out ye bells! Ring ching ching! Ring ching chi g!

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la

Repeat Chorus softly.

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la ching ching!

Ring out ye bells, As I play on my Span-ish gui-tar, ching, ching!

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la ching, ching!

2. I was four years a student at Cadiz,
Where nothing one's pleasure can mar, ching, ching!
And where many a beautiful maid is,—
Oh I strum'd and I twang'd my guitar, ching, ching!
3. Oh I sang serenades there at Cadiz,
Till I got an attack of catarrh, ching, ching!
Though no more I could serenadize,
Still I played on my Spanish guitar, ching, ching!

4. When at last the train bore me from Cadiz,
The ladies all wept round the car, ching, ching!
Oh it grieved me to part from those ladies,
But I carried away my guitar, ching, ching!
5. I'm no longer a student at Cadiz,
But I play on the Spanish guitar, ching, ching!
And still I am fond of the ladies,
Though now I'm a happy papa, ching, ching!

SAW MY LEG OFF.

*Andante.**Fin*

Saw my leg off, saw my leg off, saw my leg off, short

Saw my leg off, saw my leg off, saw my leg off, short

Saw my leg off, saw my leg off, saw my leg off, short

Saw my leg off, saw my leg off, saw my leg off, short

2. Saw it on again, quick.
3. Call your dog off, sharp.

4. Hash for breakfast, Hash for dinner,
Hash for supper, Hash!

* Shouted

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

Andante. *Shouted*

VOICE

1. There is a tav-ern in the town, in the town, And there my dear love sits him
 2. He left me for a dam-sel dark, dam-sel dark, Each Friday night they used to
 3. Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide & deep, Put tombstones at my head and

PIANO

p

down, sits him down, And drinks his wine 'mid laugh-ter free, And nev-er, never thinks of
 spark, used to spark, And now my love, once true to me, Takes that dark damsel on his
 feet head and feet, And on my breast carve a tur-tle dove, To sig-ni-fy I died of

CHORUS.

me.
 knee.
 love.

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, Do not let the parting grieve thee, And re-

member that the best of friends must part, must part. A-dieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu, I

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

can no long-er stay with you, stay with you I'll hang my harp on a
weeping willow tree, And may the world go well with thee.
well with thee, thee, well with thee.

1st & 2nd.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

Solemnly.

1. Once on a time there were three who lived together in a basket of saw-aw-dust.
little kittens

After 3rd stanza.

Said the first little un-to the two other little "If you don't Why, I... must!" That's so!
kitten kitten cats, get out of this!

2. Now these little kittens (pretty ones) | lived together | in the basket of saw-aw-dust;
Said the second little kitten | unto | the two other little cats,
"If you don't just get out of this, | Why, I must!"
3. Still, the three pretty little kittens (such was their imperturbability) | continued to
live together | in the basket of saw-aw-dust;
Said the third little kitten | unto | the two other little cats, |
"If you don't just get out of this, | Why, I shall Boer! |" That's so.

* With a vigorous nod of affirmation.

SAILING, SAILING, SAILING

Delos. Tempo di valzer. mf

Words by W. J. HEALY, '98

Voice.

1 Ov er the riv er ov er the Dee, Dwells a maid en
 2 Up to her win dow shu shine or rain, A clamb' ring rose vine

Piano

fair goes On' laught ing lips and eyes, has she, and
 And over the river my heart, would fain To

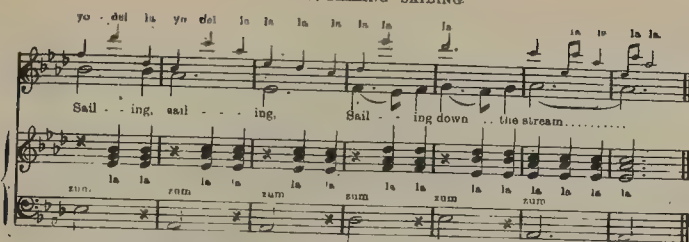
TODDL. La la yo--del la yo--del la

ripp ling, sun ny hair..... Sail ing, sail ing,
 climb with the climb ing rose..... Vocal or instrumental accompaniment.
 la la la la
 rum rum

yo-del la la la la yo-del la yo-del la la la la la yo-del la

Sail ing, Sail ing down the stream, Sail ing
 la la sum la la sum la la sum la la la la sum la la
 #648 sum sum sum sum sum sum sum

SAILING, SAILING SAILING



3. After the sunset flush has flown,
When lilacs scent the air,
By the old bridge I'll meet alone
My love so blithe and fair.

4. Over the river, the evening breeze
Fragrance-laden blows;
Under the blossoming apple trees,
I walk with my lovely Rose.

5. Eyes has my love like a day in June
When all the sky is blue, -

Lips like a rose - a summer moon,
Raptured through and through

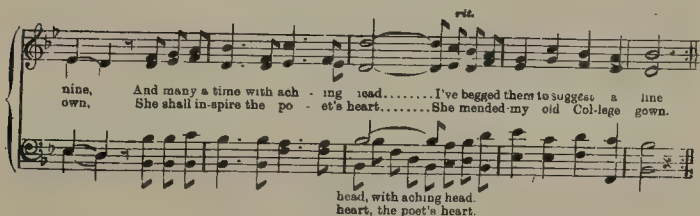
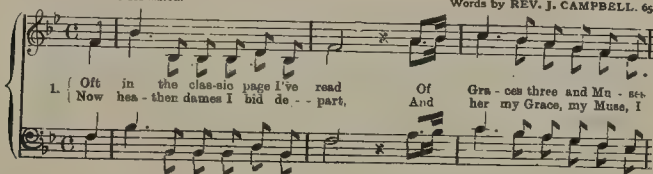
6. Ever I dream of one sweetest word
I to my love will say;

Oh, my heart is like a singing bird
On a swaying hazel spray.

THE COLLEGE GOWN.

Tune—"DER FARST LETT HERRLICH"

Words by REV. J. CAMPBELL. 69



2. Dynamic forces ne'er can move
Th' ecstatic zero of my soul,
No calculus compute its love,
Nor optic powers discern the whole.
Though squared and cubed, no lapse of years
Can o'er her fond remembrance crown,
Nay though they numbered thrice the tears
She mended in my College Gown

3. No language can express her charms,
No living tongue her virtues tell;
Her name the poet's pen discerns
And dares his powers to break the spell.
Nor would he, if he could, disclose
That name in every language known,
Tis stated best in English prose -
She mended my old College Gown.

4. Philosophy perchance may please
The earnest and enquiring mind
But neither mighty Socrates
Nor Cicero himself could find
A secret that in ages past
Baffled sages of renown.
The summum bonum - found at last,
She mended my old College Gown.

5. Great wonders Science brings to light,
Great truths her growing powers unfold
And Nature spreads before our sight
A thousand beauties new and old.
Yet one o'er all I still prefer,
Who in her kingdom wears the crown,
The world were empty wanting her
Who mended my old College Gown.

MY BONNIE.

Andante. Dolce.

VOCE.

1 My Bon - nie is o - ver the o - cean,..... My
 2 Oh, blow ye winds o - ver the o - cean,..... Oh

PIAN.

8va

Bon - nie is o - ver the sea..... My Bon - nie is o - ver the
 blow ye winds o - ver the sea..... Oh blow ye winds o - ver the

8va

o - cean,..... Oh bring back my Bon - nie to me.....
 o - cean,..... And bring back my Bon - nie to me.....

CHORUS.

AIR

CRES.

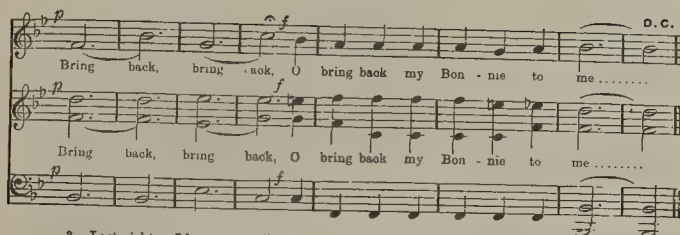
Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me

TENOR AND 1ST BASS CRES.

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me.

2ND BASS CRES.

MY BONNIE.



Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bon - nie to me D.C.

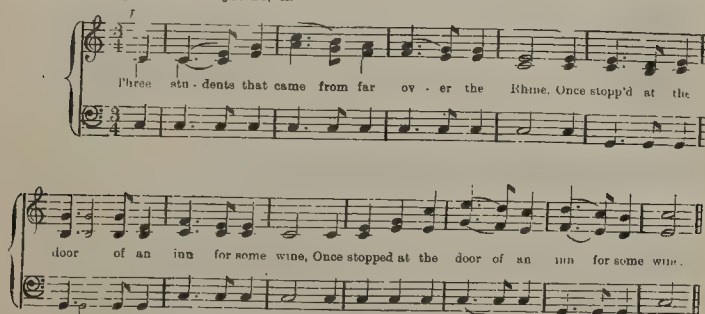
Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bon - nie to me

3. Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.
Chorus—Bring back, etc.

4. The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.
Chorus—Bring back, etc.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

Translated by JAS. EDMUND JONES, '88.



Three stu - dents that came from far ov - er the Rhine, Once stopp'd at the

door of an inn for some wine, Once stopped at the door of an inn for some wine.

1 Three students that came from far over the Rhine.
Once stopped at the door of an inn for some wine.

2 "Kind landlady, have you good wine I pray?
And where is your charming young daughter to-day?"

3 "My beer and my wine are refreshing and clear.
In her heavenly home is my daughter so dear."

4 And when they stepped into the chamber of death,
They gaz'd on the maiden and each held his breath.

5 The veil from her face the first drew aside,
And looked at her sadly, and mournfully cried:

6 "Ah! didst thou but live, oh maiden so pure!
From this very moment I'd love thee, I'm sure."

7 The veil o'er her face the second one drew,
And wept as he turn'd from the sorrowful view.

8 "Alas, that thou thus liest dead on thy bier!
For thee I have loved since many a year."

9 The third moved again the veil from its place,
And bent o'er the form, and kissed the pale face

10 "Thee always I loved, thee love I to-day,
And thee shall I love for ever and aye."

Theme — "FREUT' ICH DES LERNENS."

ALMA MATER.

CHORUS.

1st & 2nd
TENSORS

Air

2ND BASS

Oh, Al - ma Ma - ter! Thus I think, and then I sigh.

Hard is thy fe - ter. When a pret - ty girl nigh

FINE

SOLO.

I'm heart - ly tired of Greece and Rome, I wear - y through each learn - ed tome

won - der how can pleas - ure come In thinking of x plus y.....

D.C.

1. I'm heartily tired of Greece and Rome,
I weary through each learned tome.
I wonder how can pleasure come
In thinking of x plus y .

Chorus.—Oh Alma Mater! &c.

2. When morning comes, oh then, oh then,
Whether at eight, or nine, or ten,
Up I must get from my cosy den,
And off to college fly.

Chorus.—Oh Alma Mater! &c.

3. And then, oh then, on a winter's night,
With one on my left and one on my right,
The pleasant thus to walk at night,
Don't ask me the reason why.

Chorus.—Oh Alma Mater! &c.

4. Summer is coming, and naught like this,
Lolling all day on banks of bliss,
And now and then a-stealing a kiss,
And if I can't I'll try.

Chorus.—Oh Alma Mater! &c.

THE MAID FROM ALGOMA.

SOLO. Adapted by J. E. J., '88.
Con animo, mf.

CHORUS

SOLO.

Voice

1. Where are you going, my pretty maid?" Heave away, heigh - o, heigho. I'm

Piano

going to the 'Var - sity. sir," she said, "And I come away back from Al - go - ma."

CHORUS.

Heave a - way! Heigh - o! Heigh - o! Heave, a - way! Heigh - o! Heigh - o! I'm

going to the 'Var - si - ty, Sir," she said, "And I come a - way back from Al - go - ma."

FIRST VERSION.

1. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
"I'm going to the 'Varsity, sir," she said,
"And I come away back from Algoma."—*Cho.*
2. What to do there, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
"I'm going to be cultured, sir," she said,
"For I come away back from Algoma."—*Cho.*
3. "What are your studies, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
Chinese and Quaternions, sir," she said,
"And I come away back from Algoma."—*Cho.*
4. "Then who will marry you, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
"Cultured girls don't marry, sir," she said,
"And I go away back to Algoma."—*Cho.*

SECOND VERSION.

1. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
"I'm going to a lecture, sir," she said,
"And I come away back from Algoma."—*Cho.*
2. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
"You wouldn't understand it, sir," she said,
"For I come away back from Algoma."—*Cho.*
3. "What is the subject, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
"Total extinction of man," she said,
"For I go away back to Algoma."—*Cho.*
4. "Then who will marry you, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
"— will marry me, sir," she said,
"And I go away back to Algoma."—*Cho.*

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

Allegretto, mf

VOICE.

PIANO

1 | Way down in the mead-ow where the li - ly first blows, Where the
 2 | She's fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle dove, The
 most grace - ful a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she
 curls hangs her ra - ven black hair, And

1. t 2nd
 wind from the mountains ne'er ruf - fles the rose; Lives
 pride of the val - ley, the girl that I love.
 nev - er was known to put paint on her cheek; In the
 she nev - er re - quires per - fum - ery there.

CHORUS.

Dear Ev - e - lin - a, sweet Ev - e - lin - a, My love for
 thee shall nev - er, nev - er die. Dear Ev - e - lin - a,

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA

63

Handwritten musical score for 'DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA'. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'sweet Ev - e - lin - a, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die'. The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

3. Evelina and I, one fine evening in June,
Took a walk all alone by the light of the moon,
The planets all shone, for the heavens were clear,
And I felt round the heart most tremendously queer.—*Cho.*
4. Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar,
Evelina still lives in that green grassy holler,
Although I am fated to marry her never,
I've sworn that I'll love her for ever and ever.—*Cho.*

ROW YOUR BOAT.

Handwritten musical score for 'ROW YOUR BOAT.' by E. O. LYTE. It is a one-staff song with four numbered sections. The lyrics are: 'Row, row, row your boat, Gent - ly down the stream: Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly; Life is but a dream.' The melody is simple and rhythmic.

CARMEN LIBERORUM ROMANORUM.

Handwritten musical score for 'CARMEN LIBERORUM ROMANORUM.' by B. CARPENTER. It is a two-part setting for Voice and Piano. The lyrics are: 'E - ne me - ne mi - ne mo, Car - pe ni - grum di - gi - to; Si ex - o - lam - nt sol - va - ti E - ne me - ne mi - ne mo.' The score includes a piano introduction and accompaniment.

KEMO KIMO.

SOLO. *Con spirito.* **SEMI-CHORUS.** **Music adapted.**

VOICES

1 A - way down south in Cen - tre street ;
2. They go to bed, but it ain't no use, } Sing-song sitty, won't you ki - me - o! For their

PIANO

SOLO. **SEMI CHORUS.**

Dere's where de dar-keys grow ten feet ;
legs hang out for a chic-ken roost. } Sing-song sit-ty won't you ki - me - o!

FULL CHORUS.

Ke - mo ki - mo, dar - o - wa - me - hi, me - ho - me rum - si - pun - a diddle,
soup - back pidde-winkum dim - pun, nip - cat, Sing - song sitty won't you ki - me - o!

3. Each darkey wakes up almost dead
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !
With a hundredweight of chickens on each leg.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !

4. The chickens go out to de barn,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !
The big ones crow and the little ones larn.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !

5. And when each chick is pretty full,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !
He sticks his claw in the darkey's wool.
Sing-song atty won't you kimeo !

6. I looked behind de kitchen stairs,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !
I saw a caterpillar saying his prayers.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo,

8. (*Lento*) The horse and the sheep were going to the pasture.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo !
Says the horse to the sheep (*acel.*) "Won't you go a little faster ?" Sing-song, &c

THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE.

TENORS

Spoken by one.
Why have the faculty
but one idea?
Shouted by all BECAUSE!

There's on - ly room for one, There's on - ly room for one; At the

BASS

PIANO

Residence gate at half-past eight, Keeping the porter up so late, There's only room for one.... There's

f

on - ly room for one; At the Residence gate at half-past eight, There's only room for one.

2. Why is there but one real University in America?

3. Why didn't "Queen's" come into Confederation?

4. Why has the Chicago girl but one foot in the grave?

Local hits should be introduced.

THE PIPE.

Tune—A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

VOICE.

Of all things on earth that to joy give birth, And round - er a man's heart

PIANO.

jo - ly, There's not I'm sure a bet - ter cure Than a pipe for mel - an -

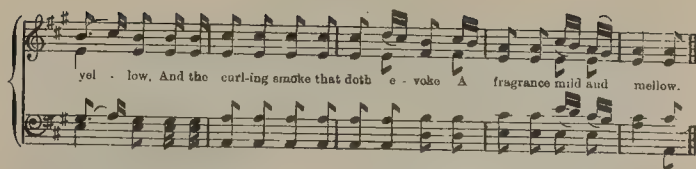
chol - y. It can make a tiff pass off with a whiff. And the joys of content - ment

borrow, And the worst wars cease in a pipe of peace, Which soothes the nerves of sor - row.

CHORUS. Accompaniment same as for first eight bars of Solo.

'hen bur - rah for the pipe so rich and ripe, with its am - ber mouth so

THE PIPE.



2 Let philosophers rant of Fichte and Kant,
Of Hartley and his vibrations,
And puzzle their wits with Clarke, Leibnitz,
Time, space, and their relations;
Yet six feet space will end their race,
And prove their sciences trashes,
While Time with a wipe will break their pipe,
And Death knock out the ashes.

Chorus.—Then hurrah, &c

3. Let the soldier boast of the mighty host,
Of the pride and the pomp of battle,
Of the war steed's bound, and the clarion's sound,
And the cannon's thundering rattle;
Yet there's more delight with a friend at night,
And a song and a pipe also,
Than in balls and bombs, and fives and drams,
And military show.

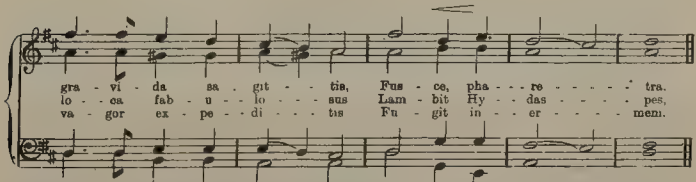
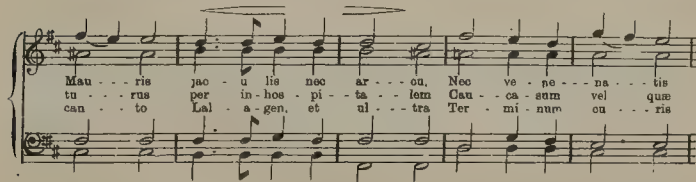
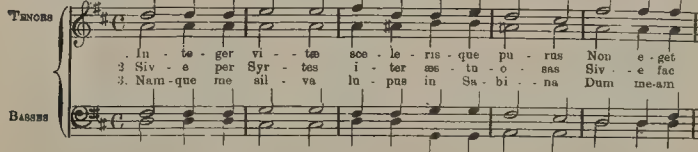
Chorus.—Then hurrah, &c.

INTEGER VITÆ.

WOR., Lib. I, C. XXII.

FLEMING, 1778-1843.

Andante.



4. Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias lais alit insouletis;
Neo Juba telus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

5. Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura;
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget.

6. Ponesub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

SON OF A GAMBOLIER.

Alto note.

VOCE.

1. I'm a rambling rake of pov - er - ty, From Tippe'ry town I came; 'Twas
 2. I once was tall and hand - some, And was so ver - y neat; They
 3. I'm a rambling wretch of pov - er - ty, From Tippe'ry town I came; My

pov - er - ty compelled me first to go out in the rain... In all sorts of weather. Be it
 thought I was too good to live, Most good enough to eat. But now I'm old, My coat is torn, And
 coat I bought from an old Jew shop Way down in Maiden Lane; My hat I got from a sailor lad Just

wet or be it dry, I am bound to get my live-l-hood, Or lay me down and die
 pov-er-ty holds me fast, And eve-ry girl turns up her nose As I go wand'ring past.
 eighteen years gone by, And my shoes I picked from an old dust-heap, Which ev'ry one shunned but I.

CHORUS.

Ad.

Come join my hum-bie dit-ty From Tippe'ry Town I steer, Like eve - ry hon - est fel-low, I
 1ST TENOR.
 Come join my hum-bie dit-ty, From Tippe'ry Town I steer, Like eve - ry hon - est fel-low, I
 1ST BASS.
 2ND BASS

SON OF A GAMBOLIER.

drinks my la - ger beer; Like eve - ry jol - ly fellow, I takes my whiskey clear. I'm a

drinks my la - ger beer; Like eve - ry jol - ly fellow, I takes my whiskey clear. I'm a

This system contains the first two staves of music. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the melody.

rambling rake of pov - er - ty, And the son of a Gambolier, The son of a son of a son of a son of a

rambling rake of pov - er - ty, And the son of a Gambolier, The son of a son of a son of a son of a

This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

son of a Gam - bolier, The son of a son of a son of a son of a son of a Gam - bolier. Like

son of a Gam - bolier, The son of a son of a son of a son of a son of a Gam - bolier. Like

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

ev'ry jol - ly fellow I takes my whiskey clear, I'm a rambling rake of poverty, And the son of a Gambolier.

ev'ry jol - ly fellow I takes my whiskey clear, I'm a rambling rake of poverty, And the son of a Gambolier.

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of music. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

THE BULL-DOG

8. Says the monkey to the owl:
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
"Why, since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."

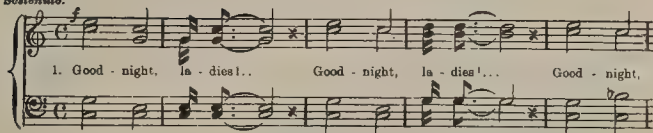
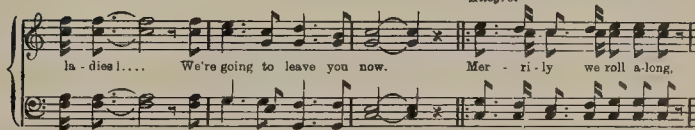
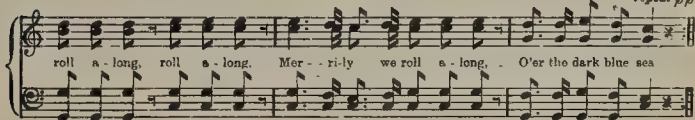
4. Oh! the bull-dog in the yard,
And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practising the Highland Fling,
And singing opera bouffe.

5. Says the tom-cat to the dog,
"Oh! set your ears agog,
For Jule's about to tête-à-tête
With Romeo, *incoy*."

6. Says the bull-dog to the cat
"Oh! what do you think they reat?
They're spooning in the dead of night,
But where's the harm in that?"

7. Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
She fished him out with a telegraph pole
And sent him off to school.

GOOD - NIGHT.

Sostenuto.*Allegro.**repeat pp*

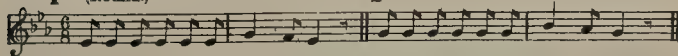
2. Farewell, ladies; farewell, ladies;
Farewell, ladies; we're going to leave you now,
Merrily, etc.

3. Sweet dreams, ladies; sweet dreams, ladies;
Sweet dreams, ladies; we're going to leave you now,
Merrily, etc.

MERRILY, MERRILY.

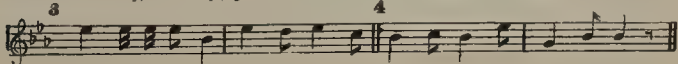
1 (Round.)

2



3 Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly greet the morn;

4 Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly sound the horn.



Hark! to the echoes hear them play, O'er hill and dale, far, far, a-way.

SOLOMON LEVI.

Allegretto.

FRED SEAYER.

VOICE

My name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi, At my store on Chatham Street, That's
 2 And if a bum-mer comes a-long To my store on Chatham Street, And

PIANO

where you'll buy your coats and vests, And eve-ry-thing that's neat; I've se-cond-hand-ed
 tries to hang me up for coats And vests so ver-y neat; I kicks the bummer right

Ul-ster-ettes, and everything that's fine, For all the boys they trade with me At a
 out of my store And on him sets my pup, For I won't sell clothing to an-y man Who

CHORUS in unison.

hundred and for-ty nine. O Sol-o-mon Le-vil Le-vil tra la la
 tries to set me up.

SOLOMON LEVI.

la! Poor Sheen-y Le-vi, Tra la la la la la la la. My

CHORUS.

name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi, At my store on Chatham street; That's where you'll buy your

coats and vests, And ev'rything else that's neat; tra la la. Se-cond-hand-ed Ulsterettes and

D.C.

ev'rything else that's fine, For all the boys they trade with me At a hundred and for-ty-nine.

2. The people are delighted to come inside of my store,
 And trade with the elegant gentleman what I keeps to walk the floor.
 He is a blood among the Sheenies, beloved by one and all,
 And his clothes they fit him just like the paper on the wall.—*Chorus.*

PORK, BEANS, AND HARD-TACK; A REBELLION SONG.

Tune—"SOLOMON LEVI."

1. Our volunteers are soldiers bold, so say the people all,
When duty calls they spring to arms, responsive to the call,
With outfits old and rotten clothes ill-fitted for the strife,
They leave their home on starving pay to take the nitebies' life.

CHORUS.

Pork, beans and hard-tack, tra la la, etc.,
For hungry soldier, tra la la, etc.
In rags we march the prairie, most eager for the fray,
But when we near the enemy, they always run away.
As Corporation labourers with fat-i-gue each day,
We dig and scrape and hoe and rake for fifty cents a day.

2. Paint, cold and weary, we're packed on an open car,
Cursing our fate and grumbling as soldiers ever are,
Hungry and thirsty, over the C. P. R. we go
Instead of by the all-rail route- Detroit and Chicago.—Chorus.
3. On half cooked beans and fat pork we're fed without relief,
Save when we get a change of grub on hard-tack and corn beef.
On fat-i-gue and guards all day, patrols and pickets by night,
It's thus we while our time away, our duty seems ne'er to fight.
4. Down the wild Saskatchewan in river boats we go,
At last we reach Lake Winnipeg and are taken by a tug in tow.
On board a barge two regiments are shoved into the hold,
Like sardines in a box we're packed, six hundred men all told.
5. Down the length of Winnipeg Lake we roll throughout the night,
And on we're towed along the Lake till Selkirk is in sight,
We disembark in double quick time, we once more board a train.
We're on our way for Winnipeg, we're getting near home again.
6. The ladies of our city are noble dames you know,
And helped us in our woeful plight when grub was very low,
We cannot thank them as we ought for every kindness done,
But we say it from our inmost souls their goodness our hearts has won.

PEGGY MURPHY.

Words and Music by CHARLES M. RYAN.

Voice

1 Oh! swate Peg - gy Mur - phy had bean - ti - ful eyes, They were

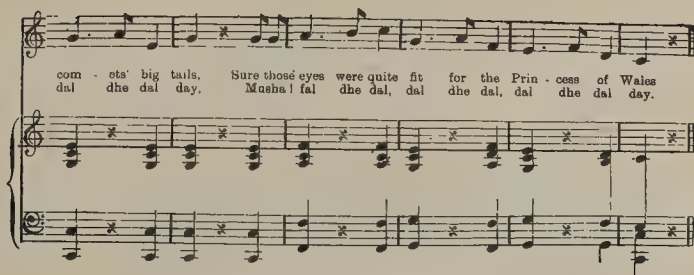
CHORUS. Arrah! fal dhe dal, dal dhe dal, dal dhe dal day, Mushu

PIANO

dape as two o - ceans, as blue as two skies, And the glan - ces they shot were like

fal dhe dal, dal dhe dal, fal dhe dal day Ar-rah! fal dhe dal, da dhe dal

PEGGY MURPHY.



2. Her mouth it was like a—och! sure I can't tell,
But when'er she spoke through it a sound like a bell
Went a ringin' and dingin' straight into my soul,—
Sure a swate little mouth was that same little hole.
3. Her skin it was whiter than newly-laid milk,
And softer by far than the softest of silk;
Her complexion indade was so clear and so fair
You could see through her face all the roots of her hair.
4. Her lips an' her cheeks had an exquisite tint,
So rich and so rare, by the angels 'twas lint;
Arrah! naught could compare with her blushes so red,
When she walked in the garden the roses dropped dead.
5. Her hair was so fine that it couldn't be felt,
An' so much like the sunshine you'd think it would melt;
Oh! it glitened an' dazzled, I'm tellin' no lies,
That to take a look at it you'd shut both your eyes.
6. Her neck an' each shoulder, each arm an' each hand,
Made her fit for a fairy queen holdin' a wand;
Arrah! she was so deservin' of fairy-like things,
I'm not sure but I think she had nice little wings.
7. Her teeth were like pearls strung out in two rows.
Between luscious cherries right under her nose;
They formed a nate fence round such nice private grounds,
Where a sharp teasing tongue never stayed within bounds.
8. Her breath was as pure as a babe's or a dove's,
That milky-like breath that a spoony man loves
'Twas the clarified essence of nectar an' dew,
An' sugar an' honey made into a stew.
9. For a word or a smile from my paragon Peg
I'd out off my head, or I'd saw off my leg;
And as for a kiss from her lips fresh and swate,
'Twould so fill me with joy as to intoxicate.
10. I coosed an' I wooed her a year an' a day,
An' I asked her to marry me quick straight away.
Oh! she laughed in my face sayin', 'Larry, me boy,
I'm engaged to be married to Mickey McCoy!'
11. Then I threw myself under a willow tree,
An' I blubbered an' bawled till I scarcely could see.
Why didn't I ask when I first crossed her door
If she'd e'er been engaged or married before?

VIVE LA COMPAGNIE.

Words by F. B. HODGINS,

Allegro.

VOICE SOLO.

CHORUS

Bring hither a beak-er and fill it with wine. Vi - ve la com - pag - nie!

SOLO.

CHORUS.

And pledge Al - ma Ma - ter with nine - ty times nine. Vi - ve la com - pag - nie!

Vi - ve le, vi - ve le, vi - ve le roi, Vi - ve le, vi - ve le vi - ve le roi,

vi - v le roi, vi - ve la reine, V - ve la com pag nie!

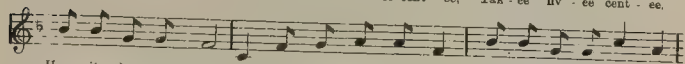
2. Here's to the Senators, all in a row,
But what they are good for I really don't know.
3. The Professors come next, and they're not a bad lot,
There are some that are good, and there are some that are not.
4. Here's to the Ladies—they do as they please,—
Take our places in street-cars and class-lists with ease.
5. Here's to the Freshman, of brazen fifteen,
In his cap and his gown day and night he is seen.
6. Here's to the Bedel, who carries the mace,
As he walks up the aisle he's the model of grace.
7. Here's to ourselves—we're the best of the crowd,
We're too modest to mention our praises out loud.
8. Here's to the fellow who sings out of tune,
We'll choke him right off, for he can't die too soon.
9. Here's to Exams, but we've drained the last drop,
So I think it is time for this ditty to stop.

CHINESE SONG.

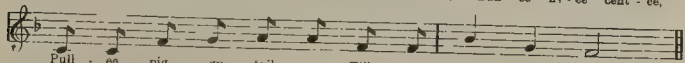
BARITONE SOLO.



1. Me settee married, Have a pret - ly wif - ee. Have a pig - gy tail - ee.
 2. Me singee songee, Get - ee fiv - ee cent - ee. Tak - ee fiv - ee cent - ee.

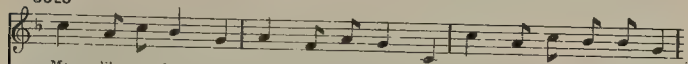


Hang it down - ee back, 'Long com - ee Meli - can man. Pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee.
 Put him right a - way, 'Long com - ee Meli - can man. Tak - ee fiv - ee cent - ee.



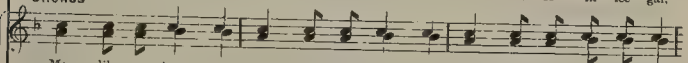
Pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee Till the face glow black.
 Turn ee right a - round and say, "Hey, what d'ye say."

SOLO

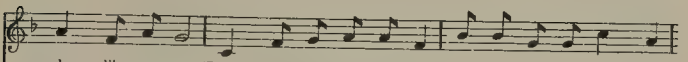
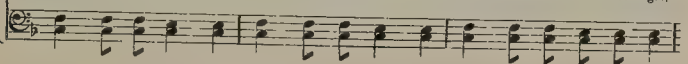


Me lik - ee bow - wow, she lik - ee chow - chow, Me lik - ee lil - lee gal,

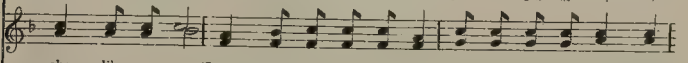
CHORUS



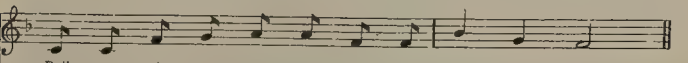
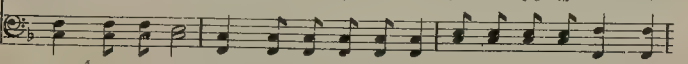
Me lik - ee bow - wow, she lik - ee chow - chow Me lik - ee lil - lee gal,



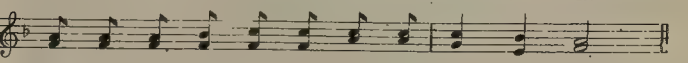
she lik - ee me; 'Long com - ee Meli - can man, pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee,



she lik - ee me; 'Long com - ee Meli - can man, pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee,



Pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee on the bold Chi - - nee



Pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee on the bold Chi - - nee



THE PUSHFUL POLLYWOG

Words by JOHN D SPENCE, '89

Music by JAMES EDMUND JONES, '89.

Solo.

1. In the dim-ness of the ag-es when the 'Var-si-ty was young,
 2. It may seem a lit-tle fish-y, but phi-lo-so-phers re-late
 3. As he swam one sum-mer morn-ing, close be-side the qui-et shore,
 4. Had you met him some-what lat-er, you'd have strug-gled to es-cape,

CHORUS

Solo

Air. Groped a spine-less pol-y wog-gle with an un-de-vel-oped lung;
 V - A - R - S - I - T - Y! The tad-dy soon a fish be-came, tho' still in-ver-te-brate;
 The bank looked so in-vit-ing that he ven-tured to ex-plore;
 For real-ly he pre-sent-ed a most ques-tion-a-ble shape;

CHORUS

Solo

Air. It was strug-gle, it was strive; It was
 V - A - R - S - I - T - Y! 'Mid the si-lence of the sea, In a
 So he flopped and wad-dled out, Looked with
 Sav-age joy, to us de-nied, Filled the

hard to keep a-live; But he kept on ev-ol-ut-ing and this lit-tle song he sung,
 voice-less melo-dy, Still he gur-gled, gur-gled, gur-gled at a tru-ly tiresome rate,
 in-ter-est a-bout, Grew a set of legs to car-ry him, and murred as be-fore,
 creature's hairy hide, As he chat-tered, chattered, chattered in the semblance of an ape

CHORUS

Air

But he kept on ev - ol - ut - ing and this lit - tle song he sung;
Still he gur - gled, gur - gled, gur - gled at a tru - ly tire - some rate;
Grew a set of legs to car - ry him, and murmured as be - fore;
As he chattered, chattered, chattered in the semblance of an ape:

ad lib

CHORUS *Tempo ordinario**Last verse only*

Var - si - ty! Var - si - ty! V - A - R - S - I - T - Y! V - A - R - S -

I - T - Y! Var - si - ty! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Directions:— For the first chorus sing (*pp*) Varsity; for second (*p*) Varsity, Varsity; for third (*mf*) Varsity, Varsity, Varsity (*jocosos*); for fourth, complete chorus.

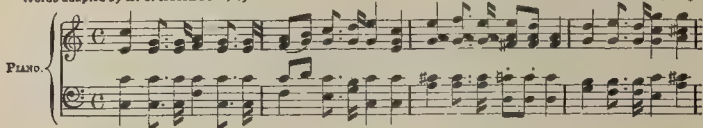
5. Coming down another aeon, you'll observe a curious thing:
The ape has lost the tail by which of yore he used to swing;
Cune and collar, hands and feet —
Lo, the Freshman all complete!
With a saw-mill in his thorax now this ditty doth he sing:
Chorus:— Varsity! Varsity! &c.

6. The world is very evil, and I shouldn't like to guess
To what a bad ascendancy the Freshman might progress;
He might evolve a brain;
A degree he might obtain;
But though he were a Senator, he'd warble none the less:
*Chorus as before, but adding the shout.**

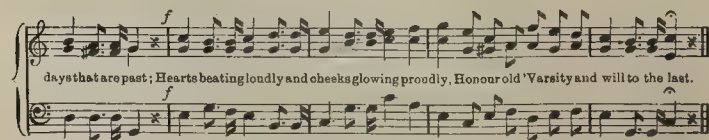
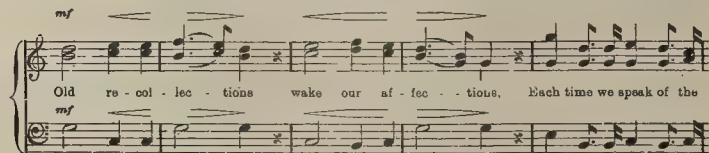
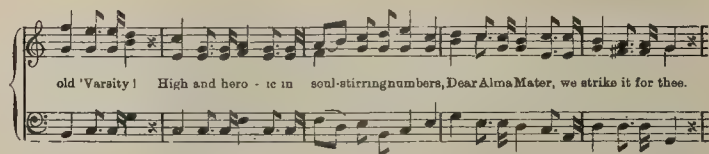
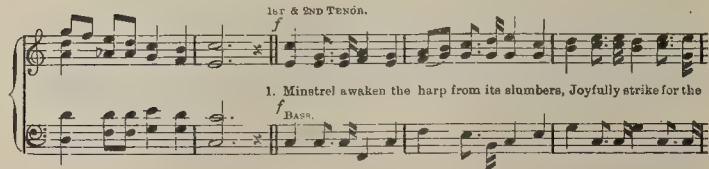
HONOUR OLD 'Varsity.

Words adapted by E. C. ACHESON, Esq.

NORWEGIAN NATIONAL AIR.—"BOTTEN AV NORGJ."



1st & 2ND TENOR.



2. Wide now are scattered thy sons and thy daughters,—
 Oft, when begin the long shadows to fall,
 'On us, in floods, like the swift, rushing waters,
 Crowd recollections of hours past recall.
 Days full of pleasure without stint or measure,—
 Days when the hours were like birds on the wing,
 These were our blessing, when, ardor possessing,
 Dwelt we at 'Varsity, whose praise now we sing.

3. Minstrel, awaken the harp from its slumbers,
 Joyfully strike for the old 'Varsity!
 High and heroic, in soul stirring numbers,
 Dear Alma Mater, we strike it for thee.
 Heedless of others, maidens and brothers,
 Stick to your colors with hearts brave and free,
 Aid freely lend her, and stoutly defend her,
 Honour old 'Varsity, dear 'Varsity.

THE THREE CROWS.

SOLO. **CHORUS.** **SOLO.**

There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil-ly Magee Magar! There

2. Said one old crow un-to his mate, O Bil-ly Magee Magar! Said

Billy Magee!

CHORUS.

were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil-ly Magee Magar! There were three crows sat on a tree. And

one old crow un-to his mate, O Billy Magee Magar! Said one old crow unto his mate. What

Billy Magee!

they were black as black could be, And they all flapped their wings and cried Caw, Caw, Caw.

shall we do for grub to ate?' And they all flapped their wings and cried Caw, Caw, Caw.

Bil-ly Magee Magar! And they all flapped their wings and cried Billy Magee Magar!

Bil-ly Magee Magar! And they all flapped their wings and cried Billy Magee Magar!

3. "There lies a horse on yonder plain." } (bis.)
 Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!
 "There lies a horse on yonder plain,
 Who's by some cruel butcher slain."—Chorus

4. "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone." } (bis.)
 Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!
 "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
 And pick his eyes out one by one."—Chorus.

5. "The meat we'll eat before it's stale." } (bis.)
 Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!
 "The meat we'll eat before it's stale,
 Till nought remains but bones and tail."—Chorus

* Imitate Crows.

GOOD NIGHT.

1 (Round) 2

3 4

Good night Slumber sound. In
peace profound. Till morning's light.

MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

Espressivo.

Arranged by THEO. MARTENS.

TENORS. 1. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe.

ALB. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Oh,

2ND BASS Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Meerschaum pipe,

PIANO.

Oh, who will smoke my

Oh who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Oh who will smoke my

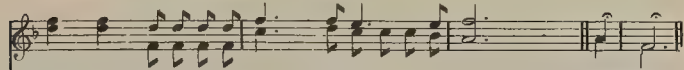
who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Oh, who will smoke my

Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Meerschaum pipe Oh, who will

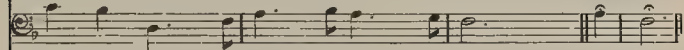
MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

83

meerschaum pipe when I, when I am far a - way



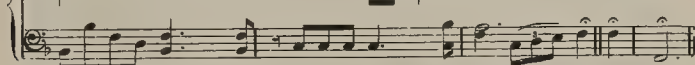
meerschaum pipe when I am far, When I am far a - way. † Bad man!



meerschaum pipe When I am far a - way. Bad man!



smoke my meerschaum pipe When I am far a-way. *Allie Bazan! Bad man!



2. Oh, who will wear my cast-off boots?

Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran!

3. Oh, who will hoist my green umbrella?

Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann!

4. Oh, who will go to see my girl?

Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan!

5. Oh, who will take her out to ride?

Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan!

Repeat this strain once for second stanza, twice for third, etc.

6. Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand?

Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo!

7. Oh, who will trot her on his knees?

Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan!

8. Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips?

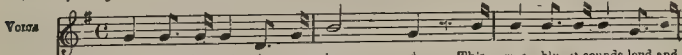
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan,
BAD MAN!!!

† For last stanza only.

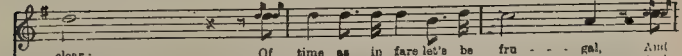
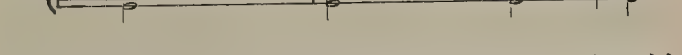
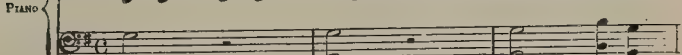
REGIMENTAL SONG OF THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.

Words by Rev. JOHN CAMPBELL, '65.

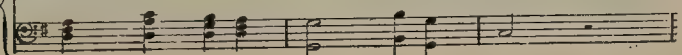
Major F. E. DIXON.



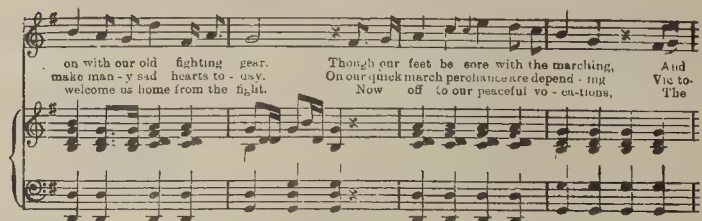
1. Up, comrades up! 'tis our bu - - gle, Th'as - - sion - bly, it sounds loud and
2. On, comrades on! trav - el fast - - er; On, not a moment's de -
3. Home, comrades home! ri - des sling - - ing, Hearts bounding high with de -



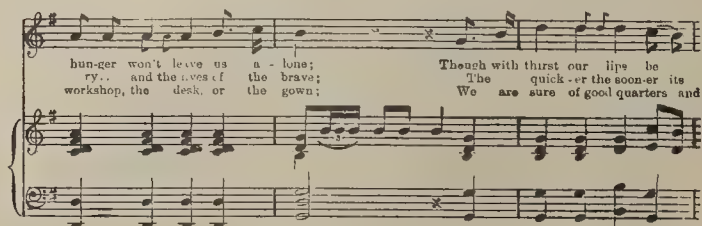
clear; Of time as in fare let's be fru - - gal, And
lay; 'Twill bring but dis - grace and dis - as - - ter, And
light, Flare are fly - ing, the joy bells are ring - - ing, As they



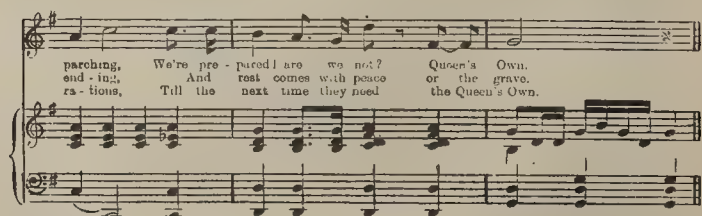
REGIMENTAL SONG OF THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.



on with our old fighting gear. Though our feet be sore with the marching, And
make man - y sad hearts to - day. On our quick march perihances are depend - ing Vic to -
welcome us home from the fight. Now off to our peaceful vo - ca - tions, The

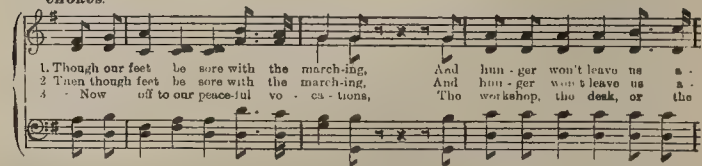


hun - ger won't leave us a - lone; Though with thirst our lips be
ry.. and the lives of the brave; The quick or the sooner its
workshop, the desk, or the gown; We are sure of good quarters and

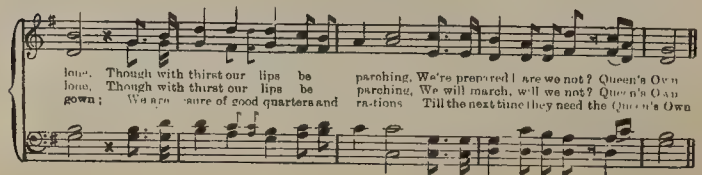


marching. We're pre - pared I are we not? Queen's Own.
end - ing. And rest comes with peace or the grave.
ra - tions. Till the next time they need the Queen's Own.

CHORUS.



1. Though our feet be sore with the marching, And hun - ger won't leave us a -
2. Then though feet be sore with the march - ing, And hun - ger won't leave us a -
3. Now off to our peace - ful vo - ca - tions, Tho' workshop, the desk, or the



lone. Though with thirst our lips be parching, We're prepared I are we not? Queen's Own
lone. Though with thirst our lips be parching, We will march, will we not? Queen's Own
gown; We are sure of good quarters and ra - tions Till the next time they need the Queen's Own

DULCE DOMUM.

(Winchester College), 17th Century

Moderato con moto

Voice

Con - ci-na-mus o So - da - les E - jà! quid si - le - mus
2. Ap - pro-pin-quat ec - cel - le - x Ho - ra gan-di - o - rum

Piano

mf

No - bi - le can-ti-cum Dol-ce me-loa Do - mum Dul - ci o - mum re - so - ne-mus.
Post gra-ve tm-di-um Ad-ve-nit om - ni - um Me - ta pe - ti - ta..... la - bo-rum

p *dim.*

CHORUS.

Do - mum, Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum, Do - mum. Do - rum, Dul - ce Do - mum

Dul - ce, Dul - ce, Dul - ce Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum re - so - ne - tur.

3. Musa! libros mitte, fessa;
Mitte pensa dura;
Mitte negotium;
Jam datur otium:
Me mea mittito cura.
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.
4. Ridet annus, prata rident:
Nosque rideamus.
Jam repetit Domum
Daulias advena:
Nosque Domum repetamus.
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

5. Hen! Ragere; far caballos:
Eja! nunc eamus;
Lumen amabile,
Matris et oscula,
Suaviter et repetamus.
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.
6. Concinamus ad Penates;
Vox et audatur:
Phosphore! quid jubar,
Sagittis emicans,
Gaudia nostra moratur?
Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

HEIGHO, HEIGHO.

Presto. f

1. As I was walk - ing down the street, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh -
 2. Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh -

o, heigh - o, A pret - ty girl I chanced to meet, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o.
 o, heigh - o, Said she to me, "I'm a weav - er's maid," Heigho, heigh o, heigh - o.

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, a - way we go, a - way we go,
 Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, a - way we go, a - way we go.

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh -

o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh o, heigh - o,

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o

IT FOLLOWED

Arr. by CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Moderato.

p Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb.
p Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb.
p Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb.

Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb a lit-tle lamb, lamb.
 a lit-tle lamb, lamb.
 a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb.

Allegro.

Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, A ti-ny, wood-en thing, It
 Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, A ti-ny, wood-en thing, It
 Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, A ti-ny, wood-en thing, It

ff could - n't help but fol - low her, 'Cause Ma-ry held the string!
ff could - n't help but fol - low her, 'Cause Ma-ry held the string!
ff

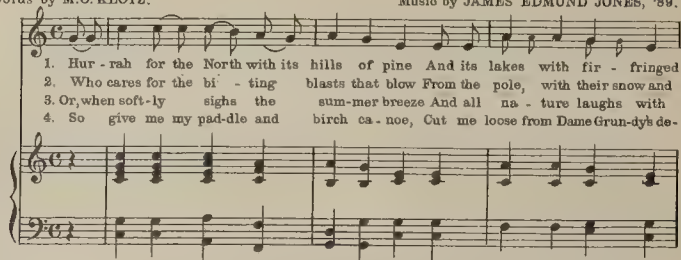
Improvised local skits can be set to the above;
 Dean— is a busy man, a busy man, etc.
 He debbles in psychiatry,
 He plays the fiddle too,
 You'd laugh to hear him cracking nuts;
 Lock out, he may get you.

Taken by permission of Lorenz Publishing Co. from "In Lighter Vies."

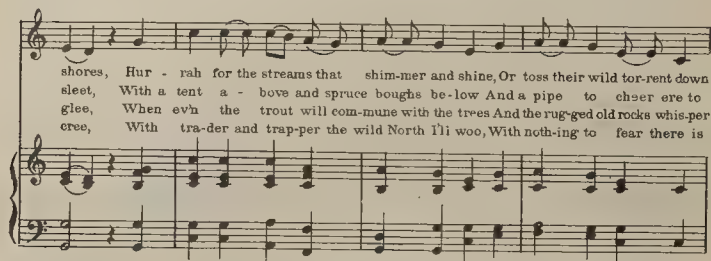
TO THE NORTH TO THE LAND OF PINE

Words by M. O. KLOTZ.

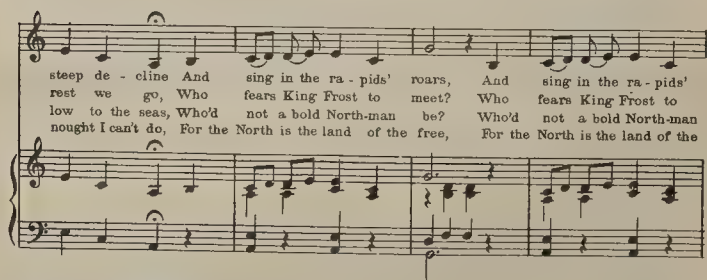
Music by JAMES EDMUND JONES, '89.



1. Hur - rah for the North with its hills of pine And its lakes with fir - fringed
 2. Who cares for the bi - ting blasts that blow From the pole, with their snow and
 3. Or, when soft - ly sighs the sum - mer breeze And all na - ture laughs with
 4. So give me my pad - dle and birch ca - noe, Cut me loose from Dame Grun - dy's de -

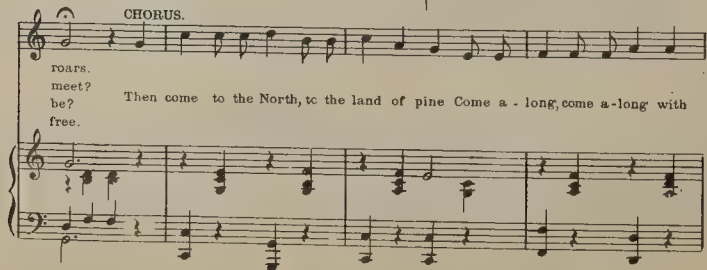


shores, Hur - rah for the streams that shim - mer and shine, Or toss their wild tor - rent down
 sleet, With a tent a - bove and spruce boughs be - low And a pipe to cheer ere to
 glee, When evn the trout will com - mune with the trees And the rug - ged old rocks whis - per
 cree, With tra - der and trap - per the wild North I'll woo, With noth - ing to fear there is



steep de - cline And sing in the ra - pids' roars, And sing in the ra - pids'
 rest we go, Who fears King Frost to meet? Who fears King Frost to
 low to the seas, Who'd not a bold North - man be? Who'd not a bold North - man
 nought I can't do, For the North is the land of the free, For the North is the land of the

CHORUS.



roars.
 meet?
 be? Then come to the North, to the land of pine Come a - long, come a - long with
 free.

UP AND ON.

Words by JOHN OXENHAM

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, '88

1. Lives are in the
2. Fair be-fore us
3. Poes in plen-ty

mak-ing here Hearts are in the wak-ing here Might-y un-der-tak-ing here
lies the way Time for work and time for play Fill the mea-sure while we may
we shall meet Hearts cour-ag-eous scorn de-feat So we press with eag-er feet

Up! and on! We are arm-ing for the fight Press-ing on with
Life and time will not de-lay Time is run-ning
Ev-er on-ward to the fight Ev-er up-ward

all our might Plum-ing wings for high-er flight Up! and on!
fast a-way Life is now, to-day, to day!
to the light Ev-er true to God and Right

By permission from "All's Well"

CHORUS

In march time.

Up boys! tru-est, tru-est fame Lies in high en-deav-our And play the
fame Lies in high

Play the game! Keep the flame burn-ing bright-ly ev-er up, then, play the
game, the game!

*Alternative close for Chorus after
third stanza in place of previous two bars.*

game! Up, and on! Up, and on! and on!
game, the game! Up, and on! and on! Up, and on! and on!
Up, and on, and on! Up, and on, and on!

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.

1 Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;
2 U - bi su - t, qu. an - te nos, In mun - do fu - e - re?

Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;
U - bi su - t, qui an - te nos, In mun - do fu - e - re?

Post ja - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem, Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - tem,
Tran - se - as ad su - pe - ros A - be - as ad in - fe - ros,

Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus, Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus
Quos si vis vi - de - re, Quos si vis vi - de - re.

5. Vita nostra brevis est
Br. vi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapiit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4. Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quolibet
Semper sint in flore.

6. Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosae!
Vivant et mulieres,
Tenerae, amabiles,
Bonae, laboriosae.

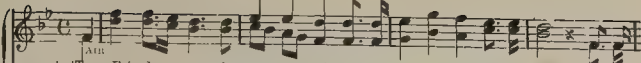
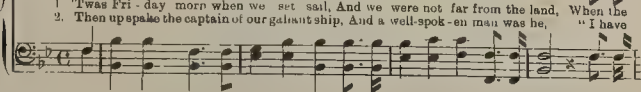
6. Quis confuixus hodie
Academicorum?
Et longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

7. Alma mater floreat,
Quae nos educavit,
Carcae et com militiones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos, congregavit.

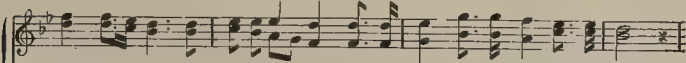
8. Vivat et republica
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mocenatum caritas,
Quae nos hic protegit.

9. Pereat tristitia,
Pereant coores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antibrachium,
Atque irrisores.

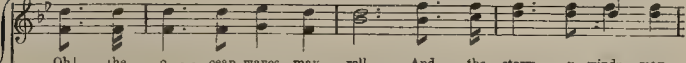
THE MERMAID.

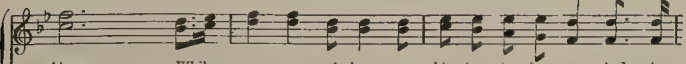
Tenors 
 Basses 

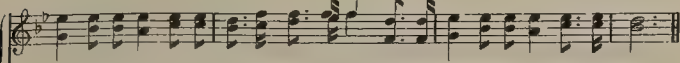
1. 'Twas Fri-day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land, When the
 2. Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship, And a well-spok-en man was he, "I have


 Cap - tain spied a love-ly mer-maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand,
 mar - ried me a wife in Sa-em town And to - night she a wid - dow will be."

CHORUS


 Oh! the o - - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may


 blow,..... While we poor sai - lers go skip-ping to the tops, And the
 may blow,


 land - lubbers lie down le - low, be - low, be - low, And the land - lubbers lie down be - low.

8. Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
 And a fat old cook was he;
 "I care much more for my kettles and my pots,
 Than I do for the depths of the sea."—Chorus.

4. Then out spake the boy of our gallant ship,
 And a well-spoken kiddy was he;
 "I've a father and mother in Boston city,
 But to-night they childless will be."—Chorus.

5. "Oh, the moon shines bright and the stars give light;
 Oh, my mammy she'll be looking for me;
 She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep,
 She may look to the bottom of the sea."—Chorus.

6. Then three times around went our gallant ship,
 And three times around went she,
 Then three times around went our gallant ship,
 And she sank to the depths of the sea."—Chorus.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Poco adagio.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

VOICE.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are my friends from the
 2. Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear that I

PIANO.

cot - ton fields a - way, Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I
 friends come not a - gain, Grief - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go? I
 held up - on my knee, Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I

hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe" Chorus.
 I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my

head is bend - ing low; I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe."

THE POACHERS OF LINCOLNSHIRE

Allegro.

Old English.

VOICE

1. When I was bound ap - pren - - tise In fa - mous Lin - coln -

PIANO

shire, I served my mas - ter faith - ful - ly, For more than sev - en

year. Till I took up to poach - - ing, As you shall quick - ly hear,

CHORUS. All parts in unison.

For 'tis my delight of a shin - y night, in the sea - son of the year! year.

1st V 2nd

2. As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
Twas then we spied the gamekeeper—for him we didn't care;
For we can wrestle and fight my boys, jump over anywhere,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!
3. As me and my companions were setting four and five,
And taking of them up again, we took the hare alive;
We popped her into a bag, my boys, and thro' the wood did steer,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!
4. I threw her on my shoulders, and wandered through the town,
We took her to a neighbor's house, and sold her for a crown;
We sold her for a crown, my boys, but I didn't tell you where,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!
5. Success to every gentleman who lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare;
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

TRADUCTION DE "GOD SAVE THE KING"

Version française par

Benjamin Sulte, Ottawa, Ont.

Dieu protège le Roi.
En lui nous avons foi,
Vive le Roi.
Qu'il soit victorieux
Et que son peuple heureux
Le comble de ses vœux.
Vive le Roi.

Qu'il règne de longs jours.
Que son nom soit toujours,
Notre secours.
Protecteur de la loi,
Et défenseur des droits,
Notre espoir est en toi,
Vive le Roi.

VIVE LA CANADIENNE.

Allegro.

1. Viv - e la Can - a - dien - ne
2. Nous la men - ons aux no - ces, Vo - le, mon cœur,
Vo - le, mon cœur,

FINE.

vo - le, Viv - e la Can - a - dien - ne, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux.
vo - le, Nous la men - ons aux no - ces, Dans tous ses beaux a - tours.

Rolo 1 time.

D. C.

ses jo - lis yeux doux, doux, doux, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux.
Dans tous ses beaux a - tours, tours, tours. Dans tous ses beaux a - tours.

3. Nous faisons bonne chère,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Nous faisons bonne chère,
Et nous avons bon goût. (ter.)
Chorus—Vive la Canadienne, etc.

4. On danse avec nos blondes,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
On danse avec nos blondes,
Nous changeons tour à tour. (ter.)
Chorus—Vive la Canadienne, etc.

5. Alors toute la terre,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Alors toute la terre,
Nous appartient en tout. (ter.)
Chorus—Vive la Canadienne, etc.

6. Ainsi le temps se passe,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Ainsi le temps se passe,
Il est vraiment bien doux. (ter.)
Chorus—Vive la Canadienne, etc.

UN CANADIEN ERRANT.

Words by A. GÉRIN-LAJOIE (Nicolet Coll.), 1842.
Tu feeling.

Translated by D. MORTON JONES, '91.

1. Un Can - a - dien er - rant, Dun - ni - de ses joy - ers,
 1. An ex - ile lone and sad, From Can - a - da and home,
 2. Un jour, triste et pen - sif, As - sis au bord des flots,
 2. One day, in pen - sive mood, Seat - ed in stream be - side,

Par - cou - rait en pleu - rant, Dra - pa - ya é - tran - gers.
 By fate, in fo - reign lands, Doom'd ev - er more to roam.
 Au cou - rent fu - gi - tif, Il a - drai - sa ces mols :
 To the fast flow - ing wave, Thus, weep - ing low, he cried :

Par - cou - rait en pleu - rant, ... les pe - sa é - tran - gers.
 By fate, in fo - reign lands, ... Doom'd ev - er more to roam.
 Au cou - rent fu - gi - tif, ... Il a - drai - sa ces mols :
 To the fast flow - ing wave, ... Thus, weep - ing low, he cried :

3. " Si tu vois mon pays,
 Mon pays malheureux,
 Va, dis à mes amis
 Que j'ai mes souvenirs d'eux.

4. " O jours si pleins d'appas
 Vous êtes disparus,
 Et ma patrie, hélas !
 Je ne te verrai plus !

5. " Plongé dans les malheurs,
 Loin de mes chers parents,
 Je passe dans les pleurs
 D' infortunés moments."

6. " Non, mais en expirant,
 O mon cher Canada !
 Mon regard languissant
 Vers toi se portera."

3. " If thou, in onward course,
 Should'st see my land, oh then,
 Go, tell my friends that I
 Mindful of them remain.

4. " Oh hours so full of joy,
 Fled with the years long o'er,
 And thee, my native la - d,
 I shall behold no more.

5. " Plunged in the depths of woe,
 No friend to soothe appears;
 The moments as they pass,
 Bring only sighs and tears."

6. " When low within my breast,
 Late a flick'ring spark shall burn,
 To thee, oh Canada,
 My aching eye shall turn."

EN ROULANT MA BOULE.

1st time Solo. *Energico.*

FINE.

t. En rou - lant ma bou - le rou - lant, En rou - lant ma bou - le.

2nd time Solo.

Der - rière chez nous ya t'un é - tang. En rou - lant ma bou - le.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant, rou - li, rou - lant, ma bou - le rou - lant.

CHORUS. (*Humming*)
1ST AND 2ND TENORS.

Hon hon, hon, hon, hon, hon, hon, hon, hon, hon.

1ST AND 2ND BASSES.

2. Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule.
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

3. Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
En roulant ma boule.
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

4. Avec son grand fusil d'argent.
En roulant ma boule,
Vise le noir, tuis le blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

5. Vise le noir, tuis le blanc.
En roulant ma boule,
O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

6. O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
En roulant ma boule,
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

7. D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
En roulant ma boule,
Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

8. Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
En roulant ma boule,
Par les yeux lui sortent des diamants,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

9. Par les yeux lui sortent des diamants,
En roulant ma boule,
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

10. Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
En roulant ma boule,
Toutes ses plumes s'en vont au vent
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

11. Toutes ses plumes s'en vont au vent,
En roulant ma boule,
Trois dames s'en vont les ramassant
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

12. Trois dames s'en vont les ramassant,
En roulant ma boule,
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

13. C'est pour en faire un lit de camp.
En roulant ma boule,
Pour y coucher tous les passants,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

MALBROUCK.

French-Canadian.

Allegretto.

VOICR.

PIANO.

1 Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guer - re, Ri too tra la, ri
 2 Il re-vien-dra-z-à l'a - ques, Ri too tra la, ri

too tra la. Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guer - re, Ne sait quand re-vien-
 too tra la. Il re-vien-dra-z-à l'a - ques, Ou à la Tri-mi-

ad lib. *a tempo*
 dra, là bas, Con-
 té, là bas, Con-
 ri.

CHORUS, a tempo
 1st & 2nd Tenor
 rez, cou-rez, cou-rez! Pe-ti-te fill' jeune et gen-
 1st & 2nd Bass

rall a tempo.
 til-le. Cou-rez, cou-rez, cou-rez! Ven-az ce soir vous à mu Ser.....

8. La Trinité se passe,
 Ri too tra la, etc.
 La Trinité se passe,
 Malbrouck ne revient pas, là bas.
- d. Madame à sa tour monte,
 Ri too tra la, etc.,
 Madame à sa tour monte,
 Si haut qu'elle peut monter, là bas.
8. Elle aperçoit son page,
 Ri too tra la, etc.
 Elle aperçoit son page
 Tout de noir habillé, là bas.

6. "Beau page, ah! mon beau page,
 Qu'elle nouvelle apportez?"
7. "Aux nouvelles que j'apporte,
 Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.
8. Quittez vos habits roses,
 Et vos satins brochés.
9. Monsierr Malbrouck est mort,
 Est mort et enterré.
10. J'ai vu porter en terre,
 Par quatre-z-officiers."

MALBROUCK

101

Translated by John D. Spence, '89.
Malbrouck to the war is riding,
Ri-too-tra-la, Ri-too-tra-la.
Malbrouck to the war is riding,
In martial proud array.

Sirrah!

Hooray, hooray, hooray!
My little maid, charming and cheery.
Hooray, hooray, hooray!
Come let us dance, come let us play!

When shall he come a-riding,
Ri-too-tra-la, &c.
When shall he come a-riding,
A riding back this way!

He'll come of an Easter morning,
Or in the month of May.

The month of May is over,
Malbrouck is still away.

His anxious wife is gazing
From turrets high and grey.

She sees his page arriving
In mournful black array.

Oh, tell me, page, oh, tell me,
What news you bring me, pray!

The tidings that I bring you
Will change your locks to grey,

Put off your rich apparel,
And all your garments gay,

Malbrouck is dead and buried,
Is dead and laid away.

Four officers have borne him
To rest beneath the clay.

SUR MON PÈRE

English Version by JAS EDMUND JONES, '88.

French-Canadian.

Solo

1. Quand j'é-tais sur mon père - e
1. When I lived on my fa-ther, Dsing, dsing, dsing e, Boom, boom, boom e,

Solo

Quand j'é-tais sur mon père - e Gar-çon in - mar - i - é Ah! ouï! Ah! ouï!
When I lived on my fa-ther In sin-gle bless-ed-ness Ah! yes! Ah! yes!

CHORUS.

Gar-çon in - mar - i - é Ah! ouï! Ah! ouï! Gar-çon in - mar - i - é.
In sin-gle bless-ed-ness Ah! yes! Ah! yes! In sin-gle bless-ed-ness.

2. Je n'avais rien à faire
Qu'une femme à chercher

3. A présent j'en ai une
Qui me fait enrager

4. Elle m'envoie à l'ouvrage
Sans boire et sans manger

5. Quand je reviens de l'ouvrage
Tout mouillé, tout glacé

6. Je demande à ma femme
Si j'ai de quoi manger

7. Va-tu manger du diable,
J'ai mangé des pâtés

8. Les os sont sous la table
Si tu veux les ronger.

2. Naught else to do in life
Than seek a charming wife.

3. Now have I surely had
One who nigh drives me mad.

4. Off to my work I'm sent
Sans food and aliment

5. And then when home I get
Starved quite with cold and wet.

6. I ask my wife, so sweet,
What I may have to eat.

7. "May the devil that surmise;
I've eaten all the pies."

8. "Bones are beneath the table,
Knew them, if you are able."

LE BRIGADIER.

G. NADAUD.

Moderato.

Voice

1 Deux gen - dar-mes un beau di-man - che, Chevaux-chaient le long du seu-
 2. Ah! c'est un mé-tier diffi - ci - le, Geran - tir la pro - pri-é-

Piano.

tier. L'un por - tait la car-di-ne blan-che, L'an - tro le jau-ne baudi-
 té. Dé - fen - dre les champs et la vil - le, Du vol et, de l'i - ni-qui-

er. Le prem-ier..... dit d'un ton so-no-re, Le temps est beau pour la sai-
 té. Pour-tant l'é - pou-se que j'a-do-re, Re-po-ri-seule à la mai-

CHORUS, (in unison).

son. 1ST AND 2ND TENOR.

Pran, pr-an, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan, Fran, pr-an, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan. Brig-a-

di-er,..... ré-pon-dit Pan-do - - re, Bri - ga - dier, vous avez rai - son..... Bri - ga -

1ST AND 2ND HARM.

Bri - ga - dier, Pan - do - re, vous a - vez rai - son.

di-er,..... ré-pon-dit Pan-do - - re, Bri - ga - dier, vous a - vez rai - son.

son, Brig - a - dier. Pan - do - re.

1. La gloire c'est une couronne
Fait de rose et de laurier,
J'ai servi Vénus et Bellone,
Je suis époux et brigadier;
Mais je poursuis ce météore
Qui vers Chalcos guida Jason.
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

4. Phébus au bout de sa carrière
Put encore les apercevoir;
Le brigadier, de sa voix fière,
Réveillait les échos du soir:
Je vois, dit-il, le soleil qui dore
Ces verts coteaux, à l'horizon.
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

5. Puis ils rêvèrent en silence;
On n'entendit plus que le pas
Des chevaux marchant en cadence,
Le brigadier ne parlait pas;
Mais quand parut la pâle aurore,
On entendit un vague son;
Brigadier, répondit Pandore, } *bis.*
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

LE BRIGADIER.

Translated by W. MacLennan, in McGill University Song Book, 1886.

1

Two men-at-arms came riding slowly
Adown the green path, smooth and clear;
One held the rank of sergeant lowly,
The other that of Brigadier.
The Brigadier cried, "Brave Pandore,
The weather's fine—no signs of rain."

Chorus—

Pran, pr-r-an, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan,
Pran, pr-r-an, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan,
Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again."
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again."

2

"It is no easy matter surely
To guard the peasant in his cot,
To hold the cities so securely
That thieves break in and plunder not;
And yet the wife whom I adore
In safety dwells while love doth reign."
"Brigadier," smiling said Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again."

6

He ceased—and now their horses' tramping
Fell softly on the yielding ground,
And save their iron brides champing,
They passed along and made no sound.
But when Aurora smiled once more,
One still might hear the faint refrain:
"Brigadier," smiling said Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again."

3

"For Glory's wreath of fairest flowers,
With rose and laurel intertwined;
For Love and War, immortal powers,
I live—and cast the rest behind.
The star that Jason led of yore
I chase and trust the prize to gain."
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again."

4

"It brings bright days of youth before me,
That past now gone beyond recall,
When Beauty flung her fetters o'er me,
I came submissive to her call.
And yet the heart breaks o'er and o'er,
The strongest links of Cupid's chain."
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again."

5

As Phoebus hid his glories under
The golden clouds that veil the West,
Our hero with his voice of thunder,
Still broke the evening's quiet rest.
"Farewell," he cried, "on distant shore
Your light will glid both hill and plain."
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again."

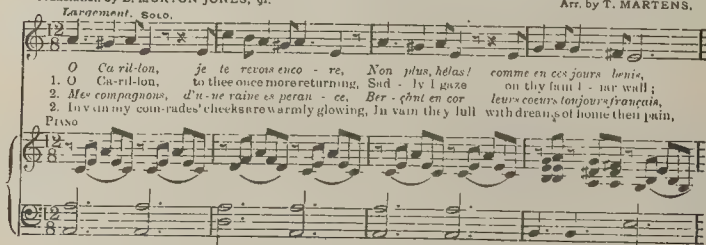
LE DRAPEAU DE CARILLON.

At Carillon (now Ticonderoga), on Lake Champlain, Montcalm in 1758 drove back the English forces under General Abercrombie. A French soldier, after a vain attempt to rouse his nation to a sense of the danger in which their possessions on this continent were placed, returns to the scene of his former victory, and is supposed there to give utterance to the words of the song.

Words by OCTAVE CRÉMAZIE.
Translation by B. MORTON JONES, '91.

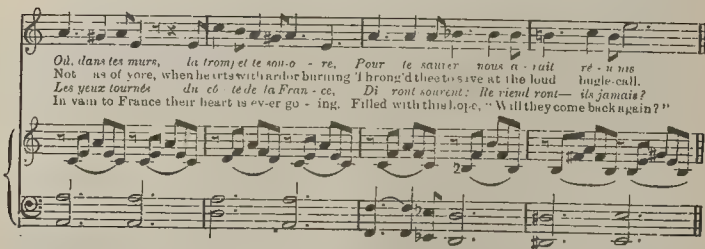
CHARLES W. SABATIER.
Arr. by T. MARTENS.

Largement. SOLO.



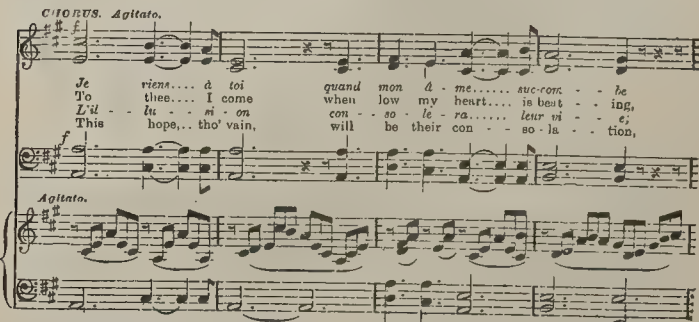
O Ca-ri-lon, je te re-vois en-co - re, Non plus, hélas! comme en ces jours heu-
1. O Ca-ri-lon, to thee once more returning, Sad - ly I gaze on thy fall I - nar well;
2. Mes compagnons, d'u-ne vaine es-péran - ce, Ber - çent en cor leur cœurs, toujours français,
3. In vain my com-rades' cheeks are warmly glowing, In vain the y lull with dreams of home their pain,

FINE



Où, dans tes murs, la trompe et le sou-o - re, Pour le sauver nous a vail - lés
Not us of yore, when hearts with ardor burning I throng'd thee to save at the loud angle-call,
Les yeux tournés du cô - té de la Fran - ce, Di - rent souvent: Il viendront - ils jamais?
In vain to France their heart is ev-er go - ing, Filled with this hope, "Will they come back again?"

CHORUS. Agitato.



Je viens... à toi quand mon â - me... suc-com - he
To thee... I come when low my heart... is beat - ing,
L'ul - tu - ri - on con - so - le - ra... leur vi - e;
This hope... tho' vain, will be their con - so - la - tion,

Agitato.

Noble Montcalm, thou gavest me this stand-ard,
Midst shot and shell upon the battle plain,
Bearing it, lately to Veran. How I wandered,
But there, alas! I wither'd it in vain.
Back now I place it where the recollection
Of thy great deeds shall ne'er fade or grow less,
And unto death, 'till last my deep affection,
Guarding my flag I come to perish here.

2. Thrice happy thou to whom by fate 'twas given
Mid the brave throng near Lévi's height to die
For them the cloud by our God ray was given,
Glory could sweeten their sad destiny.
Ye who now slumber till the great awaking,
On whom I call with dying accents clear,
Awake! my banner in my hand I'm taking,
Upon your graves I come to perish here.

LE DRAPEAU DE CARILLON.

Et sent... d'd - ja son... cou-ra - ge j'ai - blir,
 When cou - rage fails, and..... all a-round is drear,
 Moi, sans... es - poir, quand... mes jours vont fin - ir,
 But when at last my lone - ly death is near,

Oui, pris... de toi... re - nant cher - cher... ma tom - be,
 Yea! near... to thee... my death more brave - ly meet - ing,
 Et sans... at - tendre... u - ne pa - role a - mi - e,
 Naught shall be mine... of friend - ship's ad - mir - a - tion,

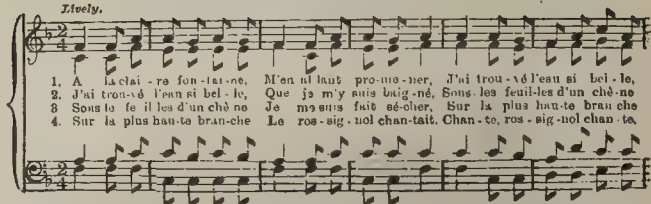
Pour mon... dra peau je viens... i - ci... mourir.....
 Guard - ing my flag, I come... to per - ish here.....

3. C'est étendard, qu'au grand jour des batailles,
 Noble Montcalm, tu plaças dans ma main,
 C'est étendard qu'aux portes de Versailles,
 N'acquies, hélas! je déployais en vain.
 Je te remis aux champs où de ta gloire
 Vivra toujours l'immortel souvenir,
 Et dans ma tombe important ta mémoire,
 Pour mon drapeau je viens ici mourir.

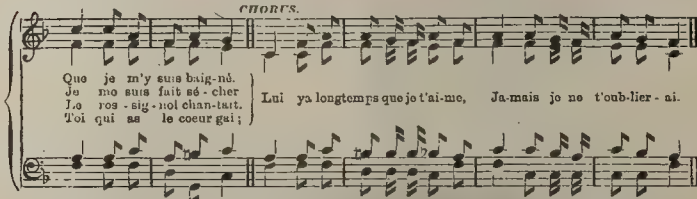
4. Qu'ils sont heureux ceux qui dans la mêlée
 Près de Lévis moururent en soldats !
 En expirant, leur âme consolée,
 Voyait la gloire adoucir leur trépas.
 Vous qui dormez dans votre froide bière,
 Vous que s'implore à mon dernier soupir,
 Réveille- vous ! Apportant ma banquette,
 Sur vos tombeaux, je viens ici mourir.

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.

Lively.



CHORUS.



5. Chante, rossignol, chante,
 Toi qui as le coeur gai;
 Tu as la cour à rire,
 Moi, je l'ai - t à pleurer.

Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

6. Tu as le coeur à rire,
 Moi, je l'ai - t à pleurer.
 J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
 Sans l'avoir mérité.

Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

7. J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
 Sans l'avoir mérité,
 Pour un bouquet de roses,
 Que je lui refusai.

Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

8. Pour un bouquet de roses,
 Que je lui refusai.
 Je voudrais que la rose
 Fût encore au rosier.
 Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

9. Je voudrais que la rose
 Fût encore au rosier,
 Et moi et ma maîtresse
 Dans les mêmes amitiés,
 Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

Translated by John D. Spence, '89.

1

Down where the spring is sparkling,
 Idling the summer day,
 Found I the pool so pleasant,
 Plunged in its cooling spray.
 Love, I have loved you ever,
 Love, I shall love for aye.

2

Found I the pool so pleasant,
 Plunged in its cooling spray,
 Then in the oakwood shadows,
 Resting my limbs, I lay.

3

Then in the oakwood shadows,
 Resting my limbs, I lay,
 High on the topmost branches
 Song-sparrows sing and sway.

4

High on the topmost branches
 Song-sparrows sing and sway.
 Sing, sing, you little sparrow,
 Light is your heart and gay.

5

Sing, sing, you little sparrow,
 Light is your heart and gay.
 Your heart is full of laughter,
 Mine full of tears to-day.

6

Your heart is full of laughter,
 Mine full of tears to-day.
 My love is lost me ever,
 Gone from my life away.

7

My love is lost me ever,
 Gone from my life away.
 Just for a bunch of roses,
 Snatched from her hand in play.

8

Just for a bunch of roses,
 Snatched from her hand in play.
 Oh, were the bunch of roses
 Back in its garden gay.

9

Oh, were the bunch of roses
 Back in its garden gay.
 Oh, that my love would love me,
 Love me as yesterday.
 Love, I have loved you ever,
 Love, I shall love alway.

ALOUETTE.

Moderato. mf

French-Canad. an.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. A - lou - et - te, gen-tille A - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te, je te plu - me -rai,

CHORUS.

2ND TENORS.

Je te plu - me -rai la tête, je te plu - me -rai la tête, et la tête, O.....

CHORUS. *f*

1ST TEN.

et la tête, O.....

1ST BASS

2ND BASS

A - lou - et - te, gen-tille A - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te, je te plu - me -rai.

A - lou - et - te, gen-tille A - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te, je te plu - me -rai.

2. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

3. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai le nez,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

4. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le dos, je te plumerai le dos,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

5. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai les pattes, je te plumerai les pattes,
Et les pattes, et les pattes, et le dos, et le dos,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

6. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le cou, je te plumerai le cou,
Et le cou, et le cou, et les pattes, et les pattes,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

* Repeat this bar once for 2nd verse, twice for 3rd, etc.

English words by Louis E. Elson

Pretty skylark, winging, singing skylark
Pretty skylark, I shall pluck thee now,
I begin to pluck the head, etc.
Now the head, pretty skylark.

SAIL, SAIL, MY BARK CANOE.

F. E. SEYMOUR, '64.

Altr. — "Pip, Pap"

Voice.

1. Where the pine trees wav - er, And the lake-let blue Rock - y boschen
 2. When the sun is sink - ing 'Neath the leaf - ty pines, We of dinner

PIANO

lay - er, Sail on merry crew, In our island dwell - ing We make hol - i
 think - ing, Take our hooks and lines, Slow - ly past the rocky shore Troll we, not in

day;
 vain. Joys beyond all tell - ing Ban-ish zero a - way,
 With pic - er - el and bass galore We hasten back a - gain.

CHORUS.

Sail, sail, my bark ca-noe, O'er Jo-seph's wa-ters blue! Hasten to the kind and true,

SAIL, SAIL, MY DARK CANOE.

Ere daylight's o'er..... Sail, sail, my skiff so light! Sail, sail, for the
land's in sight; And the camp-fire throws its red-dy ligh A-long the rock-y shore!

3. In the mellow gloaming
Rings our dinner bell;
Weary with our roaming,
We like the sound full well.
And when we've done our dining,
In kilmarnocks bright
Around the fire reclining,
We spend a jolly night.

4. Or should skies most glorious,
Tempt once more to stray,
Moonbeams dancing o'er us,
Light each rock-bound bay;
Maidens fair, with eyes of light,
Freight our shallops frail;
And far beneath the Queen of Night
We merrily sing and sail.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Tune.—Vide Page 21.

BURNS.

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
'And days o' lang syne ?
We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

3. We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.
4. Then here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

BONNIE DOON.

Words by BURNS, 1792.

Tune.—"LOST IS MY QUIET FOREVER."

1 Ye banks and braes of bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair, How
 2. Oft have I strayed by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine; Where
 can ye chaunt ye lit - tle birds, And I see wea - ry, full of care? You'll
 il - ka bird sang o' his love, And fond - ly see did I of mine, With
 break my heart ye lit - tle birds, That wan - ton through the flow'r - ing thorn; Ye
 lightsome heart I pulled a rose, Full sweet up - on its thorn - y tree; But
 mind me of de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed, nev - er to re - turn.
 my false lov - er stole the rose, And left the thorn be - hind to me

THE TARPAULIN JACKET.

Moderato e tranquillo.

VOICE.
 1 A tall stal - wart Lan - cer lay dy - ing, And
 PIANO
p

THE TARPULIN JACKET.

as on his deathbed he lay..... To his friends who a-round him were

sighing, These last dy-ing words he did say.....

CHORUS. mf *p* *mf*

Wrap me up in my tar-pau-lin jac-ket, jac-ket, And say a poor

rit. e dim. *a tempo*

buff-er lies low, lies low, And six stal-wart Lan-cers shall carry me,

p *mf* *dim.*

car-ry me, With steps so-lemn, mourn-ful, and slow

2. Had I the wings of a little dove,
Far, far away would I fly,
Straight to the arms of my true love,
There would I lay m- and die.
Chorus.—Wrap me up, &c.

3. Then get you two little white tombstones,
Put them one at my head and my toe,
And get you a pen-knife and scratch there
"Here lies a poor buffer below."
Chorus.—Wrap me up, &c.

4. And get you six brandies and sodas,
And lay them all out in a row,
And get you six jolly good fellows,
To drink to this buffer below.
Chorus.—Wrap me up, &c.

5. And then in the calm of the twilight,
When the soft winds whispering blow
And the darkening shadows are falling,
Sometimes think of this buffer below.
Chorus.—Wrap me up, &c.

A-ROVING.

Accomp. of SOLO **CHORUS** **SOLO**

VOICE. At number three Old England Square, Mark well what I do say; At

PIANO

number three Old England Square, My Nancy Dawson she lived there And I'll go no more a-

rov-ing With you, fair maid!

CHORUS

A - - ro - - ving! A - - ro - - ving! Since

rov-ing's been my ru-i-n, I'll go no more a ro - - ving With you, fair maid!

2. My Nancy Dawson she lived there,
Mark well what I do say;
She was a lass surpassing fair,
She'd bright blue eyes and golden hair;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.

Chorus.—A-roving, &c.

3. I met her first, when home from sea,
Mark well what I do say;
Home from the coast of Africkes,
Wi h pockets lined with good monie;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.

Chorus.—A-roving, &c.

4. Oh! didn't I tell her stories true,
Mark well what I do say;
And didn't I tell her who pers too!
Of the gold we found in Timbuctoo;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.

Chorus.—A-roving, &c.

5. But when we'd aren't my blooming "screw,"
Mark well what I do say;
And the whole of the gold from Timbuctoo,
She cut her stick and vanished too;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.

Chorus.—A-roving, &c.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Tempo di marcia.

Words and Music by WALTER KITTREDGE.

VOICE.

1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground. Give us a song to
 2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground. Thinking of days gone
 3. We're tired of war on the old Camp ground. Man-y are dead and
 4. We've been fight-ing to-day on the old Camp ground. Man-y are ly-ing

PIANO.

cheer Our wea-ry hearts, a song of hope, And friends we love so
 by, Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "Good-
 gone Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Others been wounded
 near; Some are dead and some are dy-ing, Many are in

dear,
 bye!
 long,
 tears.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, Waiting for the war to

cease, Man-y are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace.

pp Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night, Tenting on the old Camp ground
Last verse Dy-ing to-night, Dy-ing to-night, *(lento)* *ppp* Dy-ing on the old Camp ground.

ROSALIE.

Moderato.

VOICE

1. Je suis Pierre le bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I
 2. At the fête de Ma - dame la Mar - quise, la Mar - quise, I
 3. Je suis le grand beau de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I'm

PIANO

drink the di - vine eau de vie, eau de vie, I drive in the Bois in my
 first felt e - nough at my ease, at my ease, To go to her père and de -
 called by les dames très jol - i, très jol - i. When I go out of doors my

poco rit.

lit - tle cou - - ps, And I tell you I'm something to see.
 mand for my own, The hand of my sweet Ros - a - lie.
 friends by the scores, Say "Com - ment ça va mon a - mi"

a tempo

I care not what others may say, I'm in

ROSALIE.

leave with my Ros - a - lie..... Sweet Rose..... Lit - tie

pure roll.

Rose..... I'm in love with my Ros - a - lie.
Last verse. And my Rose is in love with me.

colla voce

CHORUS. Accompaniment same as for last sixteen bars of Solo.

1ST TENOR. *mf*
Atr. I care..... not what o thers may say. I'm in

1ST BASS.

2ND BASS.

love with my Ros - a - lie..... Sweet Rose Tol - ie

rit.

Rose..... I'm in love with my Ros - a - lie.
Last verse. And my Rose is in love with me

KINGDOM COMING.

Allegro.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

VOICER.

1 Say, dar - keys hab you seen de maa - sa, wid de maff - stash on his
 2 He six foot one way, two foot tud - der; An' he weigh tree hun - dred

PIANO.

face. Go long de road some time dis mornin', Luke he gwine to leab de place? He
 round His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tailor An' it won't go half way round. He

seen a smoke, way up de ribber, What de Link-um gun - boata lay; He
 drill so much dey call him Cap'an, An' he get so dref - ful tanned. I

took his hat, an' lef ber-ry and-den, An' I spec he's run a - way!
 spec he try and fool dem Yan-kees For to tink he's oon - tra - band!

KINGDOM COMING.

CHORUS.

De mas - sa run, ha, ha! De dar - keys stay, ho, ho! It

mus' be now de king - dom com-in', An' de year of Ja - bi - lo!

3. De darkeys feel so lonesome, libing
In de log-house on de lawn,
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor,
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dan's wine an' oider in de kitchen,
An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;
I spose dey'll all be confiscated
When de Linkum sojers come. — Chorus.

4. De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he drible us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'cuff broken,
But de massa'll hab his pay;
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to know better,
Dan to went an' run away. — Chorus.

THE TWO ROSES.

Andante. *mf*

WERNER.

1 On a bank two ro - ses fair, Wet with morn-ing show - ers,
2. Thus in leaves of white ar-rayed, Not a speck to dim them,
3. Like her cheeks the blush-ing ray, Which the bud en - clo - ses,

Gemmed with dew, in frag-rance grew, As I, pen-sive, full of care, Gathered two sweet
So I find the spot-less mind Which a - dorns my spot-less maid, In no - cen - ce's
Bright-er far than you they are; But her charms if I should say, You'd be, jeal - ous,

flowers,
emblem,
ro - ses,
Teli me, ro - ses, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

CAMPING SONG.

Word. by W. H. ELLIS, 67.

Tune.—"WANDERLIED."

Voices.

1. We have left far be - hind us the dwell - ings of men. We have
 2. On the lone rug - ged rocks a rich ta - ble we spread, The
 3. When the or - i - ent hues of the dawn ing of day, Em-

PIANO.

tra - versed the for - est, the lake and the fen; From is - land to
 moss and the trac - ken af - ford us a bed; While the gleam of our
 pla - zon the clouds and smile back from the bay. We spring from our

is - land like sea - birds we roam, The waves are our path, and the
 camp-fire il - lu - mines the sky, And the mer - mur - ing pines sing a
 couch like the stag from his lair, And drink in new life with the

world is our home, From is - land to is - land like sea - birds we
 soft lul - la - by. While the gleam of our camp - fire il - lu - mines the
 free morn - ing air. We spring from our couch like a stag from his

CAMPING SONG.

J

roam, The waves are our path, and the world is our home, is our home
sky, And the murmur-ing pines sing a soft lul - la - by, lul - la - by.
lair, And drink in new life with the fresh morn-ing air, morning air.

CHORUS. *mf*

1ST & 2ND TENORS.

Ju - vi - val - le - ra, Ju - vi - val - le - ra. Ju - vi val - le - ral - le - ral - le -

BASS. *mf*

f *rit.*

ral Ju - vi - val - 'e - ra, Ju - vi - val - le - ra, Ju - vi - val - le - ral - le - ral - le - ra

4. Then we launch our light bark on the silvery lake,
That dimples and breaks into smiles in our wake;
While we sweeten our toil with a tale or a song,
Or rest while the winds waft us bravely along.
Juvallera, &c.
5. At night when the deer to the thicket has fled,
And the scream of the night hawk is heard overhead,
We startle with laughter the wilderness dim,
Or the forests resound with our evening hymn.
Juvallera, &c.
6. Then hurrah for the north, with its woods and its hills!
Hurrah for its rocks, and its lakes, and its rills!
And long may its forests be lovely as now,
Untouched by the axe and unscathed by the plow!
Juvallera, &c.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

Marcato.

Air - 17th Century.

Voice.

In good King Charles's gold-en days, When loy-al-ty no harin meant, A
 2 When roy-al James ob-tained the crown, And Pop-try came in fa-shion, The

Piano.

zealous High Churchman was I, And so I got pre-fer-ment; To
 pe-sal laws I hoot-ed down, And read the De-clar-a-tion; The

teach my flock I ner-er missed, Kings were by God ap-point-ed, And
 Church of Rome I found would fit Full well my con-si-tu-tion; And

damn'd are those who do re-sist, Or touch the Lord's a-s-soumpt-ed
 had be-come a Je-su-it, But for the Re-volu-tion.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

CHORUS.

And this is law, I will maintain, Un - til my dy - ing day, Sir, That what-so - ev - er

King may reign, Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir. *PIANO.*

3. When William was our King declared,
To ease a nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

4. When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory.
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;
Occasional Conformists base,
I damnd their moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was,
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

5. When George in pudding time came so'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
I turned a cat-in-a-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus, preferment I procured,
From our new faith's defender,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

6. The illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear,
While they can keep possession—
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be,
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

Allarghetto. In unison.

ARRANGED FOR MALE VOICES FROM KUCKEN

1. See these rib - bons gay - ly stream - ing, I'm a
2. We will march a - way to - mor - row, At the
3. Shame, Lizette, to still be weep - ing, While there's

sol - diar now, Li - zette, I'm a sol - diar now, Li - zette, And of bat - tie
brusk-ing of the day, At the break-ing of the day, And the tram - pels
fame in store for me, While there's fame in store for me, Think when home I

* By permission of Messrs. ROBERT LOCKE & Co., London.

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

I am dream - - ing, And the hon - or I shall get
 will be sound - - ing, And the mer - ry cym - - bale play.
 am re - - turn - - ing, What a joy - ful day 'twill be.

f

1ST TENOR.

Airs.

With a sa - bre at my side, And a hel - met on my brow, And a proud steed to
 Yet be - fore I say good-bye, And a last sad parting take, As a proof of your
 When to church you're fondly led, Like some la - dy smartly dressed, And a he-ro you shall

1ST BASS.

2ND BASS.

ride, I shall run on the foe, Yes, I flat - ter me, Lizette, 'Tis a lie that will
 love, Wear this gift for my sake. Then cheer up, my own Lizette, Let not grief your beauty
 wed, With a mada on his breast. Ha! there's not a maiden fair, But with welcome will sa-

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

cresc.

suit The gay life of a young re - cruit..... The gay life of a
 stain; Soon you'll see your re - cruit a - gain..... Soon you'll see your re -
 lute The gay bride of the young re - cruit..... The gay bride of the

mf. *cresc.* *f*

young re - cruit..... } De-rum, De-rum, drum, drum, drum, drum.....
 cruit a - gain..... } drum..... drum, drum,
 young re - cruit..... } drum..... drum, drum,
 drum, drum *sempre staccato*

Think of me love in your dream - ing, De-rum, de-rum, drum,
staccato drum.....

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

dram, dram, drum..... And the mean - ing of my dram!.....
dram, dram, drum.

MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND.

Poco lento.

Words and Music by S. C. FOSBER.

VOCE.

1. Round de meadows am a - ring - ing, De dar - keys' mourn - ful song.
2. When de autumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold,
3. Mas - sa make de darkeys love him, 'Cause he was so kind, 'Twas

PIANO.

While de mocking-bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long.
hard to hear old massa call - ing, Causa he was so weak and old.
Now dey sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning 'cause he leave dem behind. I

MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND.

Where de i-vy ain a - creep - - ing, O'er de grass - y mound,
Now de orange tree am bloom - - ing, On de sand - y shore,
can - - not work before to - mor - - row, 'Cause de tear-drop flow, I

Dare ole massa am a - sleep - - ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.
Now de summer days are conv - - ing, Mas - sa - nebber calle no more,
try to drive a - way my sor - - row, Pick-in' on de old ban - - jo.

CHORUS.

1st & 2nd Voices.

Down in de corn - - field, Hear dat mourn - ful sound,

All the darkeys am a - weep - - ing, Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

A CAPITAL SHIP.*

Arranged for Male Voices.

SOLO

VOICE.

1 A cap-i-tal ship for an o-cean trip Was the Wallop-ing Win-dow
 2. The bo'swain's mate was very sa-date, Yet fond of a-muse-ment
 3. The cap-tain sat on the commodore's bat, And dined in a roy-al

PIANO.

Blind. No wind that blew dismayed her crew, Or troubled the cap-tain's mind. The
 too; He played hop-scotch with the starboard watch, While the captain he tickled the crew! And the
 way Off toast-ed pigs and pickles and figs And gunnery bread each day. And the

man at the wheel was made to feel Con-tempt for the wildest blow - ow - ow, Though it
 gunner we had was ap-parent-ly mad, For he sat on the af-ter-rai - ail, And
 rook was Dutch, and behaved as such; For the diet he gave the crew - ew - ew, Was a

often ap-peared, when the gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be-low.
 fired sa-lutes with the cap-tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom-ing gale,
 number of tons of hot cross buns Served up with su-gar and glue

* By permission of Mr. JOHN BROADBENT, LONDON, ENG.

CHORUS.

A CAPITAL SHIP.

1ST TENOR.

Arr.
Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho! A - ro - ving I will go! I'll stay no more on

2ND BASS.

Marcato.

England's shore, So let the mu - sic play - ay - ay! I'm off for the morning train! I'll

cross the raging main! I'm off to my love with a boxing-glove, Ten thousand miles a - way!

4. All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo amies,
And the rubbly Ublacks roar
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge,
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.—Chorus.

5. On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone,
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ee;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.—Chorus.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

Words by BEN. JONSON.

Harmonized by THEO. MARTENS.

Slowly.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine;
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - ring thee, ...

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine!... The
 As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - er'd be..... But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine.....
 thou there-on didst on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me, ...

But might I of Love's nec - tar sip, I would no change for thine
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee.....

Am

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Andante.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. Faintly as tolls the ev'ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time, ... Our
 2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, ... There
 3. O - ta - wa tide! this trembling moon, Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon, ... Shall

voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time. Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
 is not a breath the blue wave to curl, But when the wind blows off the shore Ob.
 see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon. Saint of this green isle, hear our prayer,

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

cres. - - *cres.* - - *de.* *dim.* *tr* *f* *sf* *f*

sing at St. Ann's our part-ing hymn. Bow, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
sweet-ly we'll rest our wea-ry ear. Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
Grant us cool heav'n's and fav-'ring air. Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The

f *dim.* *f* *sf* *dim.*

rapids are near and the day-light's past, The rapids are near and the day-light's past.

STARS TREMBLING O'ER US.

Andante.

D. M. MULOCH.

1. Stars trem-bling o'er us, And sun-set be-fore us, Moun-tain in shad-ow and
2. Come not, pale Sor-row, Flee, flee 'till to-mor-row, Rest soft-ly fall-ing o'er
3. As the waves cov-er The depths we glide o-ver So let the past in for-

for-est a sleep,
eye-lids that weep;
get-ful-ness sleep,

Down the dim riv-er We float on for-ev-er, Speak not, ah,

breathe not! there's peace on the deep, Speak not, ah, breathe not! there's peace on the deep.

JOHNNY SCHMOKER

In this song, an old Dutch musician tells his friend, Johnny Schmoker, about the instruments upon which he can play, and describes them by motions while he sings. The motions are made only when the words describing the instruments are sung, as, for example, at "Rub, a dub a dub," the roll of the drum is imitated, beginning even the case of all the instruments — with the first and ending exactly with the last word. At "Pilly, willy, wink," the hands are placed as if playing the fife, and only the fingers move; at "Tie, knock, knock," the right hand strikes three times under the left, as if playing the triangle; at "Bom, bom, bom," the hand is moved forward and back, as if playing the trombone; and so on to the last, which is imitated by crooking both arms and striking with them against the sides, as if playing the bagpipe.

Allegretto.

G. F. ROOT.

1 John - ny Schmo-ker, John - ny Schmo-ker, Ich kann spiel - en, ich kann
 2 John - ny Schmo-ker, John - ny Schmo-ker, Ich kann spiel - en ich kann

1st.
 spiel - en, Ich kann spiel mein klei - ne Drummel. Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein
 spiel - en, Ich kann spiel mein klei - ne

2nd.
 Drummel. Fi - fle. Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fi - fle, Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein

Drummel. Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink, Das ist mein Fi - fle.

3. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
 Ich kann spielen, Ich kann spielen,
 Ich kann spiel mein klein Triangle.
 Tie knock knock, das ist Triangle.
 Pilly wil y wink, das ist mein Fife,
 Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.

Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
 Mein Tie knock knock, das ist Triangle.

4. Johnny Schmoker Johnny Schmoker.
 Ich kann spielen Ich kann spielen,
 Ich kann spiel mein kleine Trombone

JOHNNY SCHMOKER.

Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tie knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tie knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Das ist mein Trombone.

5. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Cymbal,
Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,
Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tie knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tie knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal.

6. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Viol.
Fal la la la, das ist mein Viol,
Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,

Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tie knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tie knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom, mein Fal la la la,
Das ist mein Viol.

7. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Toodle-Sach.
Whack whack whack, das ist mein Toodle-Sach,
Fal la la la, das ist mein Viol,
Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,
Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tie knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tie knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom, mein Fal la la la,
Mein Whack whack whack,
Das ist mein Toodle-Sach.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Andante. $\text{♩} = 66$.

1st & 2nd TENOR.

p *poco riten* **KINKEE**

I How can I bear to leave thee, One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
3. No'er more may I be hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing. What

p

1st & 2nd BASS.

crescendo e poco accel.

f *p* *a tempo*

then what e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare-
spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - vano - ing, Fare-
with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft while dy - ing, Fare-
cresc.

tranquillo e molto espres.

f *p* *pp*

well, fare - well, my own true love, Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.
f *pp*

HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN.

Alleg. moderato.

From the "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

VOICES.

1. Here's to the maid-on of bash-ful fif-teen, Here's to the wi-dow of fif-ty,
 2. Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize, Now to the maid who has none, sir;
 3. Here's to the maid with a bo-som of snow, Now to her that's as brown as a ber-ry;

PIANO.

Here's to the flaunting ex-trav-a-gant quean, And here's to the house-wife that's thrif-ty.
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe, And here's to the dam-sel that's mer-ry.

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;— I war-rant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

CHORUS.

ff Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;— I war-rant she'll prove an ex-cuse for the glass.

brillante.

REVELRY OF THE DYING.

Written by a British officer in India, at a time when the plague was hourly sweeping off his companions. He did not long survive his wonderful production.

Air.—"AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY"

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

1. We meet 'neath the sound-ing raf-ter, And the walls a-round are
bare, As they shout to our peals of laugh-ter, It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses, stea-dy! We drink to our comrades' eyes, Quaff a
cup to the dead al-ready, And hur-rah! for the next that dies.

2. Not a sigh for the lot that darkles;
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that respite buys;
One cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

3. There's a mist on the glass congealing;
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of death.
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapour flies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

4. Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shroud?
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more.
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
The world is a world of lies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

5. Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind.
Stand! stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already;
And hurrah! for the next that dies.

AWAY, AWAY, AWAY!

Words by E. MORTON JONES '91.

Adapted from DE BERTOT.

Allegretto. p

1. Air - 1 - ly float we with gen - tle swing, Out o'er the wa - ters our voi - ces ring;
 2. Out o'er the waters with dip - ping blade, By thoughts of the mor - row un - dis - mayed,
 2. Ripples of laughter our plea - sure tell, 'Tis sweeter than rambling by wood and dell,

mf Joy - ful - ly, sweet - ly, we sing, we sing, A - way! a - way! a - way!
 Sorrow and sad - ness a - side are laid, A - way! a - way! a - way!
 Gaily to ride o'er the heav - ing swell, A - way! a - way! a - way!

f animato. A - way, a - way, o'er the wa - ters clear, *rit. e dim.* A - way, a - way, a - way! *p a tempo.* Where the

moon - light streams in ra - diant beams, Glim - mering far and near.... and near.

AURA LEE.

Dolce. p cresc.
 VOICES
 1. As the black-bird, in the spring, 'Neath the wil - low tree, Sat and piped, I
 2. On her cheek the rose was born, And her soft blue eyes, Like the dew - y
 3. Like a sun - lit rippling brook, Was her laughing voice, From her eyes one

p cresc.
 PIANO

AURA LEE.

cresc. **CHORUS.**

heard him sing, Sing-ing Au-ra Lee.....
 flowers of morn, Shone with glad sur-prise.....
 gold-en look Made the world re-joice.....

Au-ra Lee! Au-ra Lee!

cresc. *mf*

cresc.

Maid of gold-en hair! Sunshine came a-long with thee, And swallows in the air....

FORSAKEN AM I.

1ST & 2ND TENOR. *pp* **Blow.** **KOSCRAT.**

1. For-sak-en, for-sak-en, For-sak-en am I! Like a stone by the road-side, All
 2. A-mound's in that churchyard, Fair buds o'er it break, And there sleeps my dar-ling, And

Alto

men pass me by; I go to a graveyard, No hope my heart cheers, There sad-ly I
 will not a-wake; Each day do I stay there, To weep by the stone, And bit-ter-ly

1ST & 2ND BASS

kneel me, And shed bit-ter tears, There sad-ly I kneel me, And shed bit-ter tears
 feel there That on earth I'm a-lone, And bit-ter-ly feel there That on earth I'm a-lone

I'VE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

allegretto. Not too fast.

C. A. WHITE.

Voices.

1. I've gwine back to Dix - ie No more I've gwine to
 2. I've hood in fields of cot - ton, I've worked up - on the
 3. I'm trav - 'ling back to Dix - ie, My step is slow and

PIANO.

wan - der, My heart's turn'd back to Dix - ie, I can't stay here no
 riv - er, I used to think if I got off I'd go back there no
 fee - ble, I pray the Lord to help me, And lead me from all

lo - er. I miss de ole plan - ta - tion, My home and my re -
 nev - er. But time has changed the old man, His head is bend - ing
 e - vil. And should my strength for - sake me, Then, kind friends come and

ad lib.
 la - tion, My heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And I must go.
 low..... His heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And he must go.
 take me, My heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And I must go.

colle voce

CHORUS.

I've gwine back to Dix - ie, I've gwine back to Dix - ie, I've

I'VE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

gwine where the or - ange blos - some grow:..... For I hear the chil - dren

ad lib.

calling, I see their sad tears falling, My heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, And I must go.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

1st & 2nd TENOR.

As sung at YALE.

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon a - zure deeps,

1st & 2nd BASS.

Or in key of A flat.

Hide, hide your gold - en light; She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps,

She..... sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

coll. pp

2. Moon of the summer night,
Far down yon western steep,
Sink, sink in silver light;
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

3. Wind of the summer light,
Where yonder woodbine creeps
Fold, fold your pinions light;
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

4. Dreams of the summer night,
Till her hat lover keeps
Watch, while in slumber light
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

AUF WIEDERSEHN.

Translat. n by B. MORTON JONES, '91.

MENDELSSOHN.

poco accelerato

1 In ev' - ry land, by God's command, From dear - est friends we ev - - er Must

PIANO. VOICES.

se - ver. On hu - man ear no sound more dear In this world's course there

PIANO. VOICES.

e - ver fell, Than ah! fare - well, fare - well, fare - well.

2. Should some loved friend a flower send,
A violet or rose-bud pure,
Of this be sure, —
Tho' in thy room at morn it bloom,
'Twill wither ere the night winds blow,
Yea! that I know.

3. Should Love's glad rays illumine thy days,
And there be one to three more fair
Than jewels rare;
She cannot stay with thee alway,
But far too quickly you must part,
With aching heart.

Fourth verse only.

PIANO. VOICES.

4. When one must go and one remain, and one remain, When

AUF WIEDERSEHN.

whis - pers Hope "to meet a - gain," 'Tis then we say "Auf Wie - der - sehn, Auf

Wie - der - sehn, Auf Wie - der - sehn."

A HOME BY THE SEA.

Tensarments.

Words and Music by E. A. HOSMER.

1. Oh! give me a home by the sea, Where wild waves are creat - ed with
2. At morn, when the sun from the east Comes man - led in crum - con and
3. At eve, when the moon in her pride Rides queen of the soft summer

foam, Where shrill winds are car - ol - ling free, As
gold, Whose hues on the bil - lows are cast, Which
night, And gleams on the mur - mur - ing tide, With

A HOME BY THE SEA.

o'er the blue waters they come, For I'd list to the ocean's loud
sparkles with splendour un- - - told. Oh! then by the shore would I
floods of her silver - y light. Oh! earth has no beau - ty so

roar, And joy in its stormiest glee, Nor ask in this wide world for
stray, And roam as the hal-cy-on free, From en - vy and care far a -
rare, No place that is dear-er to me. Then give me so free and so

more.....Than a home by the deep heav - ing sea.
way.....At my home by the deep heav - ing sea.
fair.....A home by the deep heav - ing sea.

A HOME BY THE SEA.

First system of the musical score for 'A Home by the Sea'. It features a vocal line with lyrics 'A home, A home, A home by the deep heaving' and a piano accompaniment with a rhythmic melody in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

Second system of the musical score for 'A Home by the Sea'. The vocal line continues with 'near A home, A home, A home by the deep heaving sea.' The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

I'VE LOST MY DOGGY.

First system of the musical score for 'I've Lost My Doggy'. It is marked 'Con dolore.' and features a vocal line with lyrics 'I've lost my dog - gy. Who's seen my bow - wow?' and a piano accompaniment.

Second system of the musical score for 'I've Lost My Doggy'. The vocal line has two endings: '1st' and '2nd'. The lyrics are 'Poor lit - tle dog - gy! Bow-wow-wow - wow! Bow-wow-wow - wow!'. The piano accompaniment continues.

SLEIGH-RIDER'S SERENADE.

Words and Music by R. D. TAYLOR

TENORS

1. The king of the north has clothed the earth In a robe of spot - less white; Ere
long the moon will mark the noon Of the ra - diant win - ter night. And

BASSES

PIANO.

under thy win - low, a - wait - ing there, Are steed and sleigh for thee, Then come away my

la - dy fair, A - way, a - way with me O let us a - way, a - way, a - way, O

Red.

SLEIGH-RIDER'S SERENADE.

let us a-way, away, away, O let us away, away, away, Where silv'ry moonbeams play.

2. A thousand eyes from out the skies
Will give us greeting kind;
With diamonds bright to reflect their light,
Our pathway shall be lined.
As swift as the course of a bird in air,
Our flight, our flight shall be;
Then come away, my lady fair,
Away, away with me.
Chorus.—O let us away, etc.

3. Night's goddess now about her brow
A misty halo wears;
A token to show that soon the snow
Will melt in rainy tears.
Ere ever the clouds shall gather there,
Or shining hours shall flee,
O haste away, my lady fair,
Away, away with me.
Chorus.—O let us away, etc.

EULALIE.

R. S. TAYLOR.

1. Star of the sum-mer eve, Sink, sink to rest! Sink ere the
2. Wind of the sum-mer eve, Wait, wait your sighs! From where the
3. Bird of the sum-mer eve, Chant, chant your song! While through the

sil-ver light Fades from the west; But ne-ver more will I
dis-tant hills Kiss gold-en skies; But ne-ver more will I
twi- light gleams Night's star-ry throng; But ne-ver more will I

Watch keep for thee, With her I lov'd so well, Sweet Eu-la-lie.
Wait here for thee, With her I lov'd so well, Sweet Eu-la-lie.
List here for thee, With her I lov'd so well, Sweet Eu-la-lie.

LULLABY OF THE IROQUOIS.

Words by E. PAULINE JOHNSON. *

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, '89.

Moderato.

mf

p

1. Lit - le brown ba-by bird lapped in your nest, Wrapped in your nest, strapped in your nest, Your
 2. Lit - le brown ba-by bird swinging to sleep, Wing - ing to sleep, sing - ing to sleep, Your

straight lit - tle cra - dle - board rocks you to rest, Its hands are your nest, Its
 won - der - black eyes that so wide o - pen keep, Shield - ing their sleep, Un -

bands are your nest It swings from the down-bend-ing branch of the oak, You
 yield - ing to sleep The he - ron is hom - ing, the plo - ver is still, The

* By permission of the publishers of "Flint & Feather."

watch the camp fire and the cur-ling greysmoke, But oh for your pret-ty black eyes sleep is best,
 night owl calls from his haunt on the hill, A - far the fox barks, A - far the stars peep,

Lit - the brown ba - by of mine, go to rest.
 Lit - the brown ba - by of mine, go to sleep.

mf *D.S.*

FAR AWAY IN THE SOUTH.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

1. Far a - way in the South a - mong the cot - ton fields,
 { Where the mag - no - lia blooms a - round the ca - bin door, There's a place where I
 2. { In my dreams come a - gain those hap - py child - hood hours,
 { In that South - land so fair I see a - gain the flow'r

ev - er long to be; Give me a home in the dear old South, For fond - ly I love it still;

I will sigh night and day, I long to see a - gain My old ca - bin home a - mong the hills

TRABLING BACK TO GEORGIA

Companion Song to "OLD BLACK JOE."

Words by ARTHUR H. FRENCH.

Music by CHAS. D. BLAKE.

Not too fast.

1. I'se trab-ling back to Georgia, dat

good ole land to see, The place I left to wan-der, the day that I was free, I'se

getting old and weary, And tird of roam-ing, too, So on my way to Dix-ie, I'll say goodbye to you.

rit.

CHORUS. (*ad lib.*)

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

I'se trab-ling back, (He's trab-ling back,) Yes, trab-ling back, (Yes, trab-ling back,) I'se

* The small notes here are intended for an invisible chorus behind the scenes, or in an adjacent room. If sung in this way omit the accompaniment below.

Slow.

trab - ling night and day. I see trab - ling back to Geor - gia, I see

a tempo cresc.

Drums, Cymbals, etc.

slow dim. rit. ff a tempo p dim - in - u - en - do.

dim.

trab - ling night and day, I see trab - ling back to Georgia. For I can - not keep a - way.

dim.

dim. *D.C.*

2.

I see trawling back to Georgia,
The place where I was born,
Among the fields of cotton,
The sugar cane and corn.
So happy with ole Massa,
A-living in the lane,
To see de ole plantation,
I see trawling back again.

3.

To live and die in Georgia,
Dat's good enough for me;
I'll hoe the corn and cotton,
And oh! so happy be;
I'll hunt the coon and possum,
And dance and sing and play,
And when I once get back there,
I'll never come away!

4.

I see trawling back to Georgia,
To see the darkies there;
And see my ole Aunt Dinah,
Oh, golly, won't she stare!
We'll dance all night till morning,
By the banjo's sweet refrain,
And have a celebration,
When I get back again!

TRUE LOVE

Translation by J. D. SPENCE, Esq.

TENORS

Ah! can it tru-ly be, That I must part from thee? Dear-er art

BASSES

thou to me Than all be-side. Thou hast this soul of mine

So close-ly knit to thine, I know no o-ther love Than thine a-lone.

2. Blue the forget-me-not,
Emblem of constancy;
Close press it to thy breast,
And think of me.
Though flower and hope decay,
Rich we in love alway:
My heart's deep love for thee
Never can die.

3. Were I a bird, on high
Far through the air I'd fly;
No hawk should daunt me then,
Winging to thee.
Struck by the huntsman's dart,
Shaking upon thy heart,
There, should'st thou weep for me,
Fain would I die.

YE SHEPHERDS TELL ME.

Larghetto. **MAZZINGHI.**

VOICE.

1. Ye shep-herds tell me, tell me have you seen,
2. A wreath a-round her head, a-round her head she wore, Cai.

PIANO.

THE SHEPHERDS TELL ME.

have you seen my Flo - ra pass this way, In shape and feature
na - - - tion, Li - - ly, Li - - - ly, Rose, And in her hand

unice

beau - - ty's Queen. In pastoral, in pastoral ar - ray.
crook she bore, And sweets, and sweets her breath com- pose.

CHORUS.

Shep-herds tell me, tell me, tell me have you seen, tell me have you
dolce.

have you

Have you seen, tell me
seen My Flo - ra pass this way; Shep - - - herds,
seen, have you seen Have you seen, tell me

f *dolce.* *rall.*
Shepherds have you seen, tell me have you seen My Flo - ra pass this way?

YE SHEPHERDS TELL ME.

Bass Voice.

The beau - teous, the beau - teous wreath that decks her head.

Forms her des - crip - - tion, her des - crip - tion true.

Hands li - ly white. Lips crim - son red,

Repeat Chorus.

And cheeks, * and cheeks of ro - sy hue.

PEANUT SONG

Energetically ad lib.

Oh! all you fel-lows that have pea-nuts, And give your neighbor none; You
shan't have an-y of my pea-nuts When your pea-nuts are gone, When

mf *ad lib.*

your pea nuts are gone, When your pea nuts are gone, You

shan't have an - y of my pea-nuts When your pea-nuts are gone.

2. Oh! all you fellows that have sherry chicken, and give your neighbor none etc.
3. Oh! all you fellows that have pickled persimmons, and give your neighbor none etc.
4. Oh! all you fellows that have huckleberry pot-pie, and give your neighbor none etc.
5. Oh! all you fellows that have soft, sweet soda crackers, and give your neighbor none etc.
6. Oh! all you fellows that have nice, sour Messina oranges, and give your neighbor none etc.
7. Oh! all you fellows that have Mrs Winslow's soothing syrup, and give your neighbor none etc.
8. Oh! all you fellows that have ripe, rich, red strawberry short-cake, and give your neighbor none etc.
9. Oh! all you fellows that have California clem chowder and oysters on the half-shell, and give your neighbor none, etc.

Spoken: — Not if I knows myself.

RECESSIONAL.

JAMES EDMUND JONES, '88.

Beware lest thou forget the Lord thy God. DEUT. viii. 11.

mf 1. God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle line,
 Beneath Whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine:

P Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

mp 2. The tumult and the shouting dies;
 The captains and the kings depart;
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart:

P Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

mp 3. Far called, our navies melt away,
 On dune and headland sinks the fire;
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

P Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

mp 4. If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the law.

P Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

mp 5. For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard;
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding call not Thee to guard:

P For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on Thy people Lord. Amen.

Rudyard Kipling, 1897.

These words, here inserted by permission of the author, first appeared in *The Times*, July 17, 1897. They also appeared as the Recessional in Kipling's *Five Nations*, 1903. The allusions in the hymn are to the incidents in the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and especially to the Procession and the Naval Review.

BRIDGET DONAHUE.

Music by A. S. JOSSELYN.

VOICE.

1. It was in the Coun-ty Ker-ry. A lit-tle way from Clara. Where the
 Chorus: Oh Brid-get Don-a - - hue, I real-ly do love you, Al-

PIANO

boys and girls are mer-ry at a pat-rou race or fair; The
 though I'm in A - mer - i - ca, to you I will be true; Then

town is called Kel-lor-glin, a pur-ty place to vow, But what
 Brid-get Don-a - hue, I'll tell you what I'll do, Just

Repeat for Chorus

makes it in-ter-se-ing is my Brid-get Don-a - hue!
 take the name of Pat-ter-son and I'll take Don-a - hue!

2. Her father is a farmer, and a decent man is he,
 He's liked by all the people from Kellorglin to Tralloe;
 And Bridget on a Sunday, when coming home from mass,
 She's admired by all the people, sure they wait to see her pass.

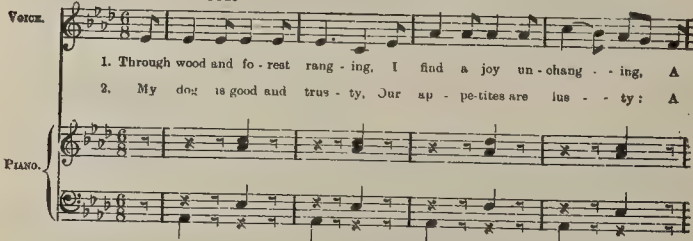
3. I sent her home a picture, I did upon my word,
 Not a picture of myself, but the picture of a bird;
 It was the American Eagle, and says I, "Miss Donahue,
 Our eagle's wings are large enough to shelter me and you!"

HALLI-HALLO.

Words by WILHELM BORNEMANN, 1856.
BARITONE SOLO

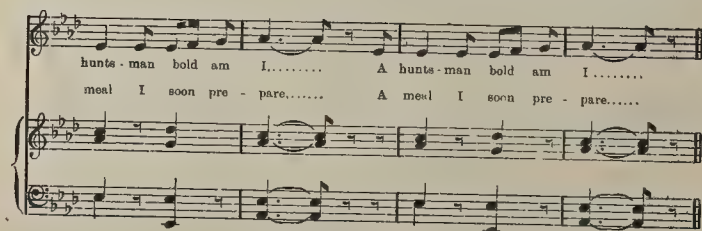
Translation by JAS. EDMUND JONES, 1882.

Voice.

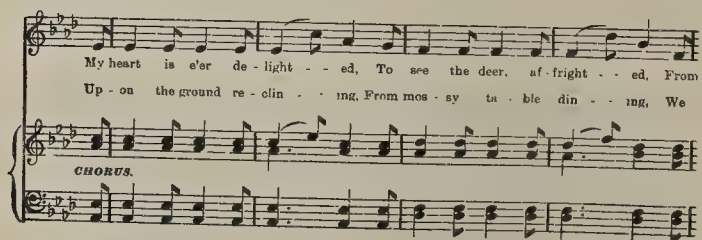


1. Through wood and fo - rest rang - ing, I find a joy un - chang - ing, A
2. My dog is good and trus - ty, Our ap - pe-tites are lus - ty: A

PIANO.

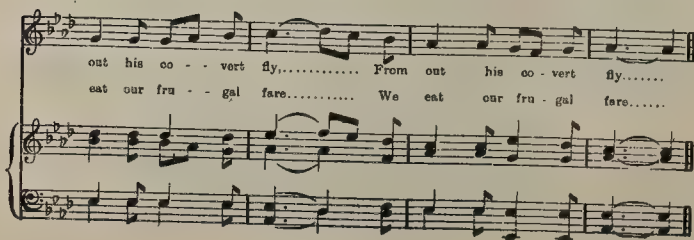


hunts - man bold am I..... A hunts - man bold am I.....
meal I soon pre - pare..... A meal I soon pre - pare.....



My heart is e'er de - light - ed, To see the deer, af - fright - ed, From
Up - on the ground re - clin - ing, From mos - sy ta - ble din - ing, We

CHORUS.



out his co - - vert fly..... From out his co - vert fly.....
eat our fru - gal fare..... We eat our fru - gal fare.....

HALLI - HALLO.

WHISTLE.

WARDLE.

TENORS

Hal - li, hal-lo. hal - li, hal-lo. { From out his co - vert fly.....
We eat our fru - gal fare..... } Hal-

ATT. BASSES.

3. I, though without a nickel,
My dainty palate tickle
With wine and good black bread.
My fragrant pipe burns brightly,
As, stepping forward lightly,
The flow'ry heath I tread.

4. Thus, in the fields abiding,
Or through the forest striding,
I pass the livelong day,
And while my hours are fleeting
Like seconds swift retreating,
I through the green-wood stray.

5. And now the sun is sinking,
Now stars through mists are blinking;
Thus one more day slips by;
So home again returning,
Where cheerful hearth is burning,
A jolly huntman I.

ON THE BANKS OF THE YANG-TSEE-KIANG.*

Words by REV. J. DAVISON.

Adapted by J. L. MORRISON.

Solo

VOICE.

1. My name is Polly Hill, and I had a lover Bill, Whose fate cost me many
2. Oh! the war it soon broke out, I don't know what 'twas 'bout, But let those that make war go

PIANO.

CHORUS. SOLO. **CHORUS.**

pang, pang, For his regiment took the rout, and he went to the right about, To the banks of the Yang-Yang-
hang, hang, So he went with thousands ten to fight the Chinamen, On the banks of the Yang-Yang-

sf

Yang-tsee-ki-ang, To the banks of the Yang-tsee-ki-ang,
Yang-tsee-ki-ang, On the banks of the Yang-tsee-ki-ang.

3. Three years had passed away, whilst it fell upon a day,
That I sat by my door and span, span,
That a soldier came and said, "Your lover Bill lies dead
On the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-ki-ang.
On the banks of the Yang-tsee-ki-ang.
4. "Twas in a tea-tree glen that we met the Chinamen,
And one of the rogues let bang, bang,
Which laid poor William low, with his toes towards the foe,
On the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-ki-ang.
On the banks of the Yang-tsee-ki-ang.
5. "He took a sprig of tea and said, 'Will you carry this for me,
And tell poor Polly where it sprang, sprang?'
And this was all he said, when his head it dropped like lead,
On the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-ki-ang.
On the banks of the Yang-tsee-ki-ang.
6. "Now will you take from me this little sprig of tea?
'Twas on Bill's grave that it sprang, sprang,
You may have it if you will, as a souvenir of Bill,
From the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-ki-ang.
From the banks of the Yang-tsee-ki-ang."
7. "My soldier boy," said I, "do you see any green in my eye?
Pray excuse me the use of slang, slang,
For I'm your Polly Hill, and you're my lover Bill,
From the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-ki-ang.
From the banks of the Yang-tsee-ki-ang."

* The words are taken from "The Life of a Scottish Probationer" by JAMES BROWN, by permission of JAMES MACLEHOPE & CO. Publishers, Glasgow.

PETER GRAY.

Andante.

VOICES.

1. Once on a time there was a man, his name was Pe - ter Gray;

PIANO.

cres.

He lived way down in that 'ere town, called Pen - syl - va - ni - a.

CHORUS.

Blow ye winds of the morn - ing, Blow ye winds, Heigh - o.....

Blow ye winds of the morn - ing, Blow, blow, blow.

2. Now Peter Gray he fell in love, all with a nice young girl,
The first three letters of her name were L-U-C, Anna Quirl.—*Cho.*
3. But just as they were going to wed, her papa he said "No!"
And consequently she was sent away off to Ohio.—*Cho.*
4. And Peter Gray he went to trade for furs and other skins,
Till he was caught and scap - y - ed by the bloody Indiana.—*Cho.*
5. When Lucy Anna heard the news, she straightway took to bed,
And never did get up again until she di - i - ed.—*Cho.*

OVER THE BILLOWS AFAR!

Words by A. F. SARGENT.

Music by CHARLES E. PRATT.

Con Spirito.

f cresc.

rit.

f

1. What care I tho' the wild winds sigh, And whistle thro' rigging and shroud — The
 2. What care I tho' the breez-es sigh, Soft o'er the hill and the plain —

f cresc.

an - gry sea hath no ter-ror for me, Nor the frowning tem-pest cloud — But there's
 Give me the free, the track-less sea, Let me roam o'er the bound-less main — And be-

p

mu-sic dear to the sail-or's ear, In the din of the hurricane's roar; — As his
 neath the wave may I find my grave, When my voy-age of life is o'er, — Where the

f

p rall

gal-lant ship o'er the bil-lows skips, A - way, far a-way from the shore!
 bil-lows surge will chant my dirge, A - way, far a-way from the shore!

f

p

CHORUS.

1st Tenor.

Then hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! Hur-rah for the gal-lant tar!— The

Air 2nd Tenor.

Then hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! Hur-rah for the gal-lant tar!— The

1st Bass.

2nd Bass.



D. S. al Fine.

TOBACK.

Translated by JOHN D. SPENCE 69.

p

1. Ho! jo! - ly com - rades, crowd a - round; With laught-er let the
 2. To - bac - co's so - lace nev - er fails: The beg - gar or the
 3. "A fig" for La - tin! Bet - ter far" The stu - dent cries, "a

p

walls re-sound; The night we'll pass With jo-vial glass And pipes of good To - back!
 Prince of Wales A - like be guiles His mood to smiles With com-fort-ing To - back!
 good ci-gar." Can-non and ball Are vanquished all By con-quer-ing To - back!

CHORUS.

To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, And pipes of good To -
 To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, With com - fort - ing To -
 To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, By con - quer - ing To -

back. — To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, And pipes of good To - back.
 back. — To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, With com - fort - ing To - back.
 back. — To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, By con - quer - ing To - back.

4.
The youngster, for the weed unripe,
Steals on the sly his father's pipe;
Behind the shed
In fear and dread
He tries to like toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

5.
The gaffer, toothless, grim and old,
Whose gums refuse the pipe to hold;
The stem will wind
With yarn and bind
It fast, and smoke Toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

6.
The copper on his lonely beat,
Smokes as he tramps the midnight Street;
His short pipe glows
Beneath his nose,
And warms it with Toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

7.
The cripple with a wooden leg
The weed will borrow, buy or beg;
The pipe he grips
Between his lips
And smokes and smokes Toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

8.
The noble red man, out for hair,
Will everlasting friendship swear;
In pipes of peace,
His wranglings cease,
And so he smokes Toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

9.
The western man, that's worn and grim,
Thinks life has little charm for him,
Forgets his ills
Whenever he fills
His corncob with Toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

10.
The polished Frenchman, fashion's pet,
Will only risk a cigarette;
He knows it is
A serious biz
For him to smoke Toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

11.
The labouring son of Erin's Isle,
Looks from his drain with broadening smile;
The brief dhudeen
His lips between,
Is filled with rank Toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

12.
So comrades, all the world around
The good old weed is ever found;
So let us pass
The jovial glass,
And hura our good Toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

WHO'S THE BEST MAN IN THIS TOWN?

Tune "Bonnie Laddie, Hieland Laddie!"

Who's the best man in this town? T, - Y, - J, - is T, - Y, - J, - is Who's the best man

in this town? T, - Y, - J, - is T, - Y, - J, - is We're some {sol-dier pumpkin boys our- selves We're some

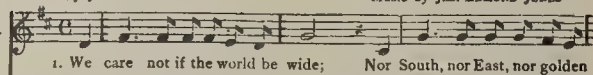
{sol-diers pumpkins We're some {sol-diers pumpkins But the best man in this town is T, - Y, - J, - is T, - Y, - J, - sir.

To the North!

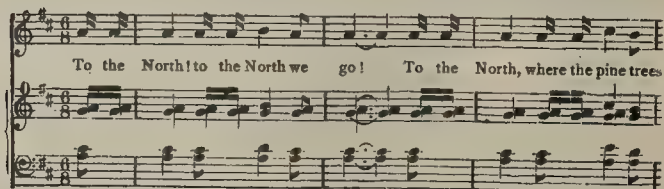
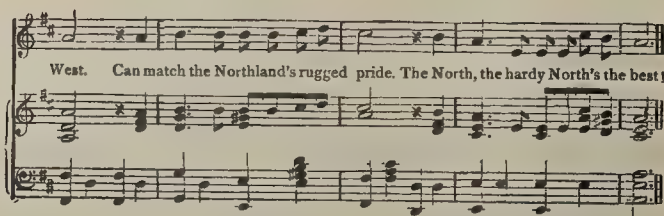
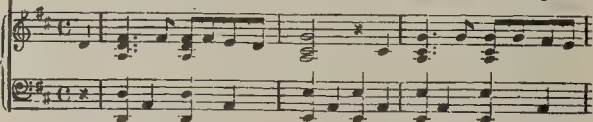
Words by JOHN D. SPENCE

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES

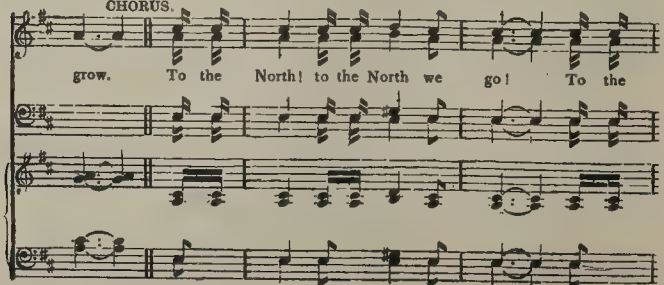
VOICE.



PIANO.



CHORUS.



TO THE NORTH.

North, where the pine trees grow. Then it's ho! for the gleaming

paddle; And it's ho! for the line and rod, And the

Yo ho! Yo ho

rushing fall, and the pine trees tall, And the wa - ters bright and

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The vocal line is in the upper staves, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score consists of several systems of staves, with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "North, where the pine trees grow. Then it's ho! for the gleaming", "paddle; And it's ho! for the line and rod, And the", "Yo ho! Yo ho", and "rushing fall, and the pine trees tall, And the wa - ters bright and".

TO THE NORTH.

broad. With pots and pans and pails ga - lore, With
 Yo ho!

hams and jams a good - ly store; With a ton or two of dunnage and a

1.
 few things more, To the North to the North we go! To the

The musical score is written for a vocal part and a piano accompaniment. It consists of four systems of music. The first system has two staves (treble and bass clef) with the lyrics 'broad. With pots and pans and pails ga - lore, With' and 'Yo ho!'. The second system has two staves with piano accompaniment. The third system has two staves with the lyrics 'hams and jams a good - ly store; With a ton or two of dunnage and a'. The fourth system has two staves with the lyrics '1. few things more, To the North to the North we go! To the'. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature.

TO THE NORTH.

North, where the pine trees grow. Then it's

D. S.

D. S.

2. "few things more, To the North! to the North we go.

Fine.

Fine.

*) Last verse only.

2. Who yearns for palmy-Southern seas?
Who longs to dream the languorous hours—
To ritter in luxurious ease
His vigorous manhood's early powers?
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, where the fresh winds blow.
3. Who longs for dainties rich and rare,
For cooling wines and liqueurs hot,—
That once has known the simpler fare
That fills the camper's generous pot?
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, where the black bass grow.
4. Who would not flee the whirl and strife.—
The anxious brow, the ceaseless strain.
To drink again the milk of life,—
To feel himself a child again?
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, from the debts we owe.
5. Let others sail the sluggish streams
That murmur through the quiet night.
Give us the glorious sun, that gleams
On curving green and foaming white!
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, where the torrents flow.
6. So, till with age our spirits flag,
And hearts beat fainter, year by year,
The North shall fling from crag to crag
The echo of our boisterous cheer.
To the North! to the North we go!
To the North, to the North, Yo ho!

JUANITA.

SPANISH BALLAD.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

Allegretto.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Lug'-ring falls the southern moon:
2. When, in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain,

Far o'er the moun-tain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes'
And day-light beam-ing Proves thy dreams are vain— Wilt thou not, re-

splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell.... Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der,
lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh.... In thy heart oon-sent-ing

Ritard *a tempo* Ni - ta! *Jua - ni - ta! *p*
Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Ni - ta! Ask thy soul if
To a prayer gone by? Ni - ta! Ni - ta! Let me ling - er

mf Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! *Tenderly* *slow*
we should part! Ni - ta! Ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
by thy side! Ni - ta! Ni - ta! Be my own fair bride.

* Pronounced "Wanseta."

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

THE CELEBRATED CHORUS OF SOLDIERS IN "FAUST."

Tempo marziale.

COUNOD.

TENORS

Glo - ry and love to the men of old..... Their sons may

BASSES

PIANO

co - py their vir - tues bold;.... Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand,....

Ready to fight or ready to die for Fa - - - ther - land! Who needs bidding to dare,.....

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

..... by a trumpet blow? Who lacks pity to spare..... when the field is won?....

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a melody in G major, marked with a common time signature. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Who would fly from a foe..... if a-lone, or last?..... And

This system contains the next two staves of music. The vocal line continues the melody, with a slight change in rhythm. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

boast he was true, as coward might do when po - - ril is past?.....

This system contains the final two staves of music on this page. The vocal line concludes with a sustained note. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

cresc.

Glo - - ry and love to the men of old!..... Their sons may

cresc.

molto. cresc.

copy their vir-tues bold Cour - - age in heart and a sword in hand....

molto. cresc.

f

Ready to fight for Fa - - - - ther-land..... Now..... to home a-

f

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

gain,..... we come, the long and fire-ry strife of bat-tle o - - ver,.....

This system contains the first musical staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'gain,..... we come, the long and fire-ry strife of bat-tle o - - ver,.....' are written below the staff. The system continues with a bass staff and a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp.

Rest..... is pleas-ant af - - - ter toil as hard as ours be-neath a stranger

Rest..... is pleasant af - - - ter toil be neath..... a stranger

This system contains the second musical staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody continues with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'Rest..... is pleas-ant af - - - ter toil as hard as ours be-neath a stranger' are written below the staff. The system continues with a bass staff and a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp.

and..... Many..... a maid-en fair..... is waiting

sun, beneath a wild and stranger sun..... The maiden fair..... is waiting

This system contains the third musical staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody continues with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'and..... Many..... a maid-en fair..... is waiting' are written below the staff. The system continues with a bass staff and a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp.

GLOEY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

here to greet her truant sol-dier lov - er..... And many a heart..... will fail and
will fail..... and

dim.
brow..... grow pale to hear..... to hear the tale of cru - el pe - ril he has
dim.
brow grow pale..... to hear, to hear..... the tale of cru - el pe - ril he has
cresc. *dim.*

ere *soon*
run,..... And many a heart,..... and many a
ere *soon*
run, And many..... a heart, And heart will fail, and many a
p *ere* *soon*

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

dim. *p*

heart will fall and brow grow pale to hear the tale of pe - ri he has run.....

dim. *crescendo.* *f*

f

Glo - - - ry and love to the men of old!.... Their sons may

f

copy their vir-tues bold;.... Con - - age in heart and a sword in hand,...

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

Ready to fight for Fa - - ther-land, or ready to die for Fa - - ther-land, or ready to fight

land, or ready to die,..... or ready to die..... for land, or ready to fight

Fa - - ther-land,.....

SAILING ACROSS THE SEA.

Words by H. L. D'ARCY JAXON.

VERNON REV.

VOICE.

1. On a
2. On a
3. O'er the

Andante grazioso.

PIANO.

paint - ed o - cean a paint - ed ship is hung on the home - stead
 paint - ed o - cean a paint - ed ship is hid in the dark - en'd
 sun - mer o - cean a white wing'd ship is float - ing across the

wall; To the mo - ther's eyes, and the mo - ther's heart, The
 room; For a sha - dow stole from a sou - thern sea, And
 foam; And the cast - a - way that they found at sea is

ho - li - est thing of all..... For a lad with a tan - gle of
 shroud - ed the house in gloom..... So they hid from the mo - ther the
 al - most in sight of home..... Then a head with a tan - gle of

legato mf

SAILING ACROSS THE SEA.

cresc. *molto cresc.*

gol - den hair, The light of her eyes was he; In that gal - lant ves-sel a
mes - ing ship, And hop'd that the best might be; Ere they told the tale that all
gol - den hair is bowed on a mo - ther's knee; And a mes - sage from heav'n to

molto cresc.

cresc.

pp *rall.* *molto rall.*

year a - go, Went sail - ing across the sea.....
hands were lost, While sail - ing across the sea.....
earth to-day Comes sail - ing across the sea.....

rall. *molto rall. cresc.*

pp

CHORUS.

f *Andante grazioso.*
1st & 2nd Tenors.

Am. Sail - - ing, Sail - - ing, Sail - ing a - cross the sea.....

f *Andante grazioso.*
1st & 2nd Bass.

Sail - ing, Sail - ing, Sail - ing, Sail - ing, Sail - ing a - cross the sea, a - cross the

f *Andante grazioso.* *dim.*

SAILING ACROSS THE SEA.

p Lento.

AIR. *p* Sail - - ing, sail - - ing, Sail - ing a - cross the sea.....

sea.... Sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing a - - - cross the sea.....

p Lento *pp*

BREATHE SOFT, YE WINDS.

Andante affettuoso.

WILLIAM PAXTON, 1780.

p Breathe soft, ye winds, ye wa - ters gent - ly flow,....

f Shield her ye trees, ye flow'rs a - round her grow; Ye swains, I

beg you, pass in si - lence by,.... My love..... in yon - der vale

a - sleep doth lie, My love..... in yon - der vale a - sleep doth lie.

THE TROOPER.

Translated from the German by JOHN D. SPENCE '89.

W. LYRA.

f *Impassionate.*

1. Through gloom and night by vale and hill, We ride so stern, we
 2. Soon shall the ten - der grass we tread Flush like the rose to

ride so still To death, to death we're fly - ing! The morn - ing winds, how
 flam - ing red, My blood the greensward dye - ing. One cup I drain with

sharp they feel! Hos - tess, a glass our hearts to steel For dy - ing, for dy - ing!
 sword in hand: One draught to dear old Mo - ther-land Ere dy - ing, ere dy - ing!

3.

A second... quick! To Freedom now
 My love, my life, my sword I vow,
 On this strong arm relying.
 What claims the rest? The dregs to thee
 I drain O Empire grand and free,
 Ere dying, ere dying!

4.

My sweetheart!...but the glass is dry...
 The swords are out...the bullets fly!
 No time for love or sighing.
 Up! Like a whirlwind on the foe!
 Oh, soldier joy! at dawn to go
 To dying, to dying!

FAREWELL

Translation by F. J. DAVIDSON, *Andante.*

SILCHER,

VOCAL.

1. When the gold - en dawn of day Sends the sun - beams dart - ing,
2. When two ge - nial souls are friends, Friendship ne - ver pal - ters,

PIANO.

Heart from heart must hence a-way, Torn by pangs... of part - ing;
Be it joy - or grief late sends, Friendship ne - ver al - ters.

Why, oh why may I not stay? Fate should never se - ver
How much keen - er is the pain, When with longing o'er the main,

Hearts that love for e - - - ver, Hearts that love for e - ver,
True love faints and fal - - - ters, True love faints and fal - ters.

3. Shall I then my whole life through
Leave my hopes behind me?
In strange lands so far from you
Joy can never find me.
If I've ever grieved you, sweet,
Pardon, I am at your feet,
Love and sorrow bind me.

4. Fancy it a sigh from me,
If the breeze but kiss you,
From across the undaring sea
Come to tell I miss you;
Hopes are past that were to be
Still my soul is yearning—
Is there no returning?

DIGGY-DADDY, HEAR HIM WEEP.

Arr. by T. MARTENS.

SOLO.

VOICE.

1. Ole mas - sa bought a bran new coat, and hung it in the hall,
 2. Ole mas - sa bought a bran new girl, he got her in the hall,
 3. Oh! Ma - ry had a lit - tle corn up-on her lit - tle toe, The Her And

PIANO.

dar - kies stole that coat a - way, and wore it to the hall,
 hair it curled so ve - ry tight, she could - n't shut her mouf.
 ev - 'ry - where that Ma - ry went, the corn was sure to go.

CHORUS

Cresc.

Diggy dad-dy, hear him weep, Diggy dad-dy, hear him sigh.

1ST TENOR & 1ST BASS.

2ND BASS. Diggy daddy hear him weep, O! Diggy daddy hear him

1st 2nd

'way down the Ca - ri - o, And the old man kicky up and zig zag jig jag, die.
 kicky up and jig jag, kicky up and die.
 sigh, zig zag jig jag, die.

'way down the Ca - ri - o, O!.. And the old man kicky up and zig sag jig jag, dia.

4. It tolled her to fall one day, for Mary she drank rum -
 Now's her chance to pare that corn for thirty days to come.
 5. Old Abram's charming daughter bold, sweet "Mamie of the Vale,"
 Along with old Bob Ridley playing tooter on a rail.
 6. The old man's got a bull-dog ferce, his daughter she is fine.
 † His boots are on, his bull-dog loose at a quarter after nine.

* Creening. † Some MSS. read "He turns the gas and the bulldog out at a quarter after nine."

THE OLD RED CRADLE.

J. L. GILBERT.

Moderato con espress.

Solo. 1. Take me back to the days when the old red cra-dle rocked, In the

1st & 2nd Tenors. La! Humming voices (with closed lips.)

1st & 2nd Basses. sun-shine of years that have fled. To the good old trus-ty days when the

door was nev-er locked, And we judged our neighbor's truth by what he said.

CHORUS.

I re-mem-ber of my years I had num-bered al-most seven, And the

Solo. old red cra-dle stood a-gainst the wall; I was youngest of the five, And

Chorus. Humming voices.

two were gone to heav'n, But the old red cra-dle rocked us all.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

Rock-ing, rock-ing, gen-tly rock-ing, In time with the tick of the clock on the wall,

That old red cra-dle, Solo Chorus.

One by one the seconds mark-ing, That old red cra-dle rocked us all. Chorus.

2. By its side father paused, with a little time to spare,
And the care lines would soften on his brow;
Ah! 'twas but a little while that I knew a father's care,
But I fancy in my dreams I see him now.
And if e'er there came a day when my cheeks were flushed and hot,
When I did not mind my porridge or my play,
I would clamber up its side, and the pain would be forgot,
When the old red cradle rocked away.
3. Ah! it cradled one and all, brothers, sisters in it lay,
And it gave me the sweetest rest I've known;
But to-night the tears will flow, and I let them have their way,
For the passing years are leaving me alone.
By my mother it was rocked when the evening meal was laid,
And again I seem to see her as she smiled;
When the rest were all in bed, 'twas then she knelt and prayed,
By the old red cradle and her child.
4. But the cradle long has gone, and the burdens that it bore:
One by one have been gathered to the fold;
But the flock is incomplete for it numbers only four,
With a dear one now left straying in the cold.
Heaven grant again we may in each others arms be locked,
Where no bitter tears of parting ever fall,
God forbid that one be lost that the old red cradle rocked,
For that dear old cradle rocked us all.

THE TRAIL OF MY LITTLE CANOE

Words by
ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Music by
JAS. EDMUND JONES, '88.

Moderato.

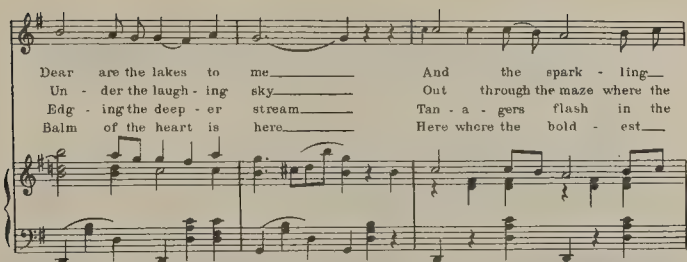
mf

8.....

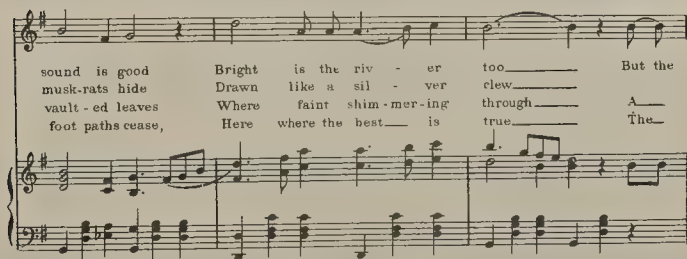
1. Broad is the track which the steam-er takes O-ver the o-pen
2. Up through the fields where the cat-tle browse Up through the farms of
3. Clean blue flags in state-ly ranks Stand where the sha-dows
4. Dip of the pad-dle, gur-gle and plash, Qui-et and bird-note

p

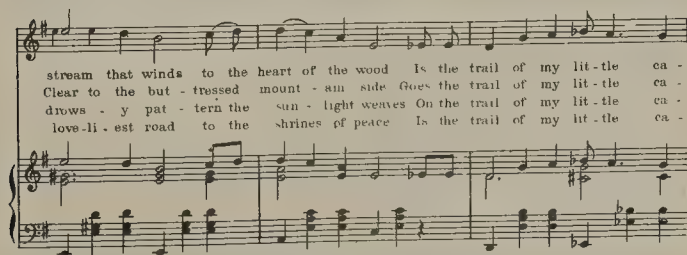
sea. Wide are the ways of the win-dy lakes
rye. Un-der the arch-ing hem-lock boughs
gleam. Ferns grow thick on the mes-sy banks
clear. White of the birch, gray of the ash



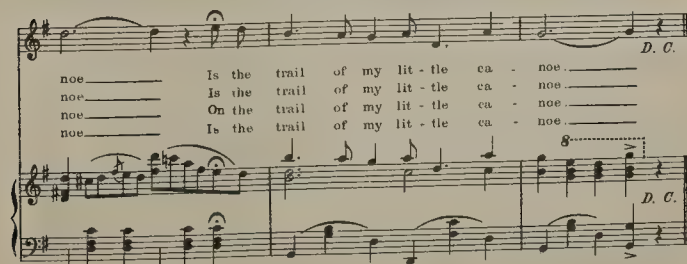
Dear are the lakes to me _____ And the spark - ling -
 Un - der the laugh - ing sky _____ Out through the maze where the
 Edg - ing the deep - er stream _____ Tan - a - gers flash in the
 Balm of the heart is here _____ Here where the bold - est -



sound is good Bright is the riv - er too _____ But the
 musk-rats hide Drawn like a sil - ver clew _____
 vault - ed leaves Where faint shim-mer-ing through _____ A
 foot paths cease, Here where the best is true _____ The



stream that winds to the heart of the wood Is the trail of my lit - tle ca -
 Clear to the but - tressed mount - ain side Goes the trail of my lit - tle ca -
 drows - y pat - tern the sun - light weaves On the trail of my lit - tle ca -
 love - li - est road to the shrines of peace Is the trail of my lit - tle ca -



noe _____ Is the trail of my lit - tle ca - noe _____ *D. C.*
 noe _____ Is the trail of my lit - tle ca - noe _____
 noe _____ On the trail of my lit - tle ca - noe _____
 noe _____ Is the trail of my lit - tle ca - noe _____ *8*
D. C.

MY HOME'S ON THE BOUNDLESS SEA

Words by KEYNTON

Music by CHARLES PRATT
Arr. by Theo. Martens.

f Spirited

Solo

1. O - ver the bil - low - y foam My
2. The land has no plea - sure for me, I
3. From trou - ble and care I'll flee, I

1st & 2nd Tenor (8va lower)

P

Ho yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo yeo

1st & 2nd Bass

P

bark speeds light and free O - ver the o - cean
dure no long - er stay; My bark is on the
fear not storm nor wreck; For they have no ter - rors

ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo

rall.

wild I roam, My home's on the bound - less sea! Now
roll - ing sea, And I must haste a - way! So
now for me, As I pace my ves - sels deck Hur -

ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!

rall.

greet - ing the moon's first ray, I plunge thro' the path - less blue, A
here's a health to old friends, May their hearts be ev - er true; As
rah! hur - rah! for the sea, Proud - ly then I'll pace my deck: As

ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!

N. B.—The accompaniment to be sung lightly and softly throughout.

rall.

bum-per of sil-ver - y spray, I quaff to our good ship's crew,
 night's dark sha-dows de - scend I'll skim o'er the wa - ter's blue!
 grand-ly she rides so free I laugh at all storm and wreck!

rall.

ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!

rall.

CHORUS *allegro*

f 1st Tenor.
 Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! A sail - or's life for me! Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo

2nd Tenor.
 Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! A sail - or's life for me! Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo

1st Bass.
 ho! yeo

2nd Bass.

ho! Bound-ing o - ver the sea! Mer-ri - ly sing yeo ho! As

ho! Bound-ing o - ver the sea! Mer-ri - ly sing yeo ho! yeo ho! As

ho!

rall.

bound-ing o'er the sea And mer-ri - ly sing yeo ho! A sail - or's life for me!

rall.

bound-ing o'er the sea yeo ho! And mer-ri - ly sing yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!

rall.

CANNIBALEE.

B. A. GOULD, Jr.

M. A. TAYLOR.

Moderato.

A can-ni-bal lived on a can-ni-bal isle, He was

thin-ner than thin could be; His legs were as lean as the tail of a rat, And his

head rat-tled around in his num-ber five hat, And he left no mark on the ground where he sat.

CHORUS. *Accel.*

'Twas a wo-ful sight to see. 'Twas a wo-ful sight to see, 'Twas a

Accel. molto e cres.

So it was. So it was.
So he did. So he did.

wo - ful sight to see, For he left no mark on the ground where he sat, For he

So it was.
So he did.

left no mark on the ground where he sat, For he left no mark on the

ground where he sat, 'Twas a wo - ful sight to see. see.

Tempo I.

So it was. So he did.

2. Now there came to this island from over the main
A laudable missionaree,
His weight was three hundred and forty-three pounds,
And his paunch and jowls and his tonsure were round,
And he left a mark where he sat on the ground.
'Twas a curious sight to see.
For he left a mark on the ground where he sat,
Just two and a half feet by three.
8. Now the moral of the song that I'm trying to sing
You soon will be able to see,
For the Christian proved docile and teachable quite,
He learned of the heathen the thing that was right,
And one Sunday morning before it was light,
He ate up the cannibalee.
And one Sunday morning before it was light,
He ate up the cannibalee.

THE WATERMELON.

Arr. by T. MARTENS.

Allegretto.

mf *p*

1. Oh! see dat wa - ter -
 2. You may talk a - bout your
 3. When de dew-drops dey is

mel-on A smil - in' thro' de fence? How I wish dat wa - ter mel-on it was
 ap-plies Your peach-es and your pears, And your 'sim-mons hang-in' on de 'sim-mon
 fall-ing Dat mel-on's gwine to cool, And I guess den it will taste most aw-ful

mine — Oh de white folks must be fool-ish Dey need a heap of
 vine — But bless my heart, my hon-ey's, Dat truck it aint no
 fine — So Ise gwine to come and fetch it, Or else I is a

sense, Or dey'd neb-ber leah it dar up-on de vine.
 wheres Oh! de wa-ter mel-on am de fruit for mel
 fool, if I leabs it dar a smil-in' on de vine.

CHORUS — *Male Voices*

Oh! de ham-bone am sweet And de ba-con am good, And de 'pos-sum fat am
ber-y, ber-y fine But gib me, yes gib me, Oh!
fine, yes, ber-y fine
how I wish you would Dat wa-ter mel-on smil-in' on de vine. *D.C.*
vine, yes, on the vine. *D.C.*

CHORUS. (*When sung by mixed voices.*)

Oh! de ham-bone am sweet, And de ba-con am good, And de
'pos-sum fat am ber-y, ber-y fine But gib me, yes
gib me, Oh, how I wish you would, Dat wa-ter mel-on 'smil-in' on de vine.

ALL'S WELL.

Words by JOHN OXENHAM.*

Music by JAS EDMUND JONES '88

Moderato.

1. Is the path-way
2. Is the light for -

dark and drear-y? God's in His heaven! Are you brok-en, heart-sick, woe-ry?
ev - er fail-ing? Is the faint heart ev-er quail-ing?

God's in His heaven! Drear - iest roads shall have an end-ing Brok - en hearts are
God's strong arms are all a-round you, In the dark He

for God's mend-ing sought and found you All's well! All's well! All's well!

2. Is the bur-den past your bear-ing? God's in His heaven! Hope-less, friend-less,
4. Is the fu - ture black with sor-row? Do you dread each

no one car - ing? Bur - dens shared are light to car - ry,
dark to - mor - row? God's in His heaven! Naught can come with - out His know - ing.

HE'S A GOOD OLD SOUL.

Arr. from air of "Turkey in the Straw."

Old T, - Y, - J, - is a good old soul, Old T, - - Y, - J, - is a
He wouldn't let us dance, And he wouldn't let us sing, And he wouldn't let us do a

THE TIME HAS COME

Verses may be improvised for the tune of "The Boots," Page 37. Robert Tyson of Toronto, the veteran canoeist and sport, contributes the following:-

- The meeting time has come,
The men sit round the table
The Chairman takes his seat,
Keeps order if he's able.
Hurrah, hurrah, the meeting time has come,
Order, order, tra la la la etc.
The meeting time has come,
I hear the knock the knock, the knock,
The thunderous knock of the chair,"
Fra Diavolo, the Chairman etc.
"Order if you please!"

2.

The smoking time has come,
Its peaceful moments bringing,
We'll light the briar pipe
And listen to the singing,
Hurrah, hurrah, the smoking time has come.
Smoking, smoking, tra la la la etc.
The smoking time has come.
I smell the pipe, the pipe,
The pipe, the p-p-P-P-P-pipe
Fra Diavolo the briar pipe,
Canomeno all do smoke.

3.

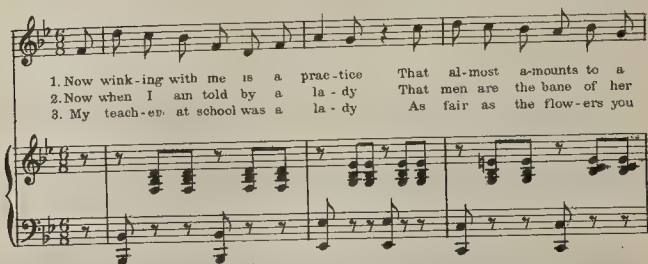
The sailing time has come,
A pleasant wind's blowing,
With canvas hoisted-full,
Like stately ships we're going
Hurrah, hurrah, the sailing time has come,
Sailing, sailing, tra la la la etc.
The sailing time has come,
I feel the breeze, the breeze, the breeze,
The squally old northerly breeze,
Fra Diavolo, the equally breeze,
Coming from the north.

4.

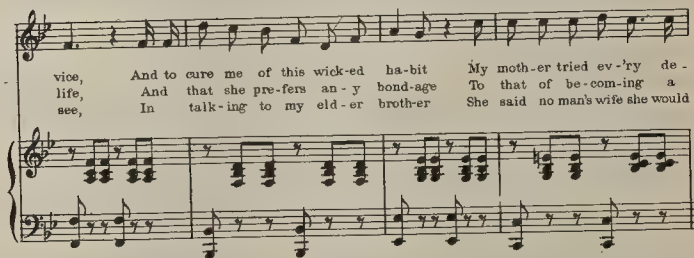
The paddling time has come,
The peaceful Bay is shining
While robed in gorgeous clouds,
The Western sun's declining,
Hurrah, hurrah, the paddling time has come.
Paddling, paddling, tra la la la etc.
The paddling time has come.
I hear the puff, the puff,
The p-p-puff
Fra Diavolo the ferry boat,
Puffing down the Bay.

I CANNOT HELP WINKING MY EYE.

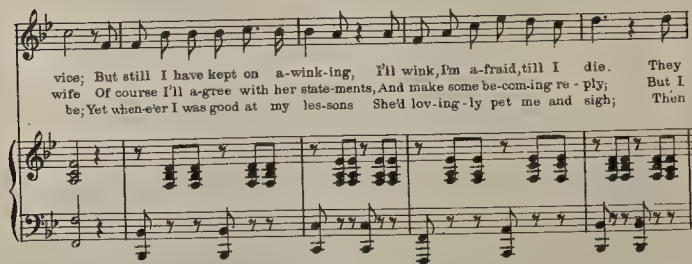
Words & Music by G. W. E. FIELD.



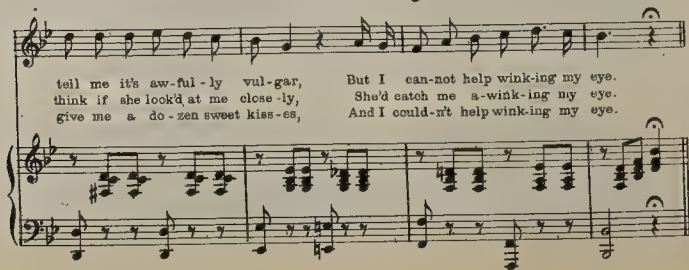
1. Now wink-ing with me is a prac-tice That al-most a-mounds to a
 2. Now when I am told by a la-dy That men are the bane of her
 3. My teach-er at school was a la-dy As fair as the flow-ers you



vice, And to cure me of this wick-ed ha-bit My moth-er tried ev-ry de-
 life, And that she pre-fers an-y bond-age To that of be-com-ing a
 see, In talk-ing to my eld-er broth-er She said no man's wife she would



vice; But still I have kept on a-wink-ing, I'll wink, I'm a-fraid, till I die. They
 wife Of course I'll a-gree with her state-ments, And make some be-com-ing re- ply; But I
 be; Yet when-e'er I was good at my les-sons She'd lov-ing-ly pet me and sigh; Then



tell me it's aw-ful-ly vul-gar, But I can-not help wink-ing my eye.
 think if she look'd at me close-ly, She'd catch me a-wink-ing my eye.
 give me a do-zen sweet kiss-es, And I could-rt help wink-ing my eye.

CHORUS

Yes, I know that it's quite un - be - com - ing, And to

TENOR I.

TENOR II.

Yes, I know it's quite un - be - com - ing, And to

BASS I.

BASS II.

cure the sad vice I shall try; But at pre - sent I hope you'll ex -

cure the sad vice I'll try, Yes, I'll cure it; But at pre - sent you'll ex -

cuse me, For I can - not help wink - ing my eye. D. C.

cuse me, For I can't help wink - ing my eye.

eye, with my eye.

4. Now Betsy the cook in our kitchen
is as buxom and fair as a rose;
She says that all men are a nuisance
And that she could bite off their nose.

Yet one day when I dropped in the kitchen
She was kissing a chap on the sly;
She might have been biting his nose off,
Yet I couldn't help winking my eye.
Yes, I know, etc.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

By Louis Lambert.

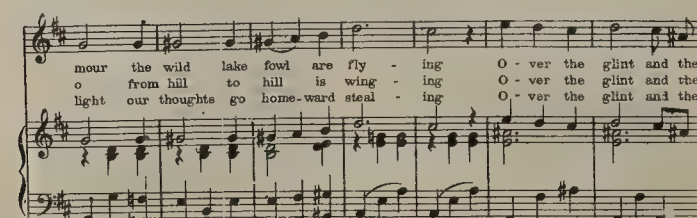
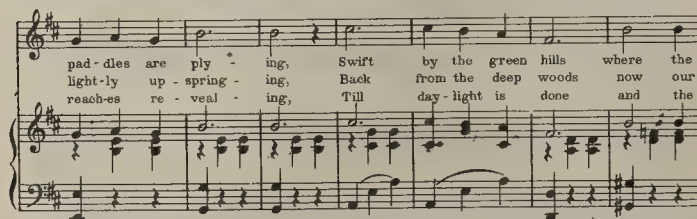
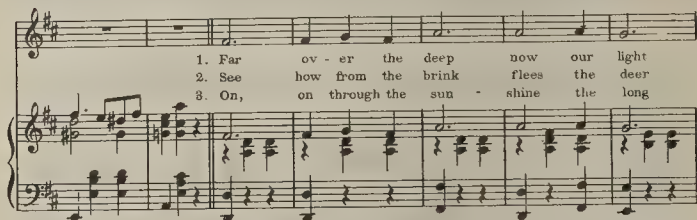
Same tune as "The Three Crows," (Page 81)

1. When Johnny comes marching home again,
(Cho.) Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then.
(Cho.) Hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
(Cho.) And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.
(Twice)
2. The old church bell will peal with joy,
To welcome home our darling boy;
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way.
3. Get ready for the jubilee;
We'll give the hero three times three.
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow.
4. Let love and friendship on that day
Their choicest treasures then display,
And let each one perform his part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart.

FAST AND FAR: A CANOEING SONG

Words by JOHN D. SPENCE, '89

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, '88

Moderato In paddling time.

gleam of the wa - ters and far a - way!
gleam of the wa - ters and far a - way!
gleam of the wa - ters and far a - way!

CHORUS

Fast and far - fast and far - Swift the deep stroke of the

pad - dle is send - ing us Fast and far - fast and far -

O - ver the glint and the gleam and far a - way!

HE'S A DAISY.

He's a dai - sy, He's a dai - sy, He's a dai - sy just now.
See him smil - ing, See him smil - ing, See him smil - ing just now.

Just now he's a dai - sy, He's a dai - sy just now.
Just now see him smil - ing, See him smil - ing just now.

OVER THE BANISTER.

YALE SONG.

Baritone Solo.

1. O-ver the ban-is-ter leans a face, Ten-der-ly sweet and be-guil-
 2. No-bod-y, on-ly those eyes of brown, Ten-der and full of mean-
 3. Holds her fingers and draws her down, Sud-den-ly grow-ing bold—

Male Voices Accom. *ad lib.* la, la, etc.

While be-low her with ten-der grace, He watch-es the pic-ture
 ing, Gaze on the love-li-est face in town, O-ver the ban-is-ter
 er, Till her love-ly hair lets its mass-es down Like a man-tle o-ver his

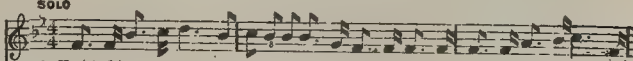
smil-ing. The light burns dim in the hall be low, No-bod-y sees them stand-
 lean-ing, Tim-id and tired, with down-cast eyes, I won-der why she lin-
 shoul-der; A ques-tion asked, a swift ca-ress, She has fled like a bird from the hall-

ing, Say-ing good-night a-gain soft and low, Half-way up to the land-ing.
 gers, Af-ter all the good-nights are said, Some-bod-y holds her fin-gers!
 way, But o-ver the ban-is-ter comes a "yes" That bright-ens the world for him al-way.

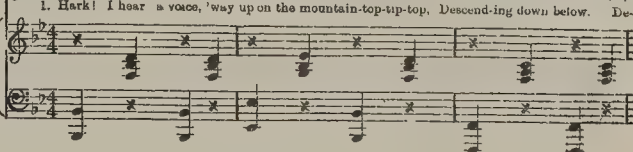
The upper staff of accompaniment to be played and sung an octave lower.

'WAY UP ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP-TIP-TOP.

Moderato. mf
SOLO

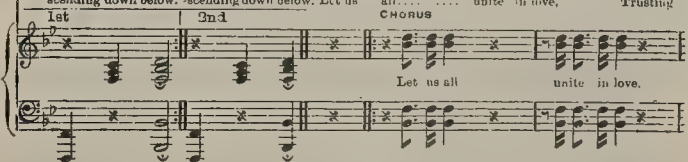
VOICED. 

1. Hark! I hear a voice, 'way up on the mountain-top-tip-top. Descending down below. De-

PIANO. 

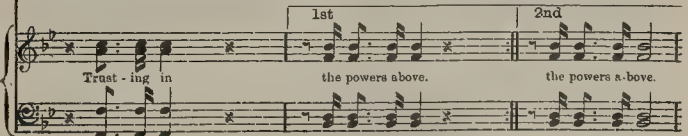
1st 2nd CHORUS
Solo
descending down below. descending down below. Let us all unite in love. Trusting

1st 2nd CHORUS
Let us all unite in love.



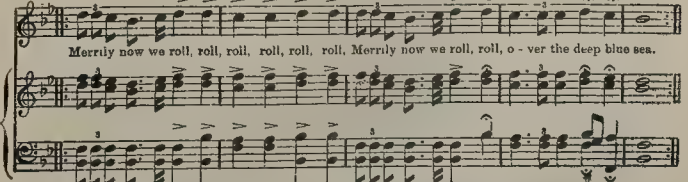
1st 2nd
in..... the powers a bove,..... Let us - bove,.....

1st 2nd
Trust - ing in the powers above. the powers a-bove.



accel. ritard.

Merrily now we roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, Merrily now we roll, roll, o - ver the deep blue sea.



2. Little Jacky Horner,
A-sitting in a corner,
Baking a Christmas pie;
He stuck in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a big boy am I!"
Chorus.—Let us all, etc.

3. Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggy had none.
Chorus.—Let us all, etc.

TRABBLING DOWN DE RIBBER.

Words by WILLIAM PEDLAR & JERRY BRITTON. Air arr. from "Haul the wood-pile down."

Solo *Chorus* *Solo*

1. De sun am shin - ing nine - ty - nine; Trab - bling down de rib - ber; We'se
 2. De sun am sink - ing, sink - ing low; Trab - bling slow - ly home - ward; I
 8. De smoke am ris - in' in de air; Keep your eye on de fish - line; I

Chorus *Solo*

gwine to stop right here and dine; Trab - bling down de rib - ber; Dar
 tink we will no farth - er go; Trab - bling slow - ly home - ward; De
 guess we aint no time to spare; Keep your eye on de fish - line;

Chorus *Solo*

aint no use to arg - u - fy; Trab - bling down de rib - ber; Dese
 Hark I hear de ra - pids roar; Trab - bling slow - ly home - ward; We'll
 moon am ris - ing on de hill; Keep your eye on de fish - line; Just

Chorus

nigs has got to eat or die, Trab - bling down de rib - ber.
 pitch de tents and work no more, Trab - bling slow - ly home - ward.
 sit a - round and take your fill; Keep your eye on de fish - line.

CHORUS:

Good - bye, Good - bye, Fare - well to the old camp ground! When the morn - ing mists have
 cleared a - way We'll haul the can - vas down. Haul the canvas, Haul the canvas down.

For Cho. to last verse.

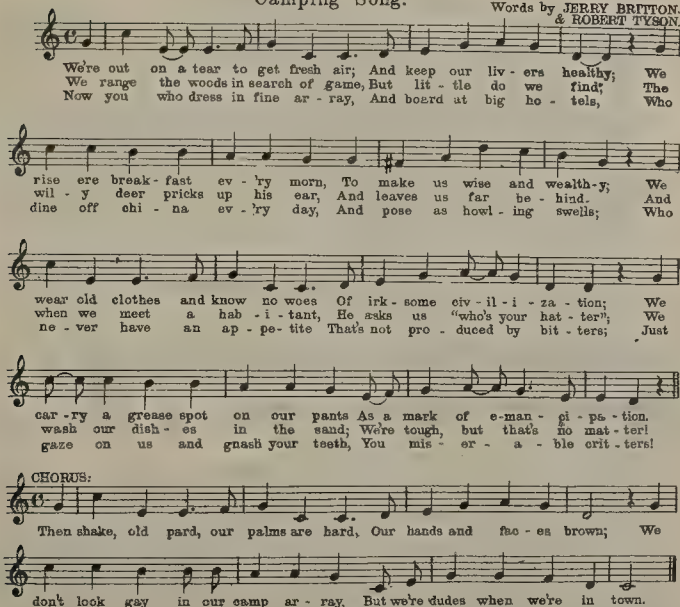
4.
 De coffee's bilin' in de pot;
 Make dat coffee blacker!
 De taters steaming mighty hot;
 Make dat coffee blacker!
 De fish am fryin' in de pan;
 Make dat coffee blacker!
 Oh! aint it time dis meal began;
 Make dat coffee blacker!

5.
 Fill up your dish with onions fried;
 Peel dem taters thinner!
 Stow dem away in your inside;
 Peel dem taters thinner!
 Oh! take a speckled trout or two;
 Peel dem taters thinner!
 Dar'll be none left when we get through;
 Peel dem taters thinner!

6.
 De owl's done singing on de twig;
 Haul dat packstrap tighter!
 De tadpoles gattin' mighty big;
 Haul dat packstrap tighter!
 De boat am waitin' on de shore;
 Haul dat packstrap tighter!
 You'll nebber see dese nigs no more;
 Haul dat packstrap tighter!

WE'RE OUT ON A TEAR. Camping Song.

Words by JERRY BRITTON.
& ROBERT TYSON.



We're out on a tear to get fresh air; And keep our liv-ers healthy; We
We range the woods in search of game, But lift the do we find; The
Now you who dress in fine ar-ray, And board at big ho-tels, Who

rise ere break-fast ev-'ry morn, To make us wise and wealth-y; We
wil-y deer pricks up his ear, And leaves us far be-hind; And
dine off chi-na ev-'ry day, And pose as howl-ing swells; Who

wear old clothes and know no woes Of irk-some civ-il-i-za-tion; We
when we meet a hab-i-tant, He asks us "who's your hat-ter"; We
ne-ver have an ap-pe-tite That's not pro-duced by bit-ters; Just

car-ry a grease spot on our pants As a mark of e-man-pi-pa-tion.
wash our dish-es in the sand; We're tough, but that's no mat-ter!
gaze on us and gnash your teeth, You mis-er-a-ble crit-ters!

CHORUS:
Then shake, old pard, our palms are hard, Our hands and fac-es brown; We
don't look gay in our camp ar-ray, But we're dudes when we're in town.

We are indebted to Mr. Jerry Britton and Mr. Robert Tyson for the characteristic and breezy camp songs "We're Out On a Tear" and "Trabbling Down de Ribber." Mr. Britton sent the songs on request with the following delightful letter:—

"I am delighted to hear this echo from my old friend Robert Tyson, from whom I have not heard for many moons. It pleases me to know he can still find time and pleasure for and in the old camp doggerel. It takes me back to many a camp and portage—goes with me through many a rapid. The sun sets to it and the flicker of the dying camp-fire and the cry of the loon interrupt its rhythm when I wake in the night.

"Not having a very seductive voice myself, I never venture to soar on the wings of my own noise, but I'm glad someone can take some pleasure out of the sublime sentiments of our old camp songs. Now I feel that Tyson has given me credit beyond my due, for that "Trabbling" song was a joint production of an old friend and myself, "Billy" Pedlar—an old Lindsay boy, now in Vancouver, B.C.—a prince of humors—and whatever fame that song brings should go mainly to him. Since the "Shake, Old Pard" was hatched it has undergone some changes which improve it—lift its moral tone, so to speak—so that Tyson may claim the undying glory of having collaborated with the distinguished author.

"I notice in the chorus of "Shake, Old Pard" provision is made for only one "face" ("Our face and hands are brown"). It seems to me that everybody's phiz ought to be included lest there be objections—at meal times.

"I hope that sometime we may foregather—preferably around a camp-fire—while the coffee gets hotter and blacker.

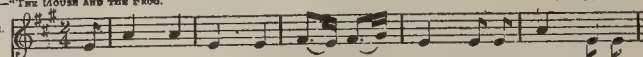
Very sincerely yours,
"JERRY BRITTON."

AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS.

DR. ARNOLD.

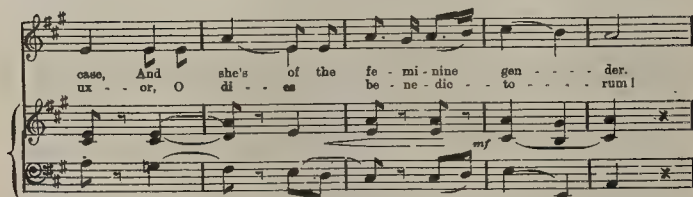
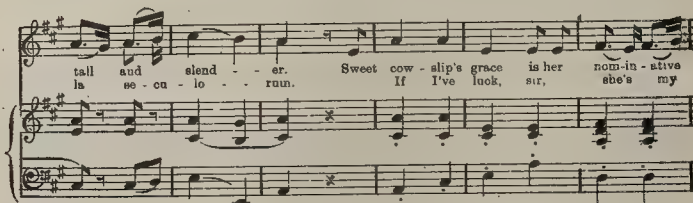
Tune—"THE MOON AND THE FROG."

VOICE.

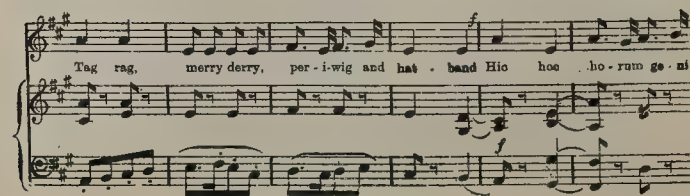
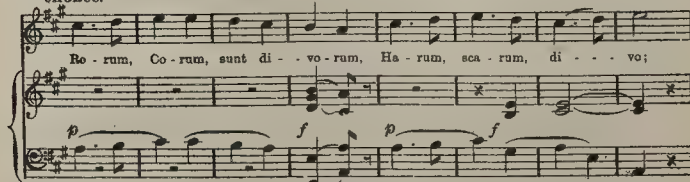


1. A - mo, A - mas, I love a lass, As a co - car
2. Oh, how bel - la my pu - el - la, I'll kiss so - cu

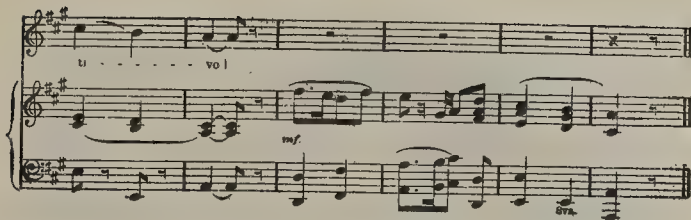
PIANO.



CHORUS.

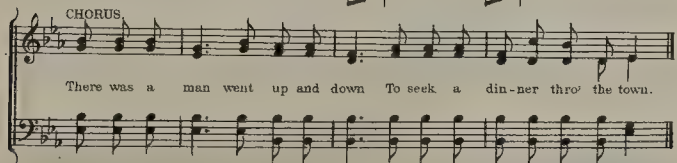
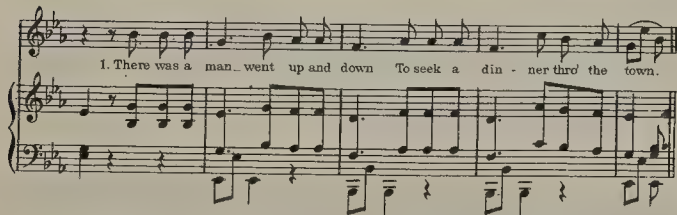
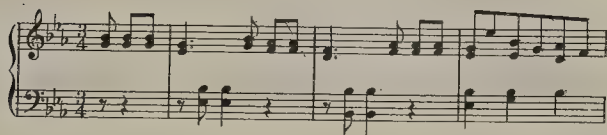


AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS.



THE LONE FISH-BALL

A Harvard Song in 1855.



2. What wretch is he who wife forsakes
Who beat of jam and waffles makes.
3. He feels his cash to know his pence
And finds he has but just six cents.
4. He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest face.
5. The bill-of-fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.
6. The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for two Fish-
ball."
7. The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers, "One Fish-ball."

8. The waiter roars it through the hall:
The guests they start at "One Fish-ball."
9. The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."
10. The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with one Fish-ball."

MORAL

11. Who would have bread with his Fish-ball
Must get it first or not at all.
 12. Who would Fish-balls with his friend's eat,
Must get some friend to stand the treat.
- (Each stanza is repeated as a chorus).

SPEED AWAY!

Among the superstitions of the Senecas is one which for its singular beauty is somewhat well known. When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with kisses and caresses, they leave the bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes, until it has flown to this spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. "It is not unfrequent," says the Indian historian, "to see twenty or thirty birds set loose at once over one grave."

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! on thine er - rand of light! There's a
 2. Wilt thou tell her, bright song - ster, the old chief is lone? That he

young heart a - wait - ing thy com - ing to - night; She will fon - dle thee
 sits all the day by his cheer - less hearth - stone? That his tom - a - hawk

close, she will ask for the loved, Who pine up - on earth since the
 lies all un - not - ed the while, And his thin lips wreath e - ver in

"Day Star" has roved, She will ask if we miss her, so long is her
 one sun - less smile? That the old chief - tian mourns her, and why will she

stay, stay? Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!
 Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!

3. And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing,
 That her mother hath ever a sad song to sing?
 That she stands alone in the still quiet night,
 And her fond heart goes forth for the being of night
 Who had slept in her bosom, but who would not stay?
 Speed away! speed away! speed away!

4. Go, bird of the silver wing! fosterless now;
 Swoop not thy bright pinions on yon mountain's brow;
 But hie thee away o'er rock, river and glen,
 And find our young "Day Star" ere night close again.
 Up! onward! let nothing thy mission delay.
 Speed away! speed away! speed away!

* Accel.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Moder. - so.

S. C. POSTER.

1st TENOR.

All.

1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee Rib - ber, Far, far a - way.
 2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan - dered When I was young.
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I lov,

1st BASS.

2nd BASS.

Dere's where my heart is turn - ing eb - ber. Dere's where de old folks stay.
 Den ma - ny hap - py day I equan - dered, Ma - ny de songs I sung,
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove,

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam.
 When I was play - ing wid my brad - der, Hap - py was I,
 When shall I see de bees a - hum - ming All round de comb?

FINE.

Still long - ing for de old plant - a - tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Oh! take me to my kind old roud - der. Dare let me lib and die,
 When shall I hear de ban - jo thrum - ming, Down in my good old home?

FINE

ref. O dar - keys, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from the old folks at home.

DAL SEGNO AL FINE.

Ref. All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - ry where I roam,

THE LORELEY.

MEINE, 1823.

1st & 2nd Tenor.

SILCHER.

1. Oh! tell me what it mean - eth, This gloom and tear - ful

1st & 2nd Bass

eye?.... 'Tis mem - o - ry that re - tain - eth The tale of years gone

by..... The fad - ing light grows dim - mer The Rhine doth calm - ly

flow..... The lof - - ty hill - tops glim - mer Red with the sun - set glow....

2. Above the maiden sitteth,
A wondrous form and fair;
With jewels bright she platteth
Her shining golden hair;
With comb of gold prepares it,
The task with song beguiled;
A fateful burden bears it—
That melody so wild.
3. The boatman on the river,
Liste to the song, spell-bound;
Oh! what shall him deliver
From danger threat'ning 'round?
The waters deep have caught them,
Both boat and boatman brave;
The Loreley's song hath brought them
Beneath the foaming wave.

THE COLORED FOUR HUNDRED.

Words by H. G. WHEELER.

J. W. WHEELER.
Arr. by THEO. MARTENS.

1. We're beau-i-deals of swell-dom in so-ci-e-ty's 'up-per ten,' We're i-dol-ized by
2. We're swains of swell so-ci-e-ty, all im-i-tate our ways, And a-my fad we

buds and belles, and en-vied by the men; When at a swell re-cep-tion or a
may a-do-pt at once be-comes a craze; We ride and drive, we dance and pose to

most ex-clu-sive ball, We're the cen-tre of at-trac-tion and the lead-ers of them
catch the fe-male eye, And as ma-tri-mo-nial pri-zes, don't we set our val-ue

all We pro-mo-nade the A-ve-nue and Bou-le-varde, And
high! At ma-ti-nees we show our-selves on Sa-turdays, And

all the while we tip our hats, and bow and smile; We re - pre -
down the aisle we sing a-long in gal - lant style; We're "in the

sent the el - e - ment they call four hun - dred swells.
swim and out to win; we're col - ored tho - rough - breds.

CHORUS.

1st Tenor.

We are the cream, the *de la crème*, Of the colored pop-u-

2nd Tenor.

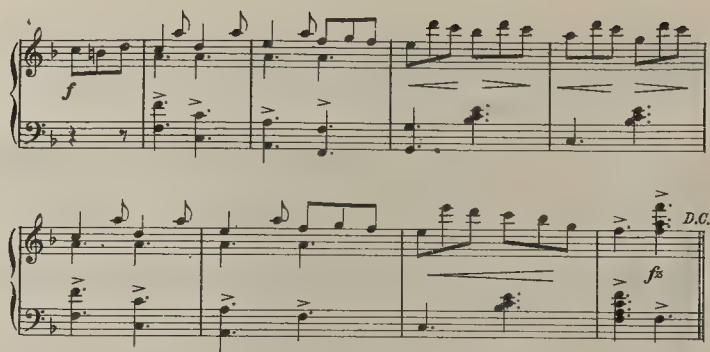
We are the cream, the cream, the *de la crème, la crème*, We're the cream,

1st & 2nd Basses.

We are the cream, the cream, the *de la crème, la crème*, We're the cream,

- la - tion, and we are a dan - dy team; As for swells and dar-key
 de la crème, a dan - dy team; And swells, and as for swells, And
 de la crème, a dan - dy team; And swells, and as for swells, And

bells, None can beat the mem-bers of the col-ored four hun - dred
 bells and dar-key bells, And none can beat the col-ored four hun - dred.
 bells and dar-key bells, And none can beat the col-ored four, col-ored four hun-dred.



THREE BLIND MICE. (Round)

1. Three blind mice, Three blind
 2. See how they run, See how they
 3. They all ran af-ter the farm-er's wife, Who cut off their tails with a
 2. mice, Three blind mice,
 3. run, See how they run.
 1. carv-ing knife; Did you ev-er hear such a thing in your life?

Andantino.

TO MINONA.

LOUIS SPOHR.

1st, 2d & 3d. Last time.

1st & 2nd Tenors.

Air.

1. Soft and low I breathe my pas - sion, Will she
2. Dost thou smile, my love dis - dain - ing, While in

1st & 2nd Basses.

wake and bless my sight? Ah! if dreams her form might fash - ion, How un-
chill - ing mid - night spite Here I wait, of thee com - plain - ing To the

wel - come were the light! Fair - est speak, and say good - night.
stars so cold and bright; Oh, re - lent and say good - night.

3. Far from love, o'er plain and river,
Late I rushed in headlong flight;
Ah! he followed ever, ever!
Vain is speed against his might.
Here I yield, O! one good-night.

4. Leave me not in darkness pining;
From thy curtained windows' height,
Let one look of pity shining,
Warm my heart to new delight.
Let me hear one sweet good-night.

IF I ONLY HAD A CHECK FROM HOME.

C. B. A.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Moderato.

1. Oh, I'm look-ing for a check from
 2. Oh! there's noth-ing makes a fel-low feel so
 3. Oh, I al-ways find it hard to keep my

home, And I wish, oh, how I wish that it would come! For my
 blue As wait-ing for a check that's o-ver-due; He feels
 cash; And es-pe-cial-ly when I think I'll cut a dash; If the

board is o-ver-due, And my room rent too: You can't
 sor-ry for him-self, And his pipe up on the shelf Looks so
 folks at home just knew How it fades from mor-tal view! Here to

blame me if I'm feel-ing might-y glum; I owe
 lone-some there, with, noth-ing else to do; In his
 day! to-mor-row gone just in a flash! When they

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ev - 'ry oth - er fel - low that I meet, And I dodge them as I'm
pock - et, knife and tooth-pick all a - lone With a bunch of keys, but
ask me where it's gone it makes me sore; Then I have to write at

com - ing down the street, I've searched ev - 'ry pock - et through, And a
na - ry, na - ry bone! Oh, it makes a fol - low sad When he
once and ask for more; But it is - n't an - y joke To e -

rit.
wel - come fond and true Waits the check from home that some-day I shall greet!
thinks of all he's had, With no check in sight and ev - 'ry pen - ny gone!
ter - nal - ly be broke; So I'll write; I've done it sev - eral times be - fore.

1. & 2. If I on - ly had a check from home! (the dear old home!) If I
3. If I on - ly had a check from Dad! (from dear old Dad!) If I

on - ly had a check from home! (the dear old home.) I'd treat ev - ery one I know
 on - ly had a check from Dad! (from dear old Dad!) I'd treat ev - ery one I know

And pay ev - ery cent I owe, If I on - ly had a check from
 And pay ev - ery cent I owe, If I on - ly had a check from

home, (dear old home.) If I on - ly had a check from home! (the dear old home.) If the
 Dad, (dear old Dad.) If I on - ly had a check from Dad! (from dear old Dad!) It would

cash I need would on - ly come! I'd pay ev - ery cent I owe, And I'd
sure - ly make my friends feel glad; I'd pay ev - ery cent I owe, And I'd

take in ev - ery show, If I on - ly had a check from home, (sweet home!)
take in ev - ery show, If I on - ly had a check from Dad (dear old Dad!)

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS.

Words by E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, '88.

Modérato. West wind, blow from your

prai - rie nest; Blow from the moun - tains, blow from the west. The sail is i - dle, the

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sail-or too; Oh! wind of the west, we wait for you. Blow, blow! I have

wooed you so, But nev-er a fa-vour you be-stow: You rock your cra-dle the

hills be-tween, But scorn to no-tice my white la-teen.

I stow the sail and un-ship the mast; I wooed you long, but my

woo-ing's past; My pad-die will lull you in-to rest, O drows-y wind of the

drows-y west. Sleep, sleep, by your moun-tains steep, Or down where the prai-rie

grass-es sweep, Now fold in slum-ber your lag-gard wings, For soft is the song my

pad-die sings. Au-gust is laugh-ing a-cross the sky,
riv-er rolls in its rock-y bed, My

Laugh-ing while pad-die, es-noe, and I Drift, drift where the hills up-lift On
pad-die is ply-ing its way a-head Dip, dip, when the wa-ters slip in

eth-er side of the sur-rent swift. The And
foam as o-ver their breast we slip.

oh the riv - er runs swift - er
far to for-ward the ra - pids

now, The ed-dies cir-cle a -
roar, The ed-dies cir-cle a -
Fret-ting their mar-gin for -

bout my bow. Swirl,
ev er more. Dash,

swirl, how the rip-ples curl in
dash, with a might-y crash They

ma-ny a dan-ger-ous pool a whirl, And
seethe and boil, and bound and splash, Be

strong, O pad-dle, Be brave, can-o-e, The reck-less waves you must plunge in-to;
raced the rapids, We're far a-head, The riv-er slips thro' its si-lent bed;

Heel, reel on your trem-bling keel, But nev-er a fear my craft will feel. We've
Sway, sway as the bub-bles spray, And fall in tiuk-ling

tunes a-way, g.....

And up on the hills, a-against the sky, A fir-tree

rock-ing its lu-la-by, Swings, swings its en'-rald

wings, Swell-ing the song my pad - dle sings, Swell-ing the

song my pad - dle sings.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Words & Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Solo.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-les are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mea-dow, the hill, and the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dar-key may

gay, The corn - tops ripe and the mea-dow in the bloom, While the
 shore, They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon On the
 go, A few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the

birds make mu - sic all the day; The young folks roll on the
 bench by the old cab - in door; The day goes by like a
 fields where the su - gar - canes grow; A few more days for to

lit - the cab - in floor, All mer - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'n
 sha - dow o'er the heart, With sor - row, where all was de - light, The
 tote the heav - y load, No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light, A

by Hard Times comes a - knock - ing at the door, Then my old Ken - tuck - y home, good night.
 time has come when the dar - kies have to part, Then my old Ken - tuck - y home, good night.
 few more days will we tot - ter on the road, Then my old Ken - tuck - y home, good night.

CHORUS.

pp Weep no more my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day, We will *AIR.*

AIR.

sing one song for the old Ken - tuck - y home, for the old Ken - tuck - y home, far a - way.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

Words by GEORGE W. JOHNSON.

Music by J. A. BUTTERFIELD

Arr. by Carrie B. Adams.

pp

Hm Hm

AIR. I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To
 A ci - ty so si - lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the
 They say I am fee - ble with age, Mag-gie, My

Hm Hm

Hm Hm

watch the scene be - low; The creek, and the creek - ing old
 young and the gay and the best In pol - ished white man - sions of
 steps are less spright - ly than then; My face is a well writ - ten

Hm Hm

AIR. The green grove is gone from the
 Is built where the birds used to
 They say we are ag - ed and

Hm

mill, Mag-gie, As we used to, long a - go;
 stones, Mag-gie, Have each found a place of rest, Hm
 page, Mag-gie, But time a - lone was the pen,

Hm

hill, Mag-gie, Where first the dais - ies sprung,
 play, Mag-gie, And join in the song that was sung, Hm
 gray, Mag-gie, As sprays by the white break-ers flung,

Hm

The
 For we
 But to

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Hum

creak - ing old mill is still, Mag - gie, Since you and I were young.
 sang as — gay as they, Mag - gie, When you and I were young.
 me you're as fair as you were, Mag - gie, When you and I were young.

REFRAIN.

AIR.
 But now we are ag - ed and gray, Mag - gie, The
 But now we are ag - ed and gray, Mag - gie, The

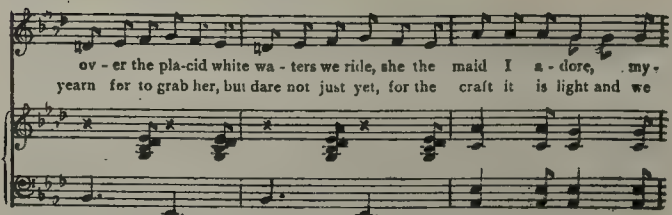
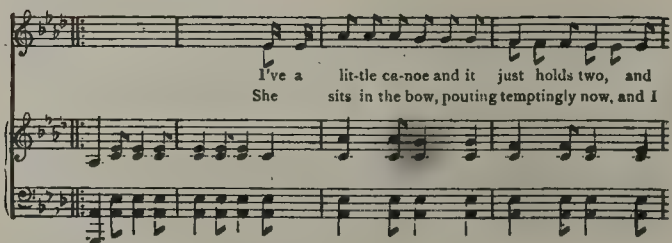
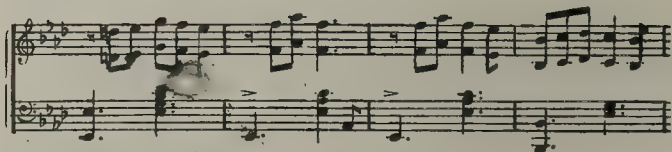
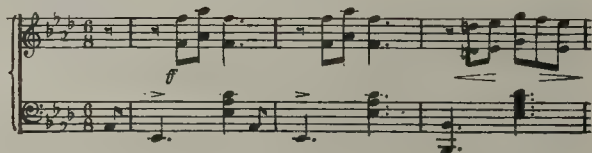
AIR.
 tri - als of life near - ly done; Let us
 tri - als of life near - ly done; Let us

Con forza. *pp*
 sing of the days that are gone, Mag - gie, When you and I were young.
 sing of the days that are gone, Mag - gie, When you and I were young.

Canoe Song.

Words ANONYMOUS

Music by W. S. HEMPHILL.



CANOE SONG.

rit.

self and no more, for if there were o-thers, we would sink in the tide, we would
have to sit tight, if we cough'd or we sneez'd we would sure-ly up-set, we would

*ff rit.**tempo.*

sink in the tide.... Sing, Oh! for the summer, the hot gor-geous summer, Sing
sure-ly up-set.... Sing, Oh! for the summer, the hot gor-geous summer, Sing

*tempo**pp**rit.*

Oh! for the smiles on the in-do-lent moon, and my heart chants a song as I
Oh! for the slim summer girl all in white, with the straw-ber-ry lips, and sym-

*pp rit.**tempo.*

pad-dle a-long, and my girl says I can't steal her 'kis-ses too soon, says I
met-ri-cal hips, huddled there like a per-fum'd bou-quet of de-light, like a

tempo.

CANOE SONG

can't steal her kisses too soon. And the river slips by, with a wink in its eye, And its per-fum'd bouquet of de-light. Let the riv-er slip by, with that wink in its eye, For its

rit.
all I can do in my lit-tle can-oe, that just holds two.....
pp rit.
1st. a tempo
ff a tempo

2nd
ff a tempo

The British Grenadiers

16th Century
Arranged by HANS DRESSEL.

Con spirito.

Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, And some of Her - cu -

les, Of Hec - tor and Ly - san - der, And such great names as

these; But of all the world's brave he - roes There's none that can com -

pare, With a tow row row row row row, To the Brit - ish Gren - a - diers

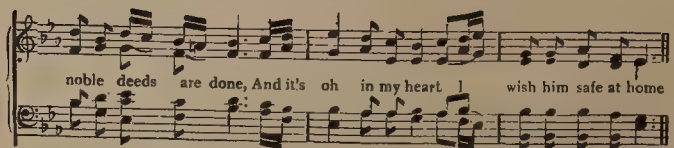
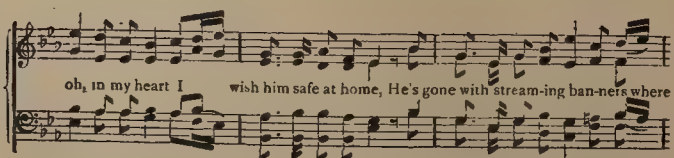
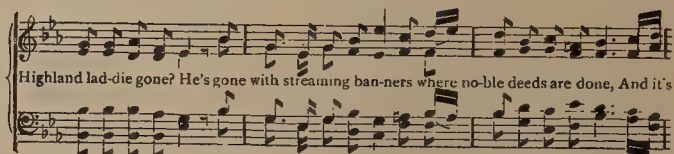
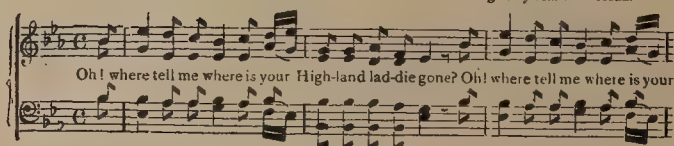
The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of four systems of staves. The first system begins with the tempo marking 'Con spirito.' and the lyrics 'Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, And some of Her - cu -'. The second system continues the lyrics 'les, Of Hec - tor and Ly - san - der, And such great names as'. The third system continues 'these; But of all the world's brave he - roes There's none that can com -'. The fourth system concludes with 'pare, With a tow row row row row row, To the Brit - ish Gren - a - diers'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the melody is primarily in the right hand.

When'er we are commanded,
To storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses,
And we with hand-grenades;
We throw them from the glacis,
About the enemies' ears,
Sing tow row row row row row,
The British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper,
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches,
And wear the loupéd clothes;
May they and their commanders
Live happy all their years,
With a tow row row row row row
For the British Grenadiers.

The Blue Bells of Scotland.

Arranged by HANS DÄRSEL.



Oh! where tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell?

Oh! where tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell?

He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell.

And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my laddie well. He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, etc.

Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?

Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?

A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid.

And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad. A bonnet with a lofty plume, etc.

Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?

Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?

Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,

For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.

Oh, no! true love will be his guard, etc.

SLEEP, LADY, SLEEP!

SERENADE.

H. R. BLISS OP. 176. 1853.

Largo. *pp*

TENORS
BASSES

Sleep, la - dy, sleep!..... The sum - mer night doth fall, With

stream - - ing o'er all;.... *espress.* *pp*

sil-ver moon-light soft - - ly stream - - - ing;.... Thenight breezesighs through

dolce *droop* the drow - sy flow'rs.

all the hap - py hours, Be - neath thy ease - ment droop..... the drow - sy flow'rs.

Allegretto moderato *p*

Sleep, and may dreams of sweet de - - light vi - - sit thee,

love, this sum - mer night. Sleep, la - dy, sleep! and

cresc. *dim.*

may no sor - row Come nigh thee e - ver on a - - ny

SLEEP, LADY, SLEEP.

mer - row, Come nigh thee, lov'd one, ev - - - er.
 Come nigh thee ev - - - er.

pp
 Sleep, and may dreams of sweet de - - - light vi - - sit thee,

Good night, good
 love, this sum - - mer night..... Good night.....
 night. Good night, good

night,
 good night, good night, good night. Sleep on with dreams of
cresc. f

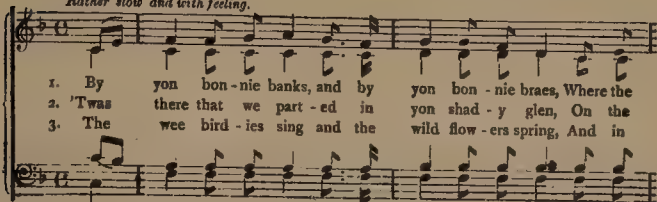
dim.
 sweet de - - light. Good night, good night, good night, good

ppp
 night, good night, good night.....
ppp

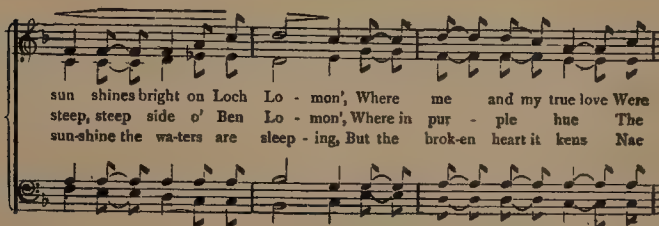
Loch Lomond.

TRADITIONAL SCOTCH MELODY.

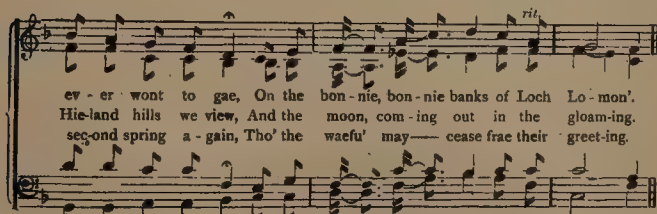
Arranged by W. E. F.

Rather slow and with feeling.


1. By yon bon-nie banks, and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the
 2. 'Twas there that we part-ed in yon shad-y glen, On the
 3. The wee bird-ies sing and the wild flow-ers spring, And in



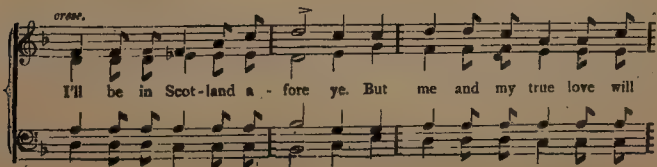
sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mon', Where me and my true love Were
 sleep, steep side o' Ben Lo-mon', Where in pur-ple hue The
 sun-shine the wa-ters are sleep-ing, But the brok-en heart it kens Nae



er-er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mon'.
 Hie-land hills we view, And the moon, com-ing out in the gloam-ing.
 sec-ond spring a-gain, Tho' the waefu' may—cease frae their greet-ing.

REFRAIN *Brisker.*


Oh! ye'll tak' the high-road and I'll tak' the low-road, And



I'll be in Scot-land a-fore ye. But me and my true love will

LOCH LOMOND.

ne - ver meet a - gain On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mon!

Words adapted from the
Icelandic of Páll Jónsson by
Rev C. Venn Pilcher.

VESPER HYMN

Music by
JAS. EDMUND JONES
1917

On the wings of light de - clin - ing,
Let Thy light, which fail - eth ne - ver,

Sinks the west - 'ring sun — to sleep;
Round me shine, though day — de - part;

Lord, Thine eyes in dark or shin - ing
And, though night pre - vail - eth, ev - er

vig - il keep. A - - men.
flood my heart.

ALTERNATIVE SETTING

As we leave Thy house, O Father,
Hear in Heaven our vespers prayer;
Keep our loved ones, gentle Saviour,
In Thy care. — T. H. Litster.

Shades of Evening.

Words by F. H. BAYLEV.

C. S. WHITMORE.
arranged by HANS DRESSEL.

Shades of ev'ning close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly bark a-while

Morn, a - las! will not re - store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant Isle;

Still my fan - cy can dis - co - ver Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell;

Dark - er shadows round us ho - ver, Isle of beau - ty fare - thee well.

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to-night?
Thro' the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly—fare-thee-well!

When the waves around us breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon;
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of beauty, fare-thee-well.

Hark! Hark! the Lark.

Words by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Music by FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Allegretto.
Hark! Hark! the lark at Heav'n's gate sings, And Phoebus 'gins a -

- rise, His steeds to wa - ter at those springs, On cha - lie'd flow'rs that

lies, On cha - lie'd flow'rs that lies. And winking Ma - ry

- buds be - gin To ope the gold - en eyes; With ev - 'ry - thing that

pret - ty bin; My la - dy sweet a - rise, With ev'rything that

HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

pret - ty bin; My La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a -

- rise, My La - dy sweet a - rise, a - rise, a

- rise, My La - dy sweet, a - rise.

The musical score is for a male voice part, likely tenor or alto, in a key of B-flat major (two flats). It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The lyrics are: "pret - ty bin; My La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a -". The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics: "- rise, My La - dy sweet a - rise, a - rise, a". The third staff concludes the phrase with the lyrics: "- rise, My La - dy sweet, a - rise." There are dynamic markings "cres." and "deces." above the first and second staves respectively.

A Jolly Good Laugh.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Harmonized for Male Voices by W. E. F

1st & 2nd Tenor

Voice

z O, I love, O I love a good laugh, ha! ha! For a won-der-ful thing is a

s So I love, So I love a good laugh, ha! ha! For a won-der-ful cure is a

1st & 2nd Bass

laugh, ha! ha! Why its bet-ter than all the tears, That a bo-dy could shed for

laugh, ha! ha! Why there's laughter in ev'-ry thing, In the ri-vers, and birds that

The musical score is for a male voice part, likely tenor or alto, in a key of B-flat major (two flats). It consists of two staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The lyrics are: "z O, I love, O I love a good laugh, ha! ha! For a won-der-ful thing is a" and "s So I love, So I love a good laugh, ha! ha! For a won-der-ful cure is a". The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics: "laugh, ha! ha! Why its bet-ter than all the tears, That a bo-dy could shed for" and "laugh, ha! ha! Why there's laughter in ev'-ry thing, In the ri-vers, and birds that". There are dynamic markings "cres." and "deces." above the first and second staves respectively.

A JOLLY GOOD LAUGH.

1. A charm for
 2. Don't be

years; And there's nothing so good is a laugh.
 sing; And there's nothing so good as a laugh.

1. Its a charm for the dark - est
 2. Don't be mon - dy and grow so

2. Don't be

ills, it light - ens bills,
 moo - dy, ha! ha! Why, its
 ill, ha! ha! And it light - ens the doc - tors bills ha! ha!
 thin, ha! ha! If you ne'er tried a laugh be - gin, So

moo-dy Try a laugh,

food, and it's sun, and it's air, ha! ha! And it drives to the wall old
 laugh and you'll soon con - fess, ha! ha! That your shad - ow will not grow

care, ha! ha! O, there's noth - ing so good by half, As a
 less, ha! ha! O, there's noth - ing so good by half,

A JOLLY GOOD LAUGH.

jol - ly good heart - y laugh! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, As a jol-ly good heart-y laugh! Ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, As a jol-ly good heart-y laugh!



Jim Crack Corn.

Plantation Song
Arranged by HANS DÄRSEL.

When I was young I used to wait on mas-sa, and hand him de plate; Pass
down de bot-tle when he get dry, And brush a-way de blue-tail fly.
Jim crack corn, I don't care, Jim crack corn, I don't care,
Jim crack corn, I don't care, Ole mas-sa gone a way.

2. An' when he ride in de arternoon,
I follow wid a hickory broom;
De poney being berry shy,
When bitten by de blue-tail fly.

Jim crack corn, &c.

3. One day he rode around de farm,
De flies so numerous dey did swarm;
One chance to bite him on the thigh,
De debble take dat blue-tail fly.

Jim crack corn, &c.

4. De poney run, he jump an' pitch,
An' tumble massa in de ditch;
He died, an' de jury wonder'd why,
De verdic was de blue-tail fly.

Jim crack corn, &c.

5. Dey laid 'im under a 'simmon tree,
His epitaph am dar to see:
"Beneath dis stone I'm forced to lie,
All by de means ob de blue-tail fly."

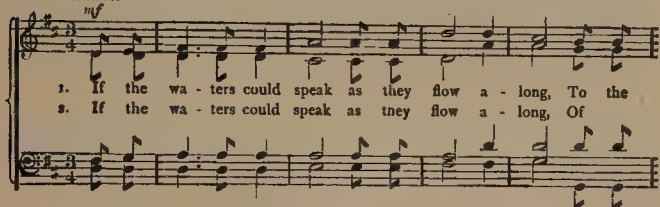
Jim crack corn, &c.

If the Waters Could Speak.

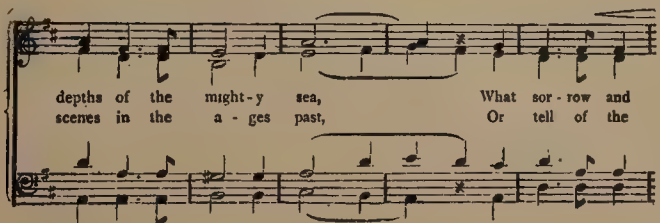
Words and music by CHARLES GRAHAM,
Arranged for mixed voices by W. E. F.

Moderato

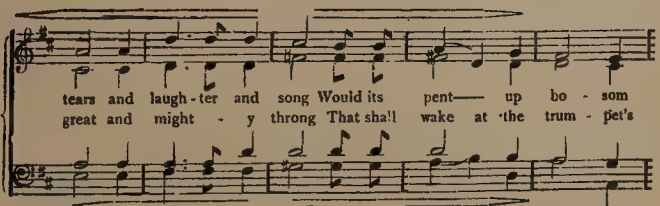
mf



1. If the wa - ters could speak as they flow a - long, To the
2. If the wa - ters could speak as they flow a - long, Of

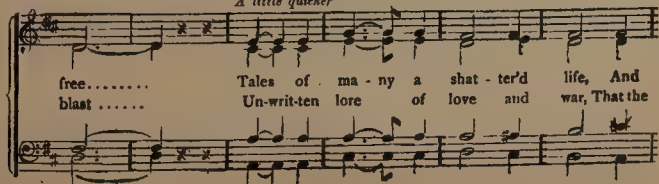


depths of the might-y sea, What sor - row and
scenes in the a - ges past, Or tell of the



tears and laugh - ter and song Would its pent - up bo - som
great and might - y throng That shall wake at the trum - pet's

A little quicker



free..... Tales of ma - ny a shat - ter'd life, And
blast..... Un-writ - ten lore of love and war, That the

IF THE WATERS COULD SPEAK.

rit *a tempo*

once gold-en hopes laid low... Would min-gle with
world will ne-ver know... Would come be.

rit

If the

those of ca-reers more bright, If the wa-ters could speak as they
fore us from days of yore, If the wa-ters could speak as they

flow... Would min-gle with those of ca-reers more
flow... Would come be-fore us from days of

poco rit.

bright, If the wa-ters could speak as they flow...
yore, If the wa-ters could speak as they flow...

IF THE WATERS COULD SPEAK

REFRAIN.

low..... cresc. *f*

low hopes laid low Would min - gle with those of bright - er ca -

low..... cresc. *f*

low hopes laid low Would min - gle with those of bright - er ca -

pp poco rall. flow.....

ters, If the wa - ters could speak as they flow, as they flow.

pp poco rall. flow.....

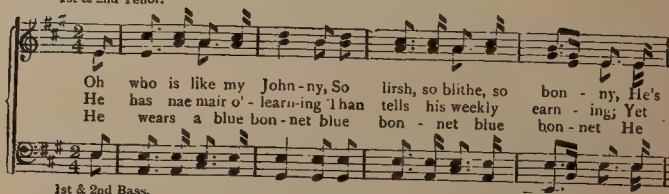
ters, If the wa - ters could speak as they flow, as they flow.



Weel may the keel row.

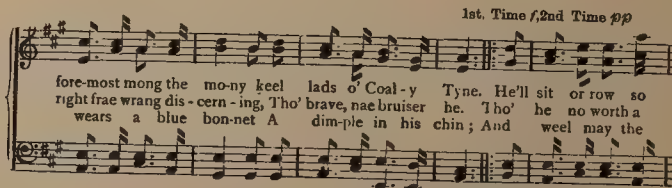
Allegretto
1st & 2nd Tenor.

BORDER SONG
arranged by HANS DRESSL.



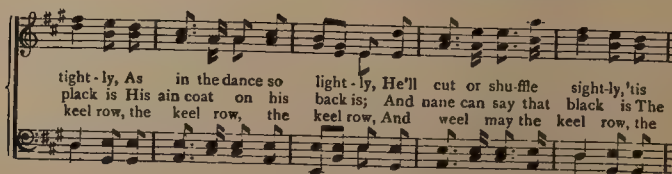
Oh who is like my John-ny, So lish, so blithe, so bon - ny, He's
He has nae mair o' - learn-ing 'han tells his weekly earn - ing; Yet
He wears a blue bon-net blue bon - net blue bon - net He

1st & 2nd Bass.

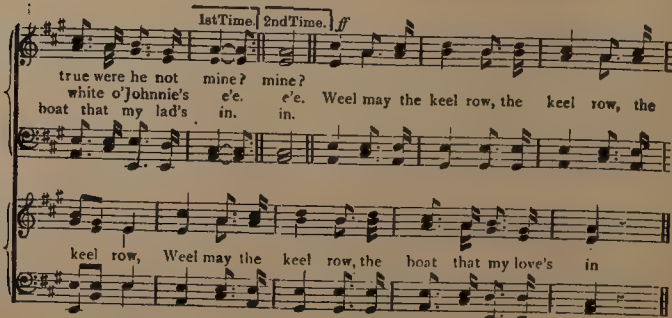


1st. Time *f*, 2nd Time *pp*

fore-most mong the mo-ny keel lads o' Coal-y Tyne. He'll sit or row so
right frae wrang dis- cern- ing, Tho' brave, nae bruiser he. Tho' he no worth a
wears a blue bon-net A dim-ple in his chin; And weel may the



tight- ly, As in the dance so light- ly, He'll cut or shuffe sight-ly, 'tis
plack is His ain coat on his back is; And nane can say that black is The
keel row, the keel row, the keel row, And weel may the keel row, the



1st Time, 2nd Time. *f*

true were he not mine? mine?
white o' Johnnie's e'e. e'e. Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the
boat that my lad's in. in.

keel row, Weel may the keel row, the boat that my love's in

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.

Andantino

Arranged by HANS DRESSL.

Tenor
Baritone

Bass

Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear-ing young charms Which I
It is not while beau-ty and youth are thine own, And thy

gaze on so fond-ly to - day, Were to change by to-mor-row, and
cheeks un-pro-fan'd by a tear, That the fer-vour and faith of a

fleet in my arms, Like fai-ry gifts fa-ding a way, Thou would'st
soul can be known, To which time will out make thee more dear; No, the

still be a-dor'd as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy love-li-ness fade as it
heart that has tru-ly lov'd nev-er forgets, But as tru-ly loves on to the

will, And a - - round the dear ru - in each
close, As the sun - flow - er turns on her

wish of my heart, Would en - twine it - self ver-dant-ly still,
god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose

Sweet Genevieve.

H. TUCKER

Arranged by HANS DRESSER

Andante moderato.
Tenor

Baritone *p*
 O Gen - e - vieve I'd give the world to live a - gain the lovely past! The
 Fair Gen - e - vieve, My ear - ly love, The years but make thee dear - er far; My

Bass

rose of youth was dew - im - pearl'd; But now it with - ers in the blast. I
 heart shall ne - ver never rove; Thou art my on - ly guid - ing star. For

see thy face in ev - 'ry dream, My wak - ing thoughts are full of thee; Thy
 me the past has no re - gret What - e'er the years may bring to me; I

glance is in th' star - ry beam That falls a - long the sum - mer sea. — O,
 bless the hour when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee! O,

Gen - e - vieve, sweet Gen - e - vieve, The days may come, the days may go. But

still the hands of mem' - ry weave The bliss - ful dreams of long a - go.

The low-backed Car.

Arranged by HANS DRESSL.

Tenor & Baritone

1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a market day, A
 2. In bat-tle's wild com-mo-tion The proud and might-y Mars, With

Bass

low backed car she drove, and sat Up-on a truss of hay; But when that hay was
 hos-tile scythes, de-mands his tithes Of death in war-like cars; While Peg-gy, peace-ful

blooming grass, And decked with flow'rs of spring No flow'r was there that could compare With the
 god-dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That knock men down in the market town, As

bloom-ing girl I sing, As she sat in the low-backed car, The man at the turn-pike
 right and left they fly While she sits in the low-backed car, Than bat-tles more dang-erous

bar Newer asked for the toll But just rubbed his old poll, And looked af-ter the low-back'd car.
 far, For the doctor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low-backed car.

Old Black Joe.

Arranged for male voices
by THEO. MARTENS.

Poco Adagio.

1st. 2nd. Tenor

1. are the days, (Humming) young and gay
2. should I weep, feel no pain

1st. Bass

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay.....
2. Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain.....

2nd. Bass

1. are the days (Humming) young and gay
2. should I weep feel no pain

cot - ton fields a-way
friends come not a - gain

are my friends cot - ton fields, from the cot-ton fields a -
do I sigh friends not come, that my friends come not a -

Gone are my friends..... from the cot - ton fields a-way.....
Why do I sigh..... that my friends come not a - gain.....

are my friends cot - ton fields a.....
do I sigh friends not come a.....

(Humming)

way, from the earth (Humming) land I know, I
gain, grieve for forms long a - go? I

Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land I know,
Grief - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go?

way from the earth (Humming) land I know
gain grieve for forms long a - go?

OLD BLACK JOE.

Air
 hear their gent - le voi - ces call - ing "Old black Joe."
 hear their gent - le voi - ces call - ing

Air
 (Humming) call - ing "Old black Joe."
 (Humming) call - ing

Chorus to be sung behind the scenes (see B)
 or in an adjacent room.

yes com-ing is bend-ing low

I'm com-ing For my head is bend-ing low; I

"Old black Joe"

hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing

B If two choruses cannot be had then the 1st Tenor must sing the upper notes of the *invisible* chorus and in that case the 2nd Tenor sing the upper notes of the original chorus and all sing the last measure of the *invisible* chorus.

OLD BLACK JOE.

are the hearts (Humming) and so free

3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free..... The

are the heart (Humming) and so free

yes so dear held on my knee, that I held up-on my

chil-dren so dear that I held up - on my knee,

yes so dear held on my knee on my

(Humming)

knee to the shore (Humming) long'd to go, ^{Air} I

gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go

knee to the shore (Humming) long'd to go

(Humming)

hear thier gent - le voices call - ing "Old black Joe." ^{Air} Repeat Chorus

(Humming) call - ing Old black Joe.

(Humming) call - ing

THE PILOT. NEW YEAR'S DAY-AND EVERY DAY.

Words by JOHN OXENHAM. *

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, 1915.

Allegretto

mf

1. Each man is Cap-tain
2. For should the Pi-lot

of his Soul, And each man his own Crew; But the Pi-lot knows the Un-known Seas, And
deem it best To out the voy-age short, He sees be-yond the sky-line, And He'll

Fine.

He will bring us through, But the Pi-lot knows the Un-known Seas, And He will bring us through.
bring us in-to Port, He sees be-yond the sky-line, And He'll bring us in-to Port.

2. We break new seas to-day, Our sag-er keels quest un-ac-cus-tomed wa-ters, And,

* By permission, from "Bees in Amber"

from the vast un-chart-ed waste in front, The mys-tic cir-cles leap To greet our

prows with migh-ti-est pos-si-bil-i-ties Bring-ing us what?

Dread shoals and shift-ing banks? And

calms and storms? And clouds and bi-ting gales? And wreck, and

loss? And va-liant fight-ing times? And, may be, Death! and

D. S.

so, the Larg-er Life. 3. For 4. And, may be, Life, Life on a bound-ing

D. S. al Fine.

tide, And chance of glo-rious deeds; Of help swift borne to drown-ing mar-i-ners; Of

cheer to ships dis-mast-ed in the gale; Of suc-cours giv-en un-asked and

joy-ful-ly; Of might-y ser-vice to all need-y souls. 5. So-Ho for the Pi-lot's or-ders, What

ev-er course He makes! For He sees be-yond the sky-line, And He nev-er makes mis-

takes, For He sees be-yond the sky-line, And He nev-er makes mis-takes.

6. And, may be, Gold-en Days, Full freight-ed with de-light! And

wide free seas of un-im-ag-ined bliss, And Treas-ure Isles, and King-doms to be won, And

Un-dis-cov-ered Coun-tries, and New Kin. 7. For each man cap-tains his own Soul, And

choos-es his own Crew, But the Pi-lot knows the Un-known Seas, And He will bring us

through, But the Pi-lot knows the Un-known Seas, And He will bring us through.

If stanzas 1, 3, 5 & 7 are sung as a Chorus the following arrangement may be used.

SOP.
ALTO
TENOR
BASS

ENVOY.

Words by H. ST. Q. CAYLEY, Es.

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, Es.

Andante, p

Vocal.

Piano.

Three-score and ten, a wise man said, were our years to be:

mf

Three-score and six I give him back,..... Four are enough for me.

mf

f *cresc.* *f*

Four in these cor - ri-dors, Four in these halls of ours, These give me

f *cresc.* *f*

1st 2nd

Heav'n-ly Pow'rs, 'Tis life for me. me.

1st 2nd

O Happy Day.

Words by
Arthur H. Vivian

Carl Götz
Arranged by THEODORE MARTENS.

The
Each

1st & 2nd
Tenor

1. 'Twas on a Sun-day bright and clear, The
2. We stroll'd in si-lence arm in arm Each

1st Bass

1. 'Twas on a Sun-day bright and clear, The
2. We stroll'd in si-lence arm in arm Each

2nd Bass

The
Each

fair - - - est day in all the year.
heart so full each heart so warm. be -

fair-est day in all the year We two went stroll-ing
heart so full, each heart so warm Thy bright blue eyes be -

fair - - - est day of year. We two went stroll-ing
heart so full and warm. Thy bright blue eyes be -

fair - - - est day
heart so warm

through the corn,
lov-ed maid,

through corn, Through field and mea-dow brake and thorn. The
lov'd maid Pour'd floods of light where'er we strayed, And

through corn Through field brake and thorn. The
lov'd maid, Pour'd light where we stray'd And

O HAPPY DAY.

lark sang high ; the sun a-bove its beams out-pour'd o'er dale and
 deep with-in this heart of mine Thy glance did all earth's sun out -

Its beams.....out -
 Thy glance.....did

O,
 grove. shine ! O the hap-py day, O day so dear How
 O the

pour'd o'er dale and grove. O How
 all earth's sun out-shine ! O

far thou art and yet how near. O hap-py day O
 far and how near O hap-py day O
 far thou art and yet how near O hap-py day so dear to

day so dear How far thou art, and yet how near ! *fine*
 day so dear How far thou art and yet how near ! *fine*
 day so dear How far thou art and yet how near ! *fine*

O HAPPY DAY:

My heart.....the.....

3. As o'er yon lone brown heath we pass'd My heart the right word found at
 As o'er yon lone brown heath we pass'd My heart.....the.....
 My heart found the

right word found at last, My

last My lips found thine, a kiss I stole, I
 right.....word found, My lips found thine, a kiss I stole, I
 right word

said: dost love me, O my soul?

And smiling there thy

said:.....O my soul?

And smiling there thy

answer ran: Thou knowst it not poor hapless

man? O the

answer ran: Thou knowst it not poor hapless

man? O the

"Thou knowst

it

not poor hapless man?

O

A CATASTROPHE.

MALE VOICES.

Words by CHAS. M. SHELTON.
Allegro vivace.

Music by M. B. SPRAGUE.

1st time — f

1st Tenor.
There was a tack, There was a tack,

2nd Tenor.
There was a boy, There was a boy,

1st Bass.
There was a boy, There was a boy,

2nd Bass.
There was a boy, There was a tack, There was a teach-er new.

ritard. a tempo. Repeat pp

There was a boy, There was a tack, There was a teach-er new.

ritard a tempo.

There was a boy, There was a tack, There was a teach-er new.

The tack sat down up - on its head,

The tack sat down up - on its head,

The tack sat down up - on its head, The

The tack sat down up - on its head,

The tack sat down up - on its head,

tack sat down up - on its head, The

accol.

molto ritard.

The tack sat down up - on its head,

The tack sat down up - on its head

molto ritard.

tack sat down up - on its head, The

s run do.

p rit.

The teach-er sat down too.

The teach-er sat down too.

p rit.

tack sat down up - on its head, The teach-er sat down too,

very slow.

a tempo.

and seized that boy, Then

Then up he rose,

and seized that boy,

a tempo
Then up he rose,

a tempo. pp

up he rose, Who

rit.

and seized that boy,

rit. *a tempo. pp*

Then up he rose, Who

and seized that boy, *rit.*

crca.

shook in ev-'ry joint, Who shook in ev-'ry joint; Then

crca.

shook in ev-'ry joint, Who shook in ev-'ry joint; Then

up he rose, and seized that boy, Who shook in ev - 'ry joint.

(The boy.) I on - ly meant it for a joke; I on - ly meant it for a joke;

The image shows a musical score for a scene from 'The Music Lesson'. It features two staves, one for a male voice (Soprano) and one for a male voice (Tenor). The music is in 3/4 time and G major. The lyrics are: 'I on-ly meant it for a joke. the point! the point! the point! (THE TEACHER.)' The score includes dynamic markings (f, rit., adagio, pp), articulation (accents), and performance directions (FINE.).

f *rit.* *adagio.* *pp* **FINE.**

I on-ly meant it for a joke. the point!

f *rit.* *pp* **FINE.**

I on-ly meant it for a joke. the point! the point!

(THE TEACHER.)

OLD VOICES.

*The past never comes back; our fancies are but the ideal ghosts of things that were.
—PROF. G. P. YOWKO.

Words by W. W. CAMPBELL, '83.
Andante, quasi recitativo.

ARTHUR E. FISHER.

Voice

I stand on the confines of the

Piano

past to-night, The world that is gone be- fore, And in the soft flicker of the fire's dim light, Old

shadows steal be-fore my sight, From its strange and mis- ty shore. And

piu mosso.

mf by- gone murmurs are in my ears, And sweet lips touch my cheeks, And

OLD VOICES.

accol. e cresc.

old, old tunes that no one hears, That steal to me from the sad old years, And

dim.

sweet words that no one speaks.

dim.

quasi recitativo

p

But on-ly the rhythm of an old time tune, That steals down the halls of

ppp

time; And comes so soft like the far off rune Of a stream that sleeps thro' the deep-wood, Or a

OLD VOICES.

mf. più mosso

dis - tant evening chime..... And in the si - lence that

f

in - ter - venes, Sad voi - ces whis - per low: "Come back once more to the

accel. e cresc.

loved old scenes, To the dim old regions of boy-hood's dreams, Tho sweet world you used to

accel. e cresc.

sf.

know, the sweet world.... you used.... to know.".....

sf.

CHORAL MARCH.

With spirit.

V. E. BECKER.

f

On, gal-lant com - pa - ny, with mea-sured step and song; While cheer-ful

Left, right, strict in time, *p*

sona re-sound, the way is ne-ver long. La la la la la la la la

Left, right, strict in time, *p*

Firm step, close in line,

la la la la la la Straight a-head, nought shall stay Our tri-um-phaut

Firm step, close in line,

la la la la la la, Left, right, strict in time, Firm step, close in line,

way; On! La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Left, right, strict in time, Firm step, close in line,

Love,..... *p*

straight a-head, nought shall stay our glor-ious way. Tra la ra ta. La la

joy... and... mu - - - sic, In - - - vite... us... on.....

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Love, joy, and mu - - - sic, In -

* By permission of Edwin Ashdown, Hanover Sq., London.

CHORAL MARSH.

ward
 la la Thus in jol-ly com-pa-ny, Wan-der we, light and free, Mak-ing, as we
 vite us....

FINA.
 roam, Each rest-ing - place our home, As we roam, As we roam, As we roam, Ev'ry place our home.

TRIO
 Schrum, schrum, schrum, schrum, When we wea-ry are at night, Beams the cheerful
 la la la la la la la la

hos-tel light, Quick - ly in, For with - in Good - ly cheer a - waits;.....
 la la la la la la la la

Pret-ty maidens whom we meet, Gal - lant-ly we al - ways greet; Ere we part,
 la la la la la la la la la la la

1st 2nd
 Many a heart Owns their gen - tle sway. Yes, sway Hol-la ho! Hol-la
 Hol-la ho!

CHORAL MARCH

ho! We're light and free where'er we go, Hol-la ho! hol-la ho! We're
Hol-la ho! hol-la hol hol-la ho!

light and free where'er we go; Love and joy and mu - - -
Love and joy and mu - - sio,

sio are beck' - - - ning us on - - ward,....
all in-vite us on - - ward, all in-vite us on - - ward. Yes, 'tis

Love and joy and mu - - sio..... all in-vite us
glad - some mu - - sio,

on - - ward, la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, Hol-la la la la
1st 2nd

DA CAPO SENZA REPUGA.

Motherland, Our Motherland

Words by
JOHN OXENHAM.

Music by
JAS. EDMUND JONES.

A (Australia) We
NZ (New Zealand) We
A (South Africa) We
**C (Canada) We*
a tempo

rall

come from the land of the roll - ing downs, A - way by the south - ern sea From the
come from the glo - ri - ous mounts and vales, Of those is - lands from o - ver the sea From the
come from the sun - lit land of gold, Where the Cross looks in - to the sea Where
come from the prairies and the woods, Back of the North - West sea From the

place in the sun that our might has won,
ev - er - green trees and the life - giv - ing breeze, To fight for the Old Coun - try ____ For
old Earth's crust is dia - mond dust,
lone - ly trails of the out - er pales,

we are the Breed in faith and deed, Breed of the Li - on, we. ____

NOTE: Anzac a word no doubt coined at Gallipoli from the initials of the words Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, is used by many to denote the peoples of the Dominions of Australia, New Zealand, (South) Africa and Canada.

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CHORUS.

Moth-er-land, our moth-er-land! Home of the brave and free! At thy call,

came we all, hur-ry-ing o-ver the sea Hand in hand, now we stand,

Shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand, One and all, at thy call, Ready for all that

may be - fall, Ready to an-swer ev-ry call, In the fight for lib-er - ty. For

we are the Breed of the Li-on, Breed of the Li-on, we

FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

Andant. ... in lento.

Arranged for Male voices from MENDELSSOHN.

1. O hills, O vales of plea - sure, O woods with verdure dressed, Where all the charms of
 2. In sha - dy glen re - clin - ing, I trace the wrong and right; The beam of rea - son
 3. And I must soon re - sign ye, For scenes of toil and strife; Ah! why does fate con-

When far from you I
 The book I read is
 Though called from you by

lei - sure, So oft have calmed my breast, When far from you I wan - - der,
 shin - ing, Shows vir - tue ev - er bright— The book I read is Na - ture's,
 sign me To play the faroe of life? Though called from you by du - - ty,

When far from you I wander,
 The book I read is Nature's,
 Though call'd from you by du - ty

Lost in the worldly train, My heart will fond - ly pon - - der, And sigh for you a
 There sim - ple truths ap - pear, And though she change her fea - - tures, Her dis - tates still are
 Still, whereas - o'er I stray, The spir - it of your beau - - ty Will nev - er fade a

pon - - - - der, My
 fea - - - - tures, And
 beau - - - - ty, The

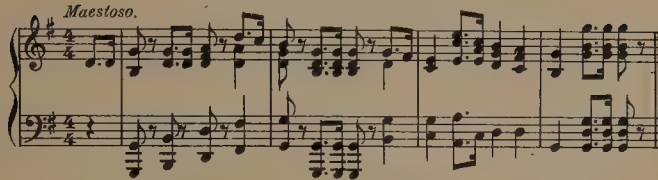
gain, My heart will fond - ly pon - der, And sigh for you a - gain.
 clear, And though she change her fea - tures, Her dis - tates still are clear.
 way, The spir - it of your beau - ty Will ne - ver fade a - way.

heart will fond - ly pon - - - - der, (1st Bass) sigh, for you a - gain,
 though she change her fea - - - - tures, dis - - - - tates still are clear,
 spir - it of your beau - - - - ty ne - - - - ver fade a - way

Red, White and Blue.

The Army and Navy for ever.

Muostoso.



1. O Bri-tan-nia the pride of the O-cean, The home of the brave and the
 2. When war hurld its wide de-so-la-tion, And threatened our land to de-
 3. The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hith-er, And fill, fill it true to the

The vocal melody is in 4/4 time, matching the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

free — The shrine of the sailor's de-vo-tion, No land can compare un-to
 form — The ark then of Freedom's foun-da-tion, Bri - tannia rode safe thro the
 brim — May the wreath Nelson won nev-er wi-ther, Nor the star of the glo-ry grow

The vocal melody continues in 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line in the final section. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

thee! Thy man-dates make he-roes as-sem-ble With
 storm. With her gar-lands of vic-to-ry round her When so
 dim, May the ser-vice u-ni-ted neer aev-er And

Vic-to-ry's lau-rels in view Thy banners make tyr-an-ny—
 no-bly she bore her brave crew, With her flag floating proud-ly be-
 both to their col-ors prove true, The Ar-mey and Na-vy for

tremble, When borne by the Red, White and Blue.
 fore her, The boast of the Red, White and Blue.
 ev-er! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS.

1. When borne by the Red, White and Blue; When
 2. The boast of the Red, White and Blue; The
 3. Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue; Three

(For 2nd Verse.)

With her flag floating proud-ly be-
 borne by the Red, White and Blue;
 boast of the Red, White and Blue;
 cheers for the Red, White and Blue;

1. Thy banners mak-tyr-an-ny—
 3. The Ar-my and Na-vy for—

tremble, When borne by the Red, White and Blue!
 fore her, The boast of the Red, White and Blue!
 ev-er! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

She Just Keeps House For Me

Words by
JEAN BLEWITT.*

SONG AND CHORUS

Music by
JAS. EDMUND JONES.

Moderato



1. She is so win-some and so wise She sways us at her
2. A full con-tent dwells in her face She's quite in love with
3. Our children climb up - on her knee And lie up - on her

will, And oft the ques-tion will a - rise, ——— What
life, And for a ti - tle wears with grace, ——— The
breast, And Ah! her mis-sion seems to me ——— The

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2nd Verse

mis-sion does she fill; What mis-sion does she fill. —
 sweet old fashioned "wife;" The sweet old fashioned "wife." —
 high-est and the best; The high-est and the best. —

CHORUS

And so I say with pride un - told, — And love be-yond de -

gree — This wo-man with the heart of gold She just keeps house for

me. — For me this woman with the heart of gold, She just keeps house for me.

Prize College Song of the University of Toronto.

"TORONTO"
or
The Pride of the North.

Marziale.

Words and Music by H. H. GODFREY.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Where smiles the lake neath a sky ev-er blue,
2. Where springs the turf on the camp-us so green,—
3. Up with the Blue and the White! let them wave

Where blooms the ma-ple tree, — There stands Tor-on-to the
There too, her sons are seen; — Each man-ly sport has a
High o'er the old grey tower: — Forth from its por-tals have

rall.

Pride of the North; And her chil - dren all are
home in their hearts; And its cham - pions oft they've
stepped, in their might, This Do - min - ion's men of

rall.

a tempo *stacc.*

we. Yes, we are from Tor - on - to, Our Al - ma
been. Yes, they win for Tor - on - to, With light la -
power. Yes, they come from Tor - on - to, Our no - ble

stacc.

Ma - ter, our moth - er, dear; And proud - ly now we sing her
crosse stick or fly - ing ball; And gai - ly so they'll rush to
states - men, our sol - diers true; And fond - ly each one hails the

rall.

prais - es, That all may know that her sons are near,
vict - ry, When e'er they march at their Coun - try's call,
mem - ry of that dear spot neath the White and Blue.

rall.

REFRAIN. *With dignity.*

ff

All Hail to thee! Tor - on - to, — Proud Mis - tress of the North! — With

ff *with dignity.*

rall.

heart and voice we praise thee, As we go march - ing forth.

rall.

Alternative Refrain for male voices. (Air in first Bass.)

ff

All Hail to thee! Tor - on - to, — Proud Mis - tress of the North! — With

ff

rall.

heart and voice we praise thee, As we go — march - ing forth. —

rall.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Francis Scott Key (1779-1843).

Samuel Arnold (1740-1802).

f *Con spirito.*

1. Oh!... say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
 2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 3. Oh!... thus be- ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved homes and wild

twi-light's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
 si - lence re - po - ses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
 war's des - o - la-tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land Praise the

ram - parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing? And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs
 st - ful - ly blows, half con-veals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the
 Pow'r that hath made and pre-ser-ved us a na - tion, Then... con - quer we must, when our

burst-ing in air, Gave... proof thro' the night that our flag was still there, Oh!... say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-span-gled
 cause it is just, And... this be our mot - to, - "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled

poco ritard.

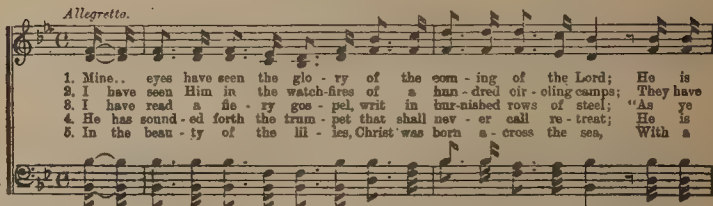
a tempo.

poco ritard.

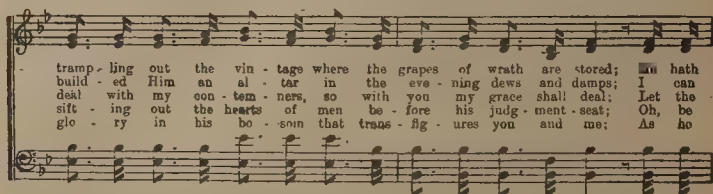
star-span-gled ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner, Oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 ban-ner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

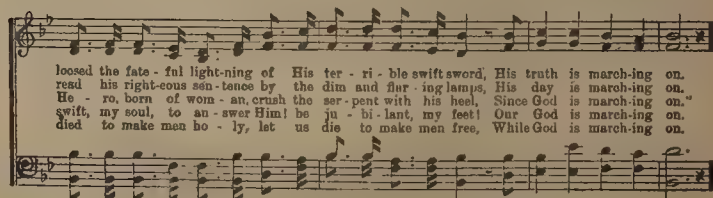
(MIXED VOICES.)

Allegretto.


1. Mine.. eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
 3. I have read a die - ry gos - pel, writ in tur-nished rows of steel; "As ye
 4. He has sound-ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

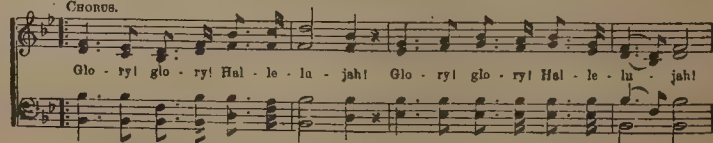


tramp - ling out the vin - tages where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eva - ning dews and damps; I can
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment - seat; Oh, be
 glo - ry in his bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As ho

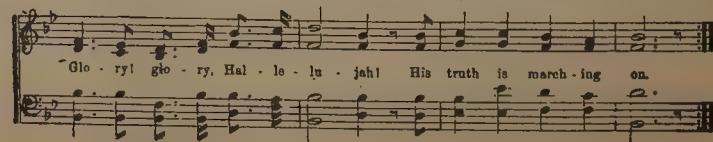


loosed the fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swiftsword, His truth is march-ing on.
 read his right-eous sen - tence by the dim and sur - ing lamps, His day is march-ing on.
 He - ro, born of wom - an, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march-ing on."
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

Chorus.



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

VALEDICTORY.

279

Words by JOHN D. SPENCE, '89.

Music by JAMES EDMUND JONES, '88.

TENORS (*goa lower*) *cresc.* *mp*

BASSES *p* *cresc.* *mp*

So old grey pile, fare - well! So old grey pile, fare - well! We leave thy halls with

boy-hood's days be-hind us, leave thy halls with boy-hood's days be-hind us Forth we wend,

(Air sung by 2nd Tenor)

Forth we wend. *p* (PIANO) No long-er friend-ed by thy

No long-er friend-ed by thy sheltr-ing care, SOLO

sheltr-ing care, No long-er friend-ed by thy sheltr-ing care. Forth we wend, To

Forth we wend, forth we wend, forth we wend,

CHORUS. *pp* 1st Tenor ad lib. (PIANO)

walk the world's uncertain paths un-tried and mys-try veild before us.

SOLO. *Piu mosso.* *rall*

TENORS No long-er friend-ed by thy sheltr-ing care, No long-er friend-ed by thy

BASSES So old gray pile, fare - well! fare - well! So old gray pile, fare -

Note.—For accompaniment play upper line an octave lower.

a tempo

shelter-ing care, To walk the world's uncertain paths un-tried and mys-try veild be-fore us
well! fare-well! So old gray pile, fare-well! fare-well! So old grey pile, farewell!

mp *cresc.*

Ere we go we turn to-night to thee, Ere we go we turn to-night to thee,

mp *cresc.*

Ere we go we turn to-night to thee, to thee, to thee. We look once more up-

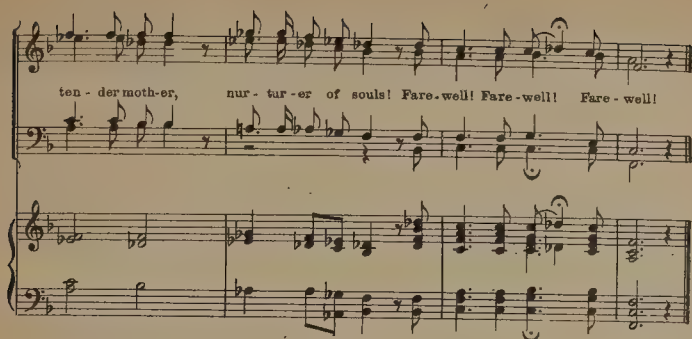
ff *dim.* *mp*

on thy stately tur-rets, And with pain, to youth and you, grey tow'rs, we bid fare-well! O

p *rall*

On espres. *rall*

ten-der-moth-er, nur-tur-er of souls! Fare-well! fare-well! fare-well! O



SOME OLD FAVORITES

(Words Only)

GOOD LUCK TO THE BOYS OF THE ALLIES.

Words and music by Morris Manley.

- 1: It's jolly good luck to Johnnie Canuck
And all the allied soldiers,
They're fighting day by day
In trenches far away;
They'll all march back with the Union Jack,
In history they'll gain fame,
Just give them a cheer and banish the tear,
For they'll return again.

Chorus:

Good luck to the boys of the Allies,
Just cheer them on their way;
The Union Jack they're proud of,
While fighting day by day;
When the band plays that tune called Tipperary,
There's joy right in their eyes;
God save our gracious King,
Good luck to the boys of the Allies.

2. They're jolly and brave, but never do rave,
About their pride and bravery;
Right at the front they stay
In thickest of the fray.
They'll win the fight, their hearts are right,
You bet they're filled with pluck;
Right on their track, when they come back,
We'll cheer our Johnnie Canuck.

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WE'LL NEVER LET THE OLD FLAG FALL

Lyric by Albert E. MacNutt

Music by M. F. Kelly

Britain's flag has always stood for Justice,
Britain's hope has always been for Peace,
Britain's foes have known that they could trust us
To do our best to make the cannons cease.
Britain's blood will never stand for insult,
Britain's sons will rally at her call,
Britain's pride will never let her exult,
But we'll never let the old flag fall.

Chorus:

We'll never let the old flag fall,
For we love it the best of all,
We don't want to fight to show our might,
But when we start we'll fight, fight fight.
In peace or war you'll hear us sing,
God save the flag, God save the King.
At the ends of the world, the flag's unfurl'd,
We'll never let the old flag fall.

Britain's sons have always call'd her Mother,
Britain's sons have always lov'd her best,
Britain's sons would die to show they love her,
The dear old Flag laid on each manly breast,
Britain's ships have always ruled the ocean,
Britain's sons will serve her one and all,
Britain's sons will show their true devotion,
And we'll never let the old flag fall.

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MARY.

Music by T. Richardson.

- Kind, kind and gentle is she,
Kind is my Mary;
The tender blossom on the tree
Cannot compare wi' Mary.
Her brow is fair as winter's snow.
Her cheeks wi' modest roses blow,
And dove-like glances sweetly flow
Frae out the e'en o' Mary.

Chorus:

- Sae kind, kind and gentle is she,
Kind is my Mary;
The tender blossom on the tree
Cannot compare wi' Mary.
- Oh, see you proud and haughty lass,
Her head wi' pride and folly toss'd;
Ne'er look on her, but let her pass;
Be sure it is not Mary.
 - But see ye one o' modest air,
Bedecked wi' beauty soft and rare,
That makes your heart feel sweetly sair,
Oh, weel ye ken my Mary.

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SHIP AHOY!

("All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor.")

Words by A. J. MILLS.

Music by BENNETT SCOTT.

- When the man-o'-war or merchant ship
Comes sailing into port,
The jolly tar with joy
Will sing out "Land ahoy!"
With his pockets full of money,
And a parrot in a cage,
He smiles at all the pretty girls
Upon the landing stage.

Chorus:

- All the nice girls love a sailor,
All the nice girls love a tar;
For there's something about a sailor—
Well, you know what sailors are!
Bright and breezy, free and easy,
He's the ladies' pride and joy;
Falls in love with Kate and Jane,
Then he's off to sea again,
Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!
- He will spend his money freely,
And he's generous to his pals;
While Jack has got a sou,
There's half of it for you.
And it's just the same in love or war,
He goes through with a smile;
And you can trust a sailor,
He's a white man all the while.

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PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET.

Words by S. Murphy.

Music by Percy Wenrich.

- On the old farm house veranda
There sat Silas and Miranda,
Thinking of the days gone by.
Said he, "Dearie, don't be weary,

You were always bright and cheery,
But a tear, dear, dims your eye."
Said she, "They're tears of gladness, Silas,
They're not tears of sadness,
It's fifty years to-day since we were wed."
Then the old man's dim eyes brightened,
And his stern old heart it lighten'd,
As he turned to her and said:

Chorus:

- "Put on your old grey bonnet
With the blue ribbon on it,
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay;
And through the fields of clover,
We'll drive up to Dover
On our golden wedding day."
- It was the same old bonnet.
With the same blue ribbon on it
In the old shay, by his side,
That he drove her up to Dover
Thro' the same old fields of clover
To become his happy bride.
The birds were sweetly singing,
And the same old bells were ringing,
As they passed the quaint old church where they
were wed.
And that night when stars were gleaming
The old couple lay a-dreaming
Dreaming of the words he said:

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ANNIE LAURIE.

Music by Lady Scott.

- Maxwellton's brasses are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true,
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.
- Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.
- Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fall of her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's all the world to me:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

KILLARNEY:

M. W. Balfe.

- By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Emerald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders everywhere,
Foot-prints leaves on many strands,
But her home is surely there.

Chorus:

Angels fold their wings and rest,
In that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home, Killarney!
Ever fair, Killarney!

2. No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints,
Every rock that you pass by
Verdure bolders or beprints:
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Every morn spring's natal day;
Bright hued berries daft the snows,
Smiling winter's frown away.
3. Music there for echo dwells,
Makes each sound a harmony;
Many-voiced the chorus swells,
Till it faints in ecstasy.
With the charmed tints below
Seems the heaven above to vie,
All rich colors that we know
Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

Words by E. E. Rexford.

Music by H. P. Danks.

1. Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day,
Life is fading fast away;
But, my darling, you will be, will be,
Always young and fair to me;
Yes! my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.

Chorus:

Darling, I am growing, growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day;
Life is fading fast away.

2. When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright
With the roses of the May,
I will kiss your lips and say,
Oh! my darling, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown,
Yes! my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by J. Howard Payne

Music by Sir H. R. Bishop

1. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is never met with
elsewhere.

Chorus:

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again.
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than
all.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

Words by Sir Walter Scott.

1. To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse
spoke;
"Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns
to be broke;
Then each cavalier who loves honor and me,
Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."

Chorus:

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses and call out my men;
Unhook the west port and let us gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

2. Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are
beat,
But the Provost, dooce man, said, "Just e'en let
it be,
For the town is weel rid o' that dell o' Dundee."

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,
The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,

The Campbells are comin' to Bonnie Loch Leven,
The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,

1. Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
I looked down to Bonnie Loch Leven,
And heard three Bonnie pipers play.
2. The great Argyle, he goes before,
He makes the guns and cannon roar,
Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe and drum,
And banners waving in the sun.
3. The Campbells they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show;
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!

TOM BOWLING.

Charles Dibdin.

1. Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft.
Faithful below, Tom did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft. (Repeat last line).
2. Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare.
His friends were many and true hearted;
His Poil was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.
3. Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life hath doff'd,
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE.

Claribel.

1. The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind,
Are frail and failing sair,
And well I ken they'll miss me, lad,
Gin I gae hame aae mair,
The grist is out, the times are hard,
The kine are only three.

Chorus:

I canna leave the auld folks now,
We'd better bide a wee,
I canna leave the auld folks now,
We'd better bide a wee,

2. When first we told our story, lad,
Their blessing fell aae free,
They gave no thought to self at all,
They did but think of me.
But, laddie, that's a time awa',
And mither's like to dee.
3. I fear me sair, they're talking balth,
For, when I sit apart,
They'll talk o' heaven aae earnestly,
It well nigh breaks my heart,
So, laddie, dinna urge me mair,
It surely winna ba.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Words by Robert Burns.

Air "The Miller's Daughter."

- Gin a body meet a body Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body, Need a body cry?
Chorus:
Ikka lassie has her haddie,
Name, they say, he's I:
Yet a' the lads they smile on me,
When comin' thro' the rye.
- Gin a body meet a body Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body kiss a body, Need a body tell?
- Gin a body meet a body Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body, Need a body frown?
- Amang the train there is a swain, I dearly love
myself!
But what's his name, or where's his hame, I dianna
choose to tell.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

F. N. Crouch.

- Kathleen Mavourneen! the grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is
shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still!
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
Chorus:
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?
- Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my
numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Words by Thomas Moore.

- 'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone:
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.
- I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.
- So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts are withered
And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

ROBIN ADAIR.

- What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near;

What was't I wished to see,
What wished to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth
That made this town a heav'n on earth?
Oh! they're all fled with thee.
Robin Adair.

- What made the assembly shine?
Robin Adair;
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh, it was parting with
Robin Adair.

DIXIE.

Dan Emmett, 1859.

- I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
(Cho.) Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin'.
(Cho.) Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.

Chorus:

- Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie, Away, Away,
Away down South in Dixie, Away, Away, Away,
Away down South in Dixie.
- Old Missus marry "Will de Weather,"
William was a gay deceiver;
But when he put his arms around her,
He smiled as fierce as a butcher's cleaver.
 - His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver,
But dat did not seem to grieve her;
Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart.
 - Now here's a health to de next old Missus,
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us;
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow.

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

- I cannot sing the old songs
I sang long years ago,
For heart and voice would fail me,
And foolish tears would flow,
For by-gone hours come o'er my heart
With each familiar strain;
I cannot sing the old songs,
Or dream those dreams again.

Chorus:

- (Repeat last two lines of each verse).
- I cannot sing the old songs,
For visions come again,
Of golden dreams departed,
And years of weary pain.
Perhaps when earthly fetters shall
Have set my spirit free,
My voice may know the old songs
For all eternity.

JOHN PEEL.

- D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

Chorus:

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of the hounds which he oftentimes led;

Peel's view halloo would awaken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

2. Yes; I ken John Peel, and Ruby, too;
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.
3. Then here's to John Peel, from my heart and soul
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl,
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

LONG, LONG AGO.

T. H. BAYLY.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
(Cho.) Long, long ago, Long, long ago,
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
(Cho.) Long, long ago, long ago,
Now you are come all my grief is removed,
Let us forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
(Cho.) Long, long ago, long ago.
2. Do you remember the path where we met?
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
Then to all others my smile you preferred,
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word;
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard.
3. Though by your kindness my fond hopes were
raised,
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side.

SWEET AND LOW.

Words by Alfred Lord Tennyson.
Music by Sir J. Barnby.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the Western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the Western sea:
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon,
Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

OFF IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Thomas Moore.

1. Off in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.
The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

Chorus:

- Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.
2. When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE KING.

Britons once did loyally acclaim
About the way we ruld the waves;
Ev'ry Briton's song was just the same,
When singing of our soldier braves.
All the world had heard it,
Wonder'd why we sang,
And some have learn'd the reason why.
But we're forgetting it,
And we're letting it
Fade away and gradually die,
Fade away and gradually die,
So when we say that England's master,
Remember who has made her so.

Chorus.

It's the Soldiers of the King, my lads,
Who've been, my lads, Who've seen, my
lads,
In the fight for England's glory, lads,
When we have to show them what we mean,
And when we say we've always won,
And when they ask us how it's done,
We'll proudly point to every one of Eng-
land's soldiers of the King.

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